

From the  
ST. LAWRENCE  
TO VIRGINIA



AMERICAN  
HIGHWAYS & BYWAYS



Class F106

Book J64

Copyright N° \_\_\_\_\_

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT**









# HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE TO VIRGINIA

INCLUDING THE STATES OF

WEST VIRGINIA

PENNSYLVANIA

NEW JERSEY

DELAWARE

MARYLAND

NEW YORK

VIRGINIA

AND THE

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA







*An old Dutch porch in New Jersey*

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS  
FROM THE  
ST. LAWRENCE TO VIRGINIA



WRITTEN AND  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
CLIFTON JOHNSON

*Published by* THE MACMILLAN COMPANY  
New York                    *MCMXIII*  
LONDON: MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED

*Copyright, 1913,  
by the Macmillan Company.*

Set up and Electrotypes.  
Published September, 1913.

---

AMERICAN  
HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE  
TO VIRGINIA

---



*Electrotypes  
and  
Printed  
by the  
F. J. Bassette Company  
Springfield, Mass.*

## Contents

	Page
I. The Adirondack Winter . . . . .	1
II. Midsummer in the Catskills . . . . .	26
III. The Heart of the Hudson Highlands . . . . .	47
IV. The Land of Oil . . . . .	81
V. An Industrial Metropolis . . . . .	107
VI. A Vale of Anthracite . . . . .	131
VII. A Famous Battlefield . . . . .	151
VIII. The Water Gap and Beyond . . . . .	170
IX. Along Shore in Jersey . . . . .	203
X. A Glimpse of Delaware . . . . .	222
XI. Roundabout the Nation's Capital . . . . .	242
XII. Maryland Days . . . . .	254
XIII. Beside the Rappahannock . . . . .	282
XIV. June in the Shenandoah Valley . . . . .	303
XV. West Virginia Rambles . . . . .	320



## Illustrations

	Frontispiece
	FACING PAGE
An Old Dutch Porch in New Jersey . . . . .	6
Among the Mountains . . . . .	10
Getting a Pail of Water . . . . .	19
A Load of Logs on Lake Placid . . . . .	26
A Summer Afternoon . . . . .	35
Coming from the Hayfield . . . . .	40
Ploughing one of the Stony Fields . . . . .	53
Going A-Milking . . . . .	58
Skinning the Coon . . . . .	67
Ready to Start after Partridges . . . . .	86
An Old-time Well That is Still Pumped . . . . .	90
Oil Creek at Petroleum Center . . . . .	99
Going to Town . . . . .	107
Braddock's Battlefield Viewed from Across the Monon-	
gahela . . . . .	114
A Toll Bridge . . . . .	122
The Old Church at Economy . . . . .	131
A Coal Village with a Mountainous Culm Heap in the	
Background . . . . .	138
A Breaker . . . . .	147
A Miner and an Above-ground Friend . . . . .	154
An Old Smokehouse . . . . .	163
The Devil's Den . . . . .	168
The Haymaker . . . . .	

	FACING	PAGE
A Boatman at the Gap . . . . .	181	
The Old Wellsweep . . . . .	186	
Housework . . . . .	195	
A Back Porch . . . . .	203	
Reflections . . . . .	210	
The Scarecrow . . . . .	218	
The Wreck . . . . .	227	
Setting the Net . . . . .	230	
The Pump at the Back Door . . . . .	235	
The Capitol . . . . .	240	
At the Alexandria Waterside . . . . .	247	
At the Fishing-place . . . . .	251	
In the Garden . . . . .	258	
Coming from the Spring . . . . .	266	
The Wash-house . . . . .	275	
Old Homes in Fredericksburg . . . . .	282	
A Farm Gate . . . . .	291	
Making a Hoe Handle . . . . .	294	
The Wilderness Church . . . . .	298	
The Shenandoah River . . . . .	307	
A Ferry . . . . .	311	
The Great Chimney . . . . .	315	
A Log House on the Mountain . . . . .	322	
Worm Fences . . . . .	331	
Returning from the Post Office . . . . .	338	

## Introductory Note

All the volumes in this series are chiefly concerned with country life, especially that which is typical and picturesque. To the traveller, no life is more interesting, and yet there is none with which it is so difficult to get into close and unconventional contact. Ordinarily, we catch only casual glimpses. For this reason I have wandered much on rural byways, and lodged most of the time at village hotels or in rustic homes. My trips have taken me to many characteristic and famous regions; but always, both in text and pictures, I have tried to show actual life and nature and to convey some of the pleasure I experienced in my intimate acquaintance with the people.

These "Highways and Byways" volumes are often consulted by persons who are planning pleasure tours. To make the books more helpful for this purpose each chapter has a note appended containing suggestions for intending travellers. With the aid of these notes, I think the reader can readily decide what regions are likely to prove particularly worth visiting, and will know how to see such regions with the most comfort and facility.

CLIFTON JOHNSON.

Hadley, Mass.

**T**his volume includes chapters on characteristic, picturesque, and historically attractive regions in the states of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, and a chapter on Washington and its vicinity. The notes appended to each chapter give valuable information concerning automobile routes, and many facts and suggestions of interest to tourists in general.

# Highways and Byways from the St. Lawrence to Virginia

## I

### THE ADIRONDACK WINTER

WHEN I decided to visit the Adirondacks I chose to go to Lake Placid. That particular vicinity has two superlative attractions—it is in the very heart of the “Great North Woods” where the mountains lift their giant forms highest; and it is here that John Brown, the apostle of freedom, lies buried on a little farm he once tilled.

March had come, but winter had not loosed its grip, and the earth was wrapped in a coverlet of spotless white, and people driving on the highways jogged about on runners to the cheerful music of sleighbells. The snow softened and rounded every contour of the open country, it hid the roofs of the buildings, and Nature had used it in a recent storm to playfully decorate all the trees.

My first walk began early in the morning when the children were on their way to school. They were sturdy

youngsters, and the boys were apt to protect their legs and feet with heavy outer socks and overshoes such as woodsmen wear. "Well," one of the dwellers in the village by the lake commented, "the little tads need to dress that way, knocking around in the snow as they do."

I could easily agree with him when later I passed a district schoolhouse that occupied a wayside knoll in an outlying section of the village. The children, while waiting for the final call of the bell in the little cupola, were having a riotous snowballing frolic and were powdered from head to foot. It seemed to be a good-natured tumult, except that the boys were kicking around one of the girl's rubbers, which the owner, with shrill-voiced protests, was trying to rescue. The schoolhouse had stood there before any church had been built in the region, and John Brown used to attend Sunday services in it.

Somewhat farther on I asked directions to the Brown Farm of a man at work in the highway digging through a drift. He said that the summer road to the farm was not broken out, and I would have to go roundabout by the winding winter road through the woods. While we were talking two men passed us. They had bags on their backs and were headed for some lumber camp. The previous day the town had voted for licence and these men had backed up their views on the subject by such liberal potations that the road was not wide enough for them. One of them, when he came to the drift, lost

his footing altogether and had to be helped up out of the snow by his companion.

Presently I went on into the forest of bare-limbed birches and maples mingled with dark spruces and balsams, and when I emerged from the woodland there was the John Brown homestead before me off across a pasture. The group of buildings stood lonely amid the environing snows, the last home on a country byway. Beyond was a deep ravine and a little river, and all around the horizon loomed the sober mountain heights. Prominent amid the wooded ranges was Whiteface Mountain, a pyramidal peak whose summit was bare of trees, and white as if capped with eternal snow; and on the opposite horizon was the big dome of Mt. Marcy, also bare and white.

The Brown Farm is the property of the state, and a caretaker occupies the low, rambling, unpainted house. Except for a veranda on two sides, the dwelling is practically as it was when Brown lived in it from 1849 to the time of his fatal raid on Harper's Ferry. There were no trees about the buildings, and this was the case with nearly all the other scattered farm homes. They were rather frail and uncouth frame structures, wholly exposed to heat and cold and the assaults of the storms.

A few steps from the dwelling of the old Abolitionist was an inclosure protected by a stout iron fence, and here was some shrubbery, a tall flagpole, an enormous rock, and a lowly gray gravestone sheltered from a souvenir-crazy public by a glass-sided box. Near the

back door of the house was a great pile of wood, and in the shed a man was sawing the sticks into stove length. He was preparing his fuel supply for the coming twelve months, and behind him rose the compact piles of split wood. For a little while he left his work to show me a small room that had been Brown's "office," and which contained in its rude, meagre furnishings a round table, a straight-backed chair, and a cupboard "they claim" Brown had used.

When I left the farm I was tempted to turn aside from the road and follow some footsteps that I thought would guide me across a wooded valley to another road I could see on an opposite hill. The trail meandered through the fields, and then down a steep wooded incline into a swamp. There my unknown guide seemed to have lost all sense of direction, and went zigzagging hither and thither, hurdling over so many fallen trees, that I became discouraged and turned back.

But how beautiful it was in that wild woodland, which the all-enveloping snow had converted into a realm of magic! The dark branches of the evergreens drooped gracefully beneath the fluffy, glistening masses, and every stump and stone and fallen tree-trunk was softly cushioned. A light breeze whispered through the upper boughs and now and then dislodged some of the snow and sent it rustling down; and over all was the deep blue sky, no less marvellously pure in color than the snow itself. I heard a few chickadees softly chattering, and the scream of a jay, but I would hardly

have suspected that any other life existed in the quiet woodland, were it not that I saw the handwriting of the wild creatures on the fair page of the snow. There were their tell-tale tracks, and I wondered what pleasure, what business, or what stern need had made them fare forth.

I did not go directly back to the village but continued to ramble on the country roads. Once I passed a cemetery. It was on the bleak shoulder of a hill at some remove from the nearest habitation, and in it was a woman with a muff pressed against her face crying in a heart-broken way over a new-made grave. Round-about was the vast white world and the big serene mountains, and overhead the majestic cerulean dome of the sky—nature so steadfast and unpitying contrasted with that dark, whimpering human figure bowed with grief, helpless, crushed!

Farther on I came across a man who was filling a pail from a dipping-place in a wayside stream. Many of the farm folk depend on such a source for their household water-supply. The man informed me that I was on the old military road which was laid out westerly from Lake Champlain through the Adirondacks. "When they were making it," he said, "they did n't turn out for anything. They sighted from one hill to another and made a pretty middlin' straight road. But a good deal of it has been abandoned now."

I mentioned that I had been to the John Brown Farm, and he said he had a picture of Brown that he would show me if I would go to the house with him.

He led the way through a decrepit gate, and escorted me into the sitting-room, where I sat down by the stove. There was a rag carpet on the floor, and, conspicuous on the walls, were ghastly, enlarged photographs in ponderous frames. My host was smoking a pipe, and he continued to wear his hat—a faded, bandless affair with the crown full of holes like a pepper box. We were soon joined by his mother, a thin, elderly woman, who wore spectacles and earrings.

“Here is the picture of John Brown,” the man said, “and I want you to see this other picture of a hen and rooster that I own. A feller took that picture with a little hand camera. Well, sir, he ketched ‘em just right. They was on a dung hill, and the rooster was crowing. One of the storekeepers in the village is goin’ to have the photograph enlarged to put in his window. Ain’t that rooster natural as life now?”

“Did the man over on the farm take the cover off the gravestone for you?”

“No,” I replied, “probably it is frozen down.”

“That don’t matter,” my host commented. “He’d ‘a’ worked like the old Harry to get it up if you’d given him a quarter. The stone would have been all gone long ago if they did n’t keep it protected. If you had a piece off it as big as the end of your thumb you could sell it for a good price.

“How’d you like to have that caretaker’s job? He ought to be able to make money hand over fist. He don’t have to pay out for taxes, or repairs, or



*Among the mountains*



nawthin', and he can sell the crops, and he gits a good deal of small coin from the visitors. He has a good chance."

"I'm seventy-seven years old," the woman observed, "and I can remember when the Browns drove in their cattle at the time they came here."

"When I was a young feller goin' to school," the man said, "I was at a neighbor's one day, and they had an ox there that they told me had belonged to John Brown. He was about the biggest ox I ever see. My gosh! he looked like a mountain beside of me."

"I was often over to John Brown's house when he lived there," the woman said. "'Twa'n't but a few steps from where I lived. But the most I remember about his looks was the way his hair was brushed straight up from his forehead. He had a great bushy beard when he died, but I think he grew that for a disguise. Earlier he was a smooth-faced man. The family would walk to church at the schoolhouse. We did n't think we'd got to ride every time we went anywhere in them days. I s'pose it was a mile and a half. The youngest child was a babe the last part of the time the Browns lived here, and Watson Brown would come to church carrying the babe in his arms. Watson is the one they claimed had his bones wired together. Let me see—when did they bring those bodies here? It was the summer Mary Bush died, and that was more than twenty years ago. You know two of John Brown's sons was killed at Harper's Ferry—Oliver and Watson.

Well, they say a doctor who wanted a skeleton got hold of Watson's body, and when the bones was sent home to be buried on the old farm they was wired together. That's what I've always heard.

“But you can't tell for certain what to believe and what not. Once I was out on the piazza with my big spinning-wheel twisting yarn, and some city people stopped to see me work. They'd been over to the John Brown Farm, and pretty soon they sat down on the edge of the piazza and begun to tell about this and that thing at the farm which had belonged to John Brown. Well, John Brown never see any of them things. But when people tell a story long enough it gets to be a fact.”

“I'll tell you, my friend,” the man said with emphasis, “there's more daubed on to John Brown's history than a little. It's something like the old man's cider barrel. He said it was the same old cider barrel, but he'd had to repair it from time to time till there wa'n't nawthin left of the original barrel but the bunghole.

“You'd be surprised how many people visit that farm in the summer. If I could have a cent apiece for those that go there—gracious! I'd be rich. It's a sort of craze. There's some persons just as animated over that grave as over a gold mine.

“Here, I want you to look at this grub hoe. You can see that it is old-fashioned, and was made by a blacksmith. I found it over on the John Brown Farm.

We were having a big conflagration, and I was then fighting fire. I was using a common shovel, and this hoe was about a foot down in the ground. I was glad to get it—golly, yes! and I put a club into it, and dug dirt to fight the fire with. I 'spose, because I found it on John Brown's farm, I might say it was his'n—sure it was! Then just a little corner of it would be worth as much as ten dollars for a souvenir.

"That was an awful fire we had. It was in 1908, and a very dry time. They were having fires all over the country. Fires begun in the Adirondacks 'long about the middle of summer. We could n't breathe nawthin' but smoke for a while. Once the fire was right up here back of us in the woods. That was a little closter than we wanted it to be. It was so near we did n't dare sleep nights. Why, we reckoned our place was a goner and we kep' barrels and tubs, and such like, full of water ready all around the barn. But the wind happened to favor us. At night we could see the fires burning on the mountains in every direction. They had a darn nice little time with the fire on that mountain you can see from the window over to the northward. There was lots of downstuff, and though the mountain is three miles away we could hear the fire roaring like the noise of a high wind. It cleaned off the hull mountain and left nawthin' but the bare rocks and a few charred tree trunks.

"That's the worst fire we've ever had, but I expect there's goin' to be just as big in the future, the way

they're fixin' things. You know the state has some great forest reserves here, and the laws are very strict about the timber, and the officials are quick to prosecute and fine trespassers. There's considerable chewin' about it, and somebody is goin' to burn the state forest out of revenge. It's gettin' so a poor man don't have any chance. They put his nose down on the grindstone and make him turn the handle. You've got to have a licence to carry a gun, and it's 'gainst the law to keep a dog unless he's tagged and registered. Most of the year I can't, 'cordin' to law, go right out there in the yard and rake up a mess of chips and burn 'em. I could this time of year, but what's the use? The chips would n't burn. One of our neighbors piled up some stumps in the middle of a ploughed field and burned 'em. They fined him twenty-five dollars. Would n't that make you crusty?

"The state has put men on the mountain tops to watch for fires in the dry part of the year. Telephone lines connect the lookout stations with the villages, so as soon as a fire starts we know where it is and get right out to fight it. But they take these college pups just graduated for the fire patrol. Why can't some of us local men have the job? It's a snap; for they're paid seventy-five or eighty dollars a month. That money would come in pretty handy for some of us here. You can't hardly make a livin' farmin'. The climate is too cold to raise corn or to ripen potatoes, and the biggest share of the men go to the woods in winter. That's



*Getting a pail of water*



where I'd be if it wa'n't for mother. But there's just her 'n me, and she don't like to stay alone. Besides, somebody had to do the chores."

"We been havin' very mild weather for the time of year," the woman said. "I never saw such a winter, old as I am. We've had very few zero nights, and only a little snow. I can remember winters when the snow was so deep you could n't see a fence nowhere."

"Yes," the man added, "this road here used to have a high zigzag rail fence along it to keep cattle in the pastures. Stakes was drove at every angle, and there's been so much snow you could n't see none of them stakes. When I was young it was mostly forest here, and the snow did n't drift much, but now, by gol! the trees along the roads have been cut off, and the wind gets a chance to stir the snow around."

"We used to travel a good deal on horseback," the woman said. "My folks lived in Keene, over the mountain, and my Uncle Lon lived here. You could n't hardly drive a wagon over the mountain road the stones were so high. Uncle Lon liked to have me come and visit at his house and help take care of the children. At the time I made my first visit I was so small I had to stand up on a little chair to wash the dishes, and uncle fetched me on horseback in his arms. When I grew larger I'd ride on the horse behind him. Like enough I'd stay three or four months. I went to school some, but people wa'n't very particular then whether the children got any education or not."

“That’s so,” the man corroborated, “the parents would send a boy to school, and if he went, all right, and if he did n’t go, all right. I’ve started for school and never see it that day. Maybe I’d come down to your house, and you’d have a boy, and the two of us would go off playing. I never went to school much any way, by gracious! Father had inflammatory rheumatism and wa’n’t sost he could do anything. I had to begin workin’ pretty young. Soon as I could pick up a pan of chips I was at it. But the children are obligeed to go to school now, and if a boy stays away the truant officer is at his heels, and when he finds the boy fishin’ or something he says, ‘What in thunder are you doin’ here?’ and sends him back to his books.

“Children at twelve years old now know more than a man grown did under the old style. But they don’t study at school. They just recite, and then bring their books home and spend all the evenin’ writin’ out their lessons for the next day. They know more, and yet they ain’t as hardy as they used to be. It’s as the Bible says—‘People grow weaker as they grow wiser.’

“When I was a boy we had three months’ school in winter, and the same in summer, in charge of common deestrict school teachers who never’d had much schoolin’ themselves. They boarded round and stayed at the houses of the folks who sent children—three nights a term for each scholar. Some of us lived two or three miles from the schoolhouse, and if the snow come deep the man who lived farthest off on a road

would probably take his ox team and break out a track and pick up the scholars along.

"Well, what changes have taken place since I was a boy! Gosh! who'd ever think I'd live to see a wagon goin' rippity slash through the street with no horse hitched to it; or a bicycle goin' along without havin' to pump it! And there's trolley cars. Golly! I could n't understand 'em at all until I went out of the mountains and saw 'em.

"Fifty years ago this country was pretty much primeval forest, with families startin' in here and there to clear up a chunk of land. They'd chop down the trees and pile 'em up and burn 'em. Then they'd put in potatoes, turnips, or oats, and as soon as they could they'd stock the ground down in among the stumps to raise some hay for their cattle. You'd understand what it means to start a home in the wilderness if you'd drove a single A drag as much as I have on new land where it's nawthin' but ketch and twitch and jerk around all the time.

"After a while the city people began to come in here for the huntin' and fishin'. There was no accommodation for them except at the little farmhouses, and perhaps the farmers did n't have any room to spare. But those fellers would n't take 'No' for an answer. If they could n't get a chance to sleep on one of the cord bedsteads they'd sleep on the floor, or in the barn—anywhere. And they were men with money, mind you —lots of it. They don't rough it that way now. Why,

even the fellers they hire to drive 'em around got to have on gloves, and a b'iled shirt, and a plug hat; and you can't tell the drivers from the city men.

"We had bears and wolves here, when I was a small kid, and this was a wild country. Good Lord! I've seen deer playin' down here on the plains like a mess of calves. Deer are naturally tame, and a good deal like the sheep specie. You'd see one of 'em or hear a fawn blat, you know, and you'd take your gun and go out and knock it down in no time. But now they've been so frightened they keep way back in the big woods; and yet the law won't let you kill nawthin' but bucks and only two of them in a season. The trouble is there's too many hunters, and all kinds of game is gettin' scarce."

"Uncle Lon killed lots of deer," the woman observed. "He could go out and shoot one anytime. I know we'd just got up one mornin' and his wife said, 'We ain't got no meat.'"

"He went to the door and looked down on the meadow, and there he see four deer feedin'. 'Now don't make no noise,' he says, and he crep' down a little ways and shot one of the deer, and we had venison for breakfast.

"I always liked this country. I went away to live once, but I was glad to git back. It seems more like home to me here than any other place. But the timber's gittin' less and less, and the region don't look like it used to look."

"This used to be a great country for fishin'," the man affirmed. "Why, right out in the little brook that you see in the holler you could ketch trout that would weigh over a pound. You did n't have to travel a lifetime to get a mess of fish. No, sir! you could fish down that brook twenty rods and git all you could eat—more'n you could git fishin' twenty miles now. What I call sport is all gone. Oh, gol! there ain't nawthin' now, my friend. They've cut down the big forests, the fire has got in here, and the brooks and streams are dryin' up. I don't see what people come up here for. Still, it's a healthy climate, and the air is fine for consumptives. Saranac Lake is a great resort for lungers, but they knock the summer business and are not allowed at the Lake Placid hotels.

"You ought to 'a' been here last week to our carnival. It was a two days' affair, and we kep' things busy all the time. We had shows, marchin' and drillin', horse-racin', slidin', and skatin'; and it was all got up by just us folks here, and we chipped in so as to have some little purses for prizes. If we're goin' to have any fun here in the mountains we got to provide it ourselves. The men would git onto their double sleds and go down the toboggan slides clear across the lake, three quarters of a mile. Oh, my lord! they went so fast they had to lean against each other way over forward to keep on.

"You'd 'a' laughed to see the skatin' races. One of the skaters was a young feller named Hennessy—Jim Hennessy's son. He's only sixteen, and small and slim.

Good land! his leg ain't as big as my wrist, and that's the truth if I don't ever speak again. You'd say the wind would blow him over, he's so slender. But he took the prize in the boy's class, and then he entered the men's class in competition with some great big fellers from the hotels. It was surprisin' what energy there was in that kid. He dropped right behind the fastest one of the men skaters and trailed him. I wanted to have a little fun, and I said to some of the hotel fellers standin' lookin' on, 'Here's ten dollars that the blue-shirted feller wins.'

"But they did n't dare to take me up. It was a two mile course, and when they neared the end Hennessy made a spurt and came in ahead. 'What do you think of my little Irishman now?' I says. Oh, wa'n't the hotel men sick!

"One evenin' of the carnival the folks dressed up in fancy costumes. They rigged up in every darned thing you could think of to disguise 'em. They was dressed in all kinds of shapes—as old farmers, Indians, niggers, and everything. Oh! 'twas lovely. Two of the girls fixed up as angels, wings and all, and they was dandy. You could n't tell who they was—even their own mothers did n't know 'em."

It was evening when I returned to the village, and the sun had set, and all the landscape was in shadow except the mountain summits. The higher ridges had been glazed by an ice storm, and while their bases were a dusky purple the sunlight lingered on the frosty

heights imparting a soft ethereal glow that was quite Alpine in its effect.

I had been advised to call on Byron Brewster, if I wanted information about John Brown. "You get Byron wound up and you'll hear something," my adviser declared.

So I called on him. "John Brown came here," he said, "when this was new country, but he bought a farm where a house had been built and some of the woods cleared off. The nearest village was two miles west at Saranac Lake, where there was a little store and possibly a dozen houses. We were connected with the outside world by a stage line that had its eastern terminus on Lake Champlain. The driver made a trip once a week, and he went on horseback usually. When he took a wagon it was an old-fashioned buckboard.

"One of the Abolitionist leaders owned a great tract of Adirondack land, and they planned to settle colonies of free negroes on it. Brown brought some of the colored people here, but they could n't stand so cold a climate, and they did n't stay long.

"Brown's oldest son, Oliver, married my sister, and the little room that is called Brown's office was their bedroom. Brown never had any use for an office in the house, for he never was to home only a few days at a time. He was busy travelling around freeing the slaves, a little squad at a time. I know because I lived in his family for several years. My folks had ten children—the families was all large here then—and if a

kid could be disposed of so he earned his own living, so much the better. Captain John Brown was a noble man, and he had a saint for a woman—one of the finest this world ever had. They were very poor and could just barely get along; and I remember this—I never shall forget it—when Brown was talking with the family about their hardships he told 'em it was always darkest just before the dawn. He was sure God would take care of them. Oh! yes, I tell you he believed in the Almighty as much as any man who ever lived. All of his family were in sympathy with him, and were ready to risk their lives in the cause of freedom. My sister went down to where he and his followers lived in a farmhouse near Harper's Ferry and kep' house for 'em while they was gettin' ready to capture the arsenal."

One evening I dropped in at a village store where several teamsters were lounging on counters and boxes visiting and smoking. They were talking about the logs they had been drawing and other forest topics. It seemed that the villagers drew most of the logs from the woods to the mills or the streamsides, and that the lumberjacks in the camps were as a rule immigrants "from all over the world," with Canadian French, "Polocks," and Italians predominant.

I asked how soon the Adirondack forests were likely to be exhausted.

"Well," one of the men responded, "twenty years ago a pulp mill was built here, and they claimed then that five years would do the forest up, and our good





*A load of logs on Lake Placid*

timber would be all gone; but we are getting out just as much now as ever, and there's lots left.

"There ain't much big pine left on the mountains," the storekeeper remarked. "The biggest pine I've seen lately was one the flood brought down on the meadow last spring. It was an old walloper, and sound as a nut. Some one up above had used it for a foot-bridge. The sawed lumber from it sold for seventy-five dollars."

"Look at the fine timber back here on the state land," one of the teamsters said. "There's not only the growing trees, but millions of feet of dead trees where the fires have run through that are still good saw timber and pulp wood. Those dead trees ought to be got out instead of bein' allowed to lay there rottin' doin' no good to nobody. But the state won't hardly let you cut a whipstalk on its land, and if you take off a tree—even a dead one—you're fined twenty-five dollars."

"Well," the storekeeper said, "if people were given a chance to take the dead timber it would n't be long before they'd get in the green timber. They will sneak it off in spite of everything. They just hog it. There's houses right here in this town built out of timber stole from the state."

"The fire has got more timber than the lumberjacks have here in the Adirondacks," one of the teamsters asserted.

"Yes," the storekeeper agreed, "in 1908 there was

one piece of fire over twelve miles long. I went through to Utica on the train and saw fire every few minutes, either in the grass or the woods, the whole distance. At the same time there was fire every gol darn inch of the way from here to Loon Lake. For weeks we could n't see the mountains the smoke was so thick. Lots of the summer people dug out. They were afraid of their lives. I used to work all the week in the store and go out Sundays to fight fire. We could n't make much headway. It was the same as if a man tried to bail out the ocean—pretty near. The fire would break across the paths we made to stop it, and we could only keep narrowing it up a little. It burnt till we had a snowstorm the week before election. Fighting forest fires that year cost this town ten thousand dollars.

“Another bad year was 1902. We had windy days then when the fire went faster'n a man could run, and flashed right up to the top of the green balsams. Some of our bad fires are started by the city men. They get a drink or two into 'em and then don't know nothin' and are careless about their campfires.”

“Well, sir, we had a saucy little fight year before last,” a teamster remarked. “There'd been a thunder-storm, with a little spurt of rain, and the lightning started a blaze in some dry timber. It burnt over thirty or forty acres before we got it under control, and then we had to keep men watching it for a week because it had worked down into the duff. That duff was

fifteen inches or so thick, and the fire kept smouldering in it and every little while would break out.

"I worked for Rockefeller most of that season. You know he has a big estate down below here a ways. There used to be farmhouses—yes, and villages on it, but he bought the owners all out, or froze 'em out. One feller was determined not to sell, and as a sample of how things was made uncomfortable for him I heard tell that two men came to his house once and made him a present of some venison. They had hardly gone when the game warden dropped in and arrested him for havin' venison in his house. All such tricks was worked on him, and he spent every cent he was worth fighting lawsuits. People wa'n't allowed to fish on the property, and the women wa'n't allowed to pick berries on it. A good deal of hard feeling was stirred up, and Rockefeller would scoot from the train to his house, and pull the curtains down, 'fraid they'd shoot him. Oh! he was awful scairt."

The storekeeper had picked up a bunch of keys from his desk and he jingled them suggestively and was buttoning up his coat. It was evident that he intended to close up, and the conclave got off the boxes and counters and straggled out of the door.

One day I walked far up on the frostbound Lake Placid. There were three roads on the ice running along parallel only a few feet apart. The central road was a driveway, and the other two were merely ploughed out trails to catch the drifting snow. By and by I met a

load of logs, and the driver stopped to speak with me. He had started out from the village at six o'clock that morning, driven some eight miles to a logging camp at the far end of the lake, and now was returning. On his big, broad sled were twenty-five logs, thirteen feet long, making a load that weighed about six tons. It seemed a wonder that a single pair of horses could draw it.

I had gone as far as I cared to go up the wide lonely expanse of the lake, and the teamster invited me to ride with him back to the town. So I clambered up beside him on the ponderous load. As we went along the ice snapped and cracked beneath us, but it was eighteen inches thick and perfectly safe. Log drawing had begun when the ice was half that thickness, but they did not venture to carry as heavy loads. Disasters occasionally occur; and yet, whether it is the load, or the horses, or both that break through, the results are seldom serious. The previous winter, however, two horses had drowned. They broke through thin ice, and though dragged out again and again the ice gave way beneath their weight. Curiously enough, the ice is safest on warm days. Then it is elastic, but in very cold weather it is brittle, and is contracting and cracking. Sometimes a load will drive onto a small section surrounded by fresh cracks, and down it goes. Usually the ice is burdened with so much snow that water oozes up through the cracks and makes the road slushy and rough.

One would think that such thick ice would linger a

long time in the spring, but the teamster affirmed that when they got a warm south wind the ice disappeared in about two days. He said it sank in the lake.

There were hills to go down when we reached the village, and I got off on the verge of the first steep pitch. The driver protested that there was no danger, but when I saw the big load go swerving down the icy incline with the horses pushed into a trot in spite of their backward bracing, a smashup seemed easily possible.

On the day that I left the mountains it was snowing, and the storm-swept open country, and the stumplands, and the fire-wrecked woods looked dreary enough. The wind blew, and the falling flakes filled the air with a wild flurry, and the loose new snow sifted along on the hard older snow in a drifting smother. It was "a rough day out," but there was serenity in the snow-adorned forest that had escaped the fires. There the woodland aisles were delicately atmospheric and more fairy-like than ever.

NOTES.—The Adirondacks are the most popular summer and hunting resort in the state. They stretch from near Canada almost to the Mohawk River, a distance of 120 miles; and from Lake Champlain about 80 miles westerly. The loftiest peak is Mt. Marcy, which attains a height of 5,345 feet. It has several rivals that are not much lower. Nearly the entire mountain region, or Adirondack Wilderness as it is called, is densely covered with forest, and lumbering is carried on extensively. Great quantities of spruce, hemlock, and other timber are annually floated down to the Hudson and the St. Lawrence. The region contains more than 1,000 lakes varying

in size from a few acres to 20 square miles. One of these, "Tear of the Clouds," is over 4,000 feet above the sea level, and is the source of the Hudson. Among the wild creatures to be found in the district are catamounts, bears, deer, otters, badgers, eagles, and loons. The lakes and streams are well stocked with trout. Flies and mosquitoes are troublesome in June and July.

The most frequented regions are those of Saranac and St. Regis Lakes, Lake Placid, and Keene Valley, all of which contain numerous hotels and summer camps. The hotels are generally comfortable, and some are luxurious. Guides and canoes can be secured at all the chief resorts.

The principal gateways to the mountains are Utica and Saratoga on the south, Westport, Port Kent, and Plattsburg on the east, and Malone on the north. Much of the region is accessible to automobiles, and it has become a favorite touring ground for motorists. The roads are for the most part dirt, and some of them are very good, but others are rough and winding, and there are places where sand or clay are encountered.

The region east of the Adirondacks abounds in scenic and historic attraction, and a most attractive trip can be made from Saratoga to Plattsburg, 127 miles. There is a good dirt or macadam road nearly all the way. Saratoga itself is interesting as one of the oldest and most frequented of our watering-places. Among the popular drives in the vicinity is that to the top of Mt. McGregor, 1,200 feet high. The distance is 10 miles. The cottage in which General Grant died in 1885 is located on the summit. East of Saratoga, 12 miles, near Schuylerville was fought, in October, 1777, the battle which resulted in the surrender of the British army under General Burgoyne.

An island in the Hudson River at Glens Falls, 19 miles north of Saratoga is the scene of some of the most famous incidents in Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans." At 28 miles on this route is Lake George. Fort William Henry once stood on the shore here, and there was much fighting in the region during the French and Indian wars. The lake is 33 miles long and 3 miles wide. Wooded moun-

tains flank it on both sides, and islands to the number of 220 dot its surface. The road follows the west shore of the lake, and presently reaches the borders of Lake Champlain near old Fort Ticonderoga, recently restored. Farther north it passes the ruined fortifications at Crown Point. Near Keesville on this route is the Ausable Chasm, where the Ausable River flows through a rocky gorge 100 to 175 feet deep and only 20 to 40 feet wide. This is considered the most wonderful piece of Nature's work of its kind east of the Rocky Mountains. Waterfalls and rapids add to its charm.

## II

### MIDSUMMER IN THE CATSKILLS

THE Mountains of the Sky, as the Indians called them, or the Wildcat Creek Mountains, as they would be called if the Dutch word Catskill was translated into English, include one height with an altitude of 4,200 feet, and there are numerous other heights in the group that are genuinely impressive in their upward soaring. Yet none of them are at all savage, and the region has a certain gentleness of aspect that is restful and charming. The mountains themselves, instead of rising in craggy steeps, nearly always lift their shaggy, wooded shoulders in mild undulations; and in the tangle of valleys you rarely fail to find either an occasional village or scattered farms.

Nevertheless, the region is one that can never be wholly tamed. A formal monotony of straight roads and right-angled corners, and fields of regular size and shape is forever impossible. The roadways almost of necessity adapt themselves to the lay of the land, and are full of graceful curves and piquant surprises.

Another charm of this Catskill country is its streams. Everywhere you go you hear the purl of brooks in their shadowed, rocky hollows, and not infrequently the melody of a waterfall; and the water is bright and pure,



*A summer afternoon*



and continues as of yore to be the lurking-place of the speckled trout.

The section that has most appealed to me is not where the mountains soar highest, but more westerly where the country becomes distinctly pastoral and the farms creep far up the great billowy hills. Sometimes the cleared land sweeps right over the giant summits, but oftener the highest portion of the hill has a green cap of woodland. It is a pretty sight as you look from one hill across to others and see the tilled fields forming a sort of patchwork quilt of varying shapes and tints. The seams of the quilt are sturdy stone walls erected at an infinite expense of time and labor in gathering the stones from the land and piling them into barriers, and then year after year keeping these barriers in repair; for even the stoutest stone wall is not permanent. The frosts gradually, but surely, heave it into complete ruin if it is neglected.

One of my stopping-places was a sleepy little village around which the big hills rose on every side. At the close of a warm August day I sat after supper on the piazza of the rustic hotel with the landlord and his wife. Some of the neighbors who had been off berrying were plodding homeward on the adjacent walk, and the landlady asked them what luck they had had.

“There ain’t as many berries as usual,” one of the pickers responded, “and everybody is after ’em. Why, up on Cold Hill, where we went, there was seven people

to one huckleberry; and, by gracious! it's a long walk there and back, I tell yer."

"But you've got your pails full," the landlady commented.

"Oh, we got our share, don't cher know," the picker said, "and now we must hurry along so as to have time tonight to look 'em over. That's quite a job."

Meanwhile the landlord was talking with a small boy of the party. Their bantering conversation came to an end with the landlord's saying: "Want to fight? But what's the use? You could n't lick a postage stamp."

The next morning I went for a long walk and followed a winding highway that for mile after mile climbed a seemingly endless hill. It was a rather attractive road with little farms scattered along, and wooded heights rising on either side, and at last it brought me to where the land dipped into another valley, and I began to descend. The day was warm and pleasant, and mowing-machines were busy, and men with scythes were laying low the grass around the borders of the fields and on the slopes that were too steep for a machine. I was in no haste and occasionally stopped to chat with the roadside workers, or with persons I met on the highway. One of the latter was an old man who was hobbling along aided by a cane and pausing often in his slow progress to catch his breath.

"I was eighty-three my last birthday," he said, "and I ain't good for nawthin' any more. That house you

see down the road used to be my home, but I don't live up here in the mountains now. My son has the old place, and I'm just visiting him this summer. I would n't care to stay the year through. It's cold here in winter—darnation cold, and the roads are blocked with snowdrifts.

"This used to be a great country for game. We had wild pigeons by the million. There was such flocks that they darkened the sky. They built their nests on the mountains along the highest ridges. Every tree, almost, would have nests in it. The nests was usually made out of coarse sticks, but I remember a season when the pigeons carried away most of a haystack I had and used it for nest-building. As a common thing they'd fly away every morning to their feeding-places at a distance, and come flying back at night, but once they got here before the snow was gone, and then I saw 'em scratching for food wherever there was a bare spot.

"They never stayed here all summer, but went off when the young ones could fly, and returned when the buckwheat was ripening. We had to guard our fields or they'd have taken every kernel of the grain.

"We used to snare 'em. We'd scatter buckwheat on some level place, and up above on a perch we'd have a captive pigeon with its eyes covered. When a flock was flying over we'd pull away the perch, and the bird would flutter to the ground as if it was going after the feed. That attracted the other pigeons to the spot.

We had a net ready attached to a pole, and by pulling a string could make it flop over the birds when enough had lit, and then we had 'em.

"Once I was out layin' behind a wall watchin' for pigeons, and they come and lit in an old dead cherry tree just as thick as they could stick—hundreds on that one tree. I killed thirteen of 'em at a single shot.

"They was mighty nice eating, and there was more meat on 'em than you'd naturally expect, for they did n't look as large as their bodies really were. That was because their feathers lay so snug; but when a bird was picked it was near as big as a dove.

"Lots of men went to the mountains after squabs in the spring, and when the old birds at the nesting-place were disturbed they'd fly up in such numbers their wings made a sound like thunder. The men would climb the trees after the squabs, or they'd cut the trees down. Sometimes they'd cut off acres and acres. The squabs were shipped to the cities, and I've known men to get a two hundred dollar check for a single shipment.

"There were great numbers of pigeons until about 1875. Then they suddenly disappeared. It is said that they all perished in a great storm at sea while migrating, and that vast quantities of their bodies washed up on the shores."

Toward night I engaged lodgings at a farmhouse that was well up on one of the vast slopes overlooking an impressive succession of vales and hills. There I stayed several days. The farm made a specialty of

dairying, and every morning Jim and Ned, the young men of the household, together with Mrs. Ned and the hired man, were up early enough to milk the fifty cows by six o'clock. Then the cows went in a straggling line over the hill to the pasture, and the milkers came in to breakfast. One feature of the morning bill of fare was buckwheat cakes. The family had them for breakfast the year around, and ate them with pork fat, butter, or maple sugar.

During the day the men and boys were busy haying, but about four o'clock in the afternoon two of the youngsters and their dog went to the brushy pasture after the cows. At the boys' bidding the dog ran about over the hills and through the clumps of trees and bushes gathering the scattered herd and barking at the lingerers until he brought them to the bars. There the boys counted them as they passed through and made sure they had them all.

The supper hour was five, and the milking immediately followed. Women help with the milking on nearly all the farms. "But they don't like it very well," Ned observed, "and they feel abused unless the men do the bulk of it."

"Well," Jim said, "I think the farmers would be better off if they'd lighten the job of milking by keeping fewer cows. As it is they pay out most of the money they get for their milk to buy feed. But I must say they're generally prosperous. You take our next neighbor down the road, for instance. About a dozen

years ago he bought that place for six thousand dollars. He's got it all paid for, and he could sell it for twice that now. The family that owned it before he did all had the typhoid but one, and there were nine of 'em. Seven died, and most everybody was afraid to live on the place. But this man was n't, and he got it cheap. He went there with his wife and children, and not one of 'em has had a sick day since."

I came across this neighbor one day as he was ploughing. The ground was surprisingly stony. Indeed, the soil of all the fields, outside of the alluvial deposits in the valleys, was like a vast plum-pudding in which there was about an equal proportion of stones and earth. The plough was continually scraping the stones or being jerked this way and that by them. Some of the biggest that were brought up to the surface would later be dragged off, but it was not the custom to trouble with any of less size than a man's hat.

"It's so stony we don't plough any oftener than we can help," the farmer said. "I'm turning this sod under on account of the hawkweed. There's a snag of it on this lot. I guess it'll soon get all over the world if it keeps spreadin' the way it has here. It'll grow on any land that ain't boggy. Where a spring dreans it won't do nothin', but back on the hills where the ground is perfectly dry it flourishes; and the dryer the weather the better it does. By cultivating a crop we can kill it out, but if we seed the land down, it gradually comes back. Yes, you got to fight it all the while, my friend.

The leaves and the blossom-stems are covered with a kind of fuzz, and when you are haying that there dry fuzz flies in the air and raises the dickens with you. It gets in your nose and throat, and it tickles and makes you sneeze. You might as well work in cayenne pepper. It makes your eyes smart, too. Some can't handle the hay in the barn at all on account of the hawkweed dust. It knocks 'em out. Even in winter it'll bother you some when you're getting hay from the mow to feed the stock. But hawkweed makes good pasturage. We turn in the cattle in the spring and they keep it browsed down. If they did n't it would mat right over everything."

The pest did not become troublesome until about twenty years ago. It has a gay blossom that is quite attractive, and no doubt it escaped to the fields from some woman's posie pot.

Another foe that the farmer has to fight is the wood-chuck. The creatures have their burrows along the roadsides and in the fields everywhere. They eat a great deal of grass, and destroy the vegetables in the gardens, and make inroads on various of the field crops if they are not strenuously opposed. "I tell you," Jim said, "they're an awful mean thing, tromping down the mowing; and they make holes, and heave up heaps of dirt that are a great nuisance in your fields. There's millions of 'em this year—more'n I've ever seen before."

His assertion as to their numbers seemed rather sweeping; but they were certainly exceedingly plentiful. If I went for a walk, when they were out feeding

toward evening, I had the brown, furry creatures constantly in view, sometimes low in the grass, sometimes with heads poked up watching me, but oftenest scurrying to the shelter of their holes.

Saturday evening the young people of the family drove to the village. It is the common habit of all the country round to resort thither on the final afternoon or evening of the week. They go partly to trade, partly for sociability. That is the merchants' harvest time, and the stores are open and the clerks busy till about midnight. A good many of the men drift to the hotels to drink, and this fag end of the week is the only time, except rainy days, when a man is likely to be seen staggering on the street. The haying hands are usually the worst drinkers, and on a rainy day they are apt to want their pay that they may spend it at some hotel bar. Nor are they satisfied to stop drinking and return to work until their money is gone.

One of the midsummer attractions of Saturday night at the village is a dance, and people come to it from seven or eight miles around. About half the dancers are city vacation visitors, but they mix in a very friendly way with the country folk, and harmony and a lively enjoyment of the occasion are general.

“We’re supposed to quit at twelve o’clock,” Ned said to me, “but if we get a set on just before that hour we dance it out. Most of us stay till the last minute. Here’s Emmy, for instance,” and he indicated his wife —“she’d rather dance than eat. There’s always a good





*Coming from the hayfield*

crowd, and the hall is full. The women dance free, but a man has to pay ten cents for each set he dances. Some dance every set, others only one or two, but I guess they'd average five."

A misty rain was falling when Sunday dawned, and after breakfast the men sat in the kitchen and smoked, or lay down on the sofas to doze. Presently Sam, the hired man, pulled out his watch and remarked that it was just seven minutes past eight. Ned commented that Sam only had luck to thank if he had hit the correct time within half an hour.

"I bet a dollar that my watch is right," Sam retorted.

"I'll take your bet," Ned said.

"I set that watch by the town clock yesterday," Sam explained.

"Oh!" said Ned, "you might as well look at the heel of your shoe as at your watch or the town clock either to get the true time. That clock hain't been right sin' I can remember."

In the afternoon the sky brightened and the sun shone forth on the wet earth. When the roads and grass were dried somewhat two of the men went in search of raspberries along the stone walls, intending to get a mess for supper, and Jim took his gun and spent a leisurely hour or two exterminating woodchucks.

"I'd rather have gone fishing," he said, as he entered the house later. "Yes, fishing would have suited me better than gunning, if I had n't broke my pole the last time I went. I'd landed one nice big trout that

weighed a pound and a half, but that one I lost, when the pole went back on me, was twice as big. By gol! it makes me cry to lose so many of them big trout."

The last thing before bedtime Jim sat down by the stove with a stick in one hand and his jackknife in the other and began to whittle kindlings to start the morning fire. "I do this every night," he said, "unless I forgit it. In that case I have to whittle the kindlings in the morning. This stick is hemlock. I like pine better, because it's easier to whittle, but one'll burn about as good as the other. I wish I had the big pine on the road to the village that the wind blowed over this spring. We had a storm then that was a storm. I was settin' by the window lookin' up toward the sap bush when it started, and I see the big maples bend over nearly to the ground. Some were uprooted, but most of 'em would spring back. The clouds were so black I thought we was goin' to have an awful shower, but it only rained a little spat.

"Well," he said, as he shut up his knife, "I'd be saved considerable work whittling if we burned coal. Quite a good many families burn it in winter in the settin' room, but the price is so cussed high they don't use any more than they can help."

One of my walks in the neighborhood was on what was known as the Hardscrabble Road. The portion of it, however, that I traversed was simply a pleasant, meandering country byway. Where it separated from the main road was a small, whitewashed stone building

with the date 1813 cut into one of the stones, and I inquired the significance of this date from some people who were sitting on the piazza of a house near by. They seemed sociably inclined, and I entered the gate and joined them. The group included a middle-aged woman and her mother, and another gray-haired, elderly woman, whom her companions call Aunt Jane. On the grass in front of the piazza sat a little girl playing with a kitten. Two of the women were sewing, but Aunt Jane was a visitor and lived in the building with a date on it.

"That date shows when it was built," she said. "It was a schoolhouse at first, and the schoolmaster lived in this house here. The children come from four or five miles around—yes, even from way over in Meeker Holler. It was such a back country then, and the roads were so poor that a good many come on horseback. They kept their horses in the schoolmaster's barn.

"Later other schoolhouses was built more convenient, and this one was dropped. Not long ago I happened to be out in the yard when a man who was drivin' along the road stopped and spoke to me, and he says, 'I'm goin' to be bold enough to tell you that I went to school in that building.'

"Then he said he wished he could live in this region, and asked if I knew of any places for sale. I told him I did n't, and he looked around and said, 'Well, you've got God's own country here.'

“They say that all the stones in the walls of our house was took off from that one acre yonder that the building stands on, but there were so many left that we had to work awful hard to get the land cleared so we could raise anything on it.

“When they quit keepin’ school in the buildin’ it was fixed up for a church, and there was a pulpit made at one end of the old schoolroom, but for the last thirty or forty years it’s been a house. Several families had lived into it before we got it, and it was all run down and was a horrid-lookin’ thing. The lower part had been divided into rooms, but there wa’n’t a yard of paper on the walls, and there wa’n’t no chamber floor upstairs. The downstairs floor is still in there with its wide, old-fashioned boards, the same that was put in when the house was built; and there’s the same padlock on the door that was on it when we moved in.

“It’s quite a comfortable house for a small family. The only fault I got to find with it is that we don’t have anything better than crick water on the place. That’s the reason I’m over here now. I came to get a pail of spring water and a little buttermilk.”

“Well,” grandma said, “that house of yours certain was a snug little church when I was young. I’ve went there to meetin’ many a Sunday.”

Just then a young turkey boldly joined the group on the piazza. “Now you go back,” the housewife said. “Your company’s not wanted.”

“One of them young turkeys picks its own ma,” the

little girl observed. "It picked its ma under the throat."

"We've had very good luck raisin' turkeys late years," the housewife said. "I s'pose we've got forty at present, and we've lost hardly any since they begun hatching in the spring. But Mrs. Brock says hers are dyin' off to beat all. There! I seen one fly up from among the cabbages down in the garden. Ruth, go and drive 'em out."

"I don't want to," Ruth responded. "It's too far."

"You'll walk farther'n that if your mama starts after you," the mother declared. "Besides, if you leave the turkeys in there they'll eat the cabbages all up and then you won't have none to eat yourself. They do like those cabbages, and they've got some of 'em just skinned."

The little girl rose reluctantly and went to chase the turkeys. A team was approaching on the road. "Ain't that Haskins ag'in?" Grandma said.

"Don't look like his team to me," Aunt Jane commented.

"I think 'tis yet," Grandma said. "Yes, that's Haskins drivin'. Must be he's got boarders and is givin' 'em a ride."

"There's another team comin' up the hill," the housewife remarked.

"That's Henry Bligh and his adopted daughter," Aunt Jane announced after observing them a few moments.



grand false teeth. But he never looked neat enough to suit me. I remember tellin' some one in the post office one day that I did n't want his fingers round my face; and I turned, and there he was right behind me. But he just haw-hawed and took it in good part."

"He made my teeth," Grandma said, "and I've had 'em forty-six years."

"Oh, Doc. could make teeth all right," the house-wife agreed. "Yes, sir, he could. He made some for George—that's my husband. One day George was bringin' home a load of hay, and he was drivin' along a side road with the hired man follerin' behind when the horses took fright at some boarders who'd climbed up in a tree. The horses shied, and load and all went tumbling down a kind of dugway eighty or ninety feet. They turned a complete summersault, and the load of hay landed on George bottom side up. The hired man thought George was killed, but when he got down there he heard him sayin' he was smotherin', and he dug a hole in the hay as quick as he could to give him air."

"I s'pose them boarders helped," Aunt Jane remarked.

"No, no, help nothin'!" the wife exclaimed. "The hired man got him out alone. For a wonder George did n't have any bones broken, but he was bruised up like the mischief, and his teeth was smashed all to pieces. So he had Doc. Atkins make him a set of false ones."

Grandma's thoughts now turned back to the subject

we had been discussing previously. "There's still a Hardshell Baptist Church in the village," she said, "but they seldom have services nowadays. Once in a while, though, Dominie Lawson comes from down the valley and preaches. They say he's smart, and I've always been anxious to hear him, but it ain't been convenient. Did you know that they never have no musical instruments in the Hardshell churches?"

"David Buxton who died last spring was a good Baptist," Aunt Jane said. "He'd been sick a long time, and toward the end he was nothin' in the world but a skeleton. For quite a while before he died he was so afraid he'd say or do something wrong that he did n't dare read anything but his religious paper, *Signs of the Times*. He's taken that paper ever since he was a young man. It's full of sermons and old-fashioned religious experiences, and most people would find it dull, but it was a great comfort to David. I went to his funeral, and Dominie Lawson preached the funeral sermon. It must have been an hour long. There was no direct application to the occasion, but it was some predestination stuff that rambled round and round gettin' nowhere, I thought. The pall bearers sat there and slept, but I kept wide awake to see what the sermon was goin' to amount to. The words, 'He knows my sheep, he knows my voice,' come into it pretty often, and every time the dominie repeated 'em he looked right over at me."

"He knew you was a lost sinner, Aunt Jane," the housewife remarked.

"Way back when David Buxton's father was alive," Grandma said, "the Hardshell church used to be crowded, and at the time of the yearly meetin' people would come from all around and have family picnics and stay three or four days. There'd be singin' and sermons then from morning till along late in the afternoon when folks had to go home to do the chores. At night every Baptist hereabouts had his house full of visitors. Oh, they had great times! Listening to the sermons all day put me in a fidget, but those old-time Baptists would have sat there a month, I guess, and enjoyed it."

"I was at the Baptist Church once on a communion Sunday," Aunt Jane said, "but they did n't pass me the bread and the wine."

"They would," Grandma said, "if only you'd been baptized by bein' immersed in a brook or bathtub or something. They used to have their batizin's in the crick. Do you recollect when they baptized Curtis Taylor? They'd just dipped him when Doc. Atkins called out, 'That's right—chuck him in ag'in.' I was there, and I heard him. He meant that considerable reformatin' was necessary in Curt's case; and he didn't make any mistake about it either. Curt is quite a drinkin' feller, and he don't go to church nowhere now."

"That same day Jennie Todd was baptized," the housewife observed, "and if I'd had anything to do about it they'd 'a' left her in till this time."

“The last batizin’ I went to,” Aunt Jane said, “was in winter. They cut a hole in the ice, commencin’ at the bank and makin’ a channel perhaps fifteen feet long out to the middle of the stream. There was snow on the ground, and it was an awful cold day, but considerable of a crowd come to look on. Just one young woman was baptized. The dominie walked out in the water with her and soused her right down under out of sight. Then they went to the nearest house to change their duds. It’s claimed that a person who’s baptized in winter is miraculously protected from feelin’ the cold, but I noticed that the girl wanted to get in the house as quick as she could, and the dominie was in about as big a hurry. Their clothes froze on ‘em, and it’s my opinion that if she’d known as much before as she did afterwards she’d have waited till warm weather.”

Aunt Jane now declared that she must go home, and a few minutes later she walked out of the yard carrying a pail full of spring water and a lesser receptacle full of buttermilk. About this time the farmer came to the piazza and announced that he had finished building a chicken house, but had neglected to provide it with any way to get in or out. So the housewife had to go with him to consider the problem, and I resumed my rambling.

NOTES.—The Catskills are attractive in their legendary lore, their picturesque scenery, their cool and healthful atmosphere, and their accessibility. Good hotels and boarding-places are found scattered all over the region, both on the heights and in the valleys,

and it is not difficult to satisfy one's wishes in the matter of expense as well as in surroundings.

The chief gateways to this outlying group of the Appalachian system are Kingston and Catskill, both situated on the west bank of the Hudson. The mountains themselves begin to rise only a few miles from the river. A narrow-gauge railroad connects Catskill with the base of Catskill Mountain. You can make a quick ascent to the top of the mountain by an elevating railroad, but a more interesting way to go up is by a winding wagon road through the woods. Half way to the summit on this road is the scene of *Rip Van Winkle's* famous 20 years' sleep. Catskill Mountain has many wild cliffs, and on its eastern side is almost a sheer precipice. The view from its upper ledges over the plains between it and the Hudson is of unique beauty. Ten miles off, the river itself can be glimpsed, and on the far horizon are the blue ranges of the Berkshire Hills. The vicinity of the mountain abounds in pleasant walks and drives. Perhaps the most delightful of these excursions is the one through the narrow wooded ravine known as Kaaterskill Clove, with its limpid creek and dainty waterfalls.

Persons having an ambition to scale Slide Mountain, the loftiest of the Catskill heights, can do so most readily by journeying on the railway that crosses the mountains from Kingston, and leaving the train at Big Indian. It is 11 miles from there to the summit.

West of Kingston, 16 miles, the Ashokan Reservoir is nearing completion. This is to be a chief source of water-supply for New York City, 86 miles distant. The water will flow through a concrete aqueduct, 17 feet in diameter, which will pass under the Hudson at Storm King. The reservoir will convert a portion of the fair Esopus valley into a lake, 12 miles long and from 1 to 3 miles broad. About 64 miles of highway must be discontinued, 7 villages abandoned, and the bodies moved from 32 cemeteries. The main dam rests on a foundation sunk 200 feet below the level of Esopus Creek and the dam rises 200 feet above the creek. A macadam boulevard is to encircle the lake. It will be lined with shade trees, and lighted by

## 46 Highways and Byways—St. Lawrence to Virginia

electricity at night. The total cost of the undertaking will be \$250,000,000.

Automobile routes go westward into the Catskills from Kingston, Saugerties, and Catskill. Good dirt roads are the rule, but they are often narrow, winding, and steep.

In literature the individuality of the mountains is best set forth in the writings of John Burroughs, who was born at Roxbury in the westerly portion. Roxbury was also the birthplace of Jay Gould.

West of the mountains, on Otsego Lake, is Cooperstown, famous as the home and burial-place of J. Fennimore Cooper. The site of the old Cooper mansion is marked by a statue of an Indian hunter.

South of the Catskills, 6 miles west of New Paltz, is the famous resort of Lake Mohonk, near the summit of Sky Top, 1,550 feet high, one of the Shawangunk Mountains. Here are held notable annual conferences concerning the World's Peace and the welfare of the Indians. Lake Mohonk can be easily reached from Newburg or Kingston over good dirt and macadam roads. The great hotel at Lake Mohonk, and the hotels at Lake Minnewaska, 6 miles south, are managed on "a strictly temperate plan," and "visitors are not expected to arrive or depart on the Sabbath." The charm of the scenery in the region consists largely in the attractive mixture of the wild and gentle.

### III

#### THE HEART OF THE HUDSON HIGHLANDS

FOR a distance of twenty miles, from Cornwall on the north to Peekskill on the south, the broad current of the Hudson twists and turns among the mountains. Where the river enters this realm of rugged peaks are the two opposing heights of Storm King and Breakneck Mountain, forming the Northern Gate of the Highlands. Where the river escapes into the milder region beyond Peekskill is the Southern Gate guarded by the Dunderberg on the west shore, and the Spitzenberg Mountains opposite. Up and down the stream the great river steamers plough their way, and the canal-boat tows toil back and forth, and there are frequent motor boats plying in the neighborhood of the towns, and now and then one sees a steam yacht, or, best of all, especially amid the wilder scenery, a slow, old sailing vessel dependent wholly on the vagaries of the winds.

Hugging close to either shore for nearly the whole distance through the Highlands is a railroad, and to get a foothold, even at the water's edge, it has often been necessary to blast out a terrace at the base of the crags, or to open a way through some outjutting ridge by cutting down from the top or by tunnelling. The

thunder of the trains along the iron rails comes to the ear almost unceasingly, the air is apt to be much dimmed by the smoke that pours forth from the engines, and you are constantly reminded that the valley is a great commercial highway.

Perhaps of all the bordering mountains Storm King is the best known. Its abruptness and comparative isolation make it particularly impressive. To some the name seems rather sentimental, but to most it is in keeping with the mountain's size and character, and they would not have it replaced with the older cognomen of Butter Hill. "A pretty big lump of butter," one of the long-time residents of the vicinity commented to me, "but it really does have the shape of a lump of butter if you see it from some points of view."

He called my attention to the sister height across the stream, and said: "That's another big bunch of rocks. They say an Indian fell down the cliffs there once and broke his neck, and so they call it Breakneck Mountain."

As one continues southward the more important mountains are Bull Hill, Crow Nest, Sugar Loaf, Anthony's Nose, Bear Hill, and the Dunderberg, all steep and ponderous, and with many a bare, gray shoulder of rock showing through the foliage. About half way between the northern and southern gates is West Point with its magnificent, castle-like buildings nestling amid the trees near the cliff-bordered river and having a background of forested ridges.

Most of these features of the region are familiar to whoever has journeyed up and down the river, but I wanted to see something of life and nature beyond the immediate borders of the stream. On the map, back among the mountains, I had found a place called Doodletown, and I determined to make its acquaintance, fully persuaded that a place with such a name and in such a situation was worth investigating. I made a guess at what was the nearest railroad station, and there I left the train one sunny October morning. A short climb up a steep hill took me into a tiny village in a wooded glen, where one of the natives gave me detailed directions so that the crooks and partings of the roads between there and Doodletown should not puzzle and take me astray. While we were talking, a shock-headed country boy about fourteen years old sat on a store porch close by. He looked straight ahead and was apparently meditating, wholly oblivious of what was going on around him, but as I was resuming my walk he casually observed that he was going to Doodletown and would show me the way. So we went on together.

I presently learned that my companion's name was Johnny Stotten. He was at first somewhat reticent, but gradually became voluble and confidential. "I'm goin' to be a boatman," he said. "I'll get a job on a brick barge, don't you know? This year I'm in school, but I'll be on the river next year. Some boys might not like handling bricks, but I've always worked from

a kid up, and I don't think it'll be any harder than what I've had to do up here in the mountains. I help loading the wagons and sleds and driving the horses. Some of the cordwood sticks are so heavy I can't hardly lift 'em, and often we have to draw the wood from awful rocky places where it's right straight down almost, and the load nearly pushes the collars off the horses' heads. Once in a while there's an accident. A man near us was up in the woods sleddin', and he was walkin' side of the load drivin' when he stepped on a wet stick—you know how slippery that is. His feet went from under him, and the horses drug him quite a distance. Some of his ribs was broken and his shoulder, and he's been a cripple man ever since.

"Do you see those dead trees up there on that slope? There used to be lots of highholes in them. A highhole is a bird with a big, long mouth. It's like a woodpecker, only larger. They're good to eat, and we used to shoot 'em while they were around in the bushes after dogwood and sumach berries.

"Now we're passing along side of a little lake—Highland Lake, they call it. The water looks clear and nice, but it'll poison anyone who takes a drink. It makes your mouth itch and your face swell up. My brother drank some once, and when he came home we did n't know him. Oh! did n't he have a big face! There's lots of fish in the lake—black bass, perch, pickerel, and everything. Gorry! I don't know what is n't in there. We've eaten many a nice mess of 'em.

“A battle was fought near here in the Revolutionary War—that’s what they tell me. I like to hear about battles and I like to read history; but I don’t like to read novels. They scare me so my hair stands up straight, and I don’t know what to do.

“There’s a family of Arabians have got a camp off in the woods on this side road that leaves the main road here. The man goes around to the houses and tells fortunes. I guess he makes money because he’s always dressed good when I seen him. He wanted to give an entertainment in the schoolhouse, but they would n’t let him. One of the Doodletown boys went to the Arabians’ camp, and the man took a half dollar and blew it into a dollar. The boy don’t want to go there again. He says they are witches. I would n’t want to see ‘em do such things, and I don’t believe they can. They have some kind of a scheme to fool you.

“Way up on that mountain ahead of us a horse fell off the rocks last summer. It was a big white horse that was out to pasture, and it broke its back and busted a big hole in its head.”

At last we reached Doodletown up among the forest heights. It is a place of scattered homes, and these are dotted along on divergent roads that follow up various valleys between the big rocky ridges. Nowhere is there a village nucleus, and even the church, the schoolhouse, and the store are widely separated from each other, and none of them has more than a house or two in the immediate vicinity. The little white church stands at the

junction of two roads, and close by was a great way-side pile of cordwood. This wood was indicative of the chief industry of the region. The forests, and not the diminutive fields or the few cattle, are the main support of the people.

One of the dwellings that particularly attracted my attention was a shed-like structure scarcely high enough to stand up in. Roundabout the grass grew rank, and evidently was neither cut nor browsed off. The door was padlocked. On the end of the hut toward the road the window was open and several narrow strips of board had been nailed across in a manner to suggest a cage for savage beasts; and, sure enough, when we came opposite the house, several dogs leaped up on the inside, put their forepaws on the windowsill and barked at us viciously.

“Hello, Danny,” Johnny said.

“Who are you speaking to?” I asked.

“Well,” Johnny said, “the man who lives there looks just like one of his dogs, and I can’t tell whether I see Danny or the terrier at the window; so I say ‘hello’ anyway when I go past. Danny calls the dogs his children. He lives there alone with ‘em, and when he goes off to work he locks ‘em in. I think they get their noses in every bit of food he eats.”

I inquired of Johnny where I could find a lodging-place, and he mentioned several homes including his own. It was easier to continue with the friend I already had than to seek refuge among entire strangers, and





*Going a-milking*

we went on up one of the valleys to the last house on the winding mountain road. The dwelling was a shapeless, uncertain structure, the older portion of which had at some time been painted yellow. At the front door was a little porch with a broken floor, and the porch posts were so decayed at the base that they threatened to let the patched and twisted roof down altogether. On the hard-trodden earth round about was a great variety of household furniture—chairs and rugs, pieces of stovepipe, etc. The boy's mother appeared at the door, towslid and grimy-handed and somewhat disconcerted by the advent of a stranger. She was in the midst of housecleaning, but I might stay if I would be satisfied with the accommodations they could furnish.

So I sat down in one of the chairs in the yard where I could look forth at the mountains aglow in the sunshine with their autumn tints of scarlet and gold. Johnny and a younger brother, Gerald, and a still smaller sister started a game of ball at one side of the house amid the weeds and upthrusting boulders. For clubs they used woodpile sticks, and their ball was a little wad of cloth wound about with string. There was a good deal of laughter in their play, and a good deal of scolding, disputing, and bluffing. They could not bat the ball far without its going into the brush or trees or over a tumble-down stone wall. Often they knocked around some hard, green, globular fruit that strewed the ground under one of the yard trees. I asked what the green

balls were, and Gerald said: "We call 'em mock oranges, but they hain't. When they get dry they smell awful pretty and we like to put 'em in the bureau drawers where we keep our clothes."

Close by the picket gate that gave entrance to the yard was a big dead cherry tree with its gauntness almost hidden by grapevines. The leafage on the vines was still green, and here and there I could catch glimpses of pendant purple clusters of grapes. Presently Johnny went and stood by the roadside surveying the tangle of vines up above. "I guess I'll have to get some of them grapes," he said to me. "There's grapes in the woods, too—summer grapes and frost grapes. The summer grapes grow around the swamps. They are big and sweet, and we pick and do them down. If I'm where the frost grapes are after they are ripe I eat 'em right out of hand."

Johnny now sat down and took off his shoes, then gripped the tree and scuffled upward till he was among the branches. Soon the grapeskins began to drop, and Gerald observed this evidence of feasting with watering mouth. "Give us a bunch, Johnny," he called.

But Johnny said nothing, and the grapeskins continued to fall with irritating profusion. Gerald repeated his request and threw one of the hard green mock oranges up at Johnny as an inducement to comply. When this did not produce the desired result the bombardment of appeals and missiles became continuous. The boy in the tree was well protected by vines, and

at first he was not especially disturbed. But after a while he was hit. Then he protested loudly and told his brother he would come down and kill him.

"Chuck us a bunch, and I won't bother you," Gerald said.

Just then Lizzie, a grown-up sister, came out to the road and addressing Gerald said: "S'pos'n' you made Johnny fall out of the tree. I'll go right in and tell mama of you."

So he threw a few mock oranges at her, which made her skip and screech. Some of them flew in my direction. "Stop it, Gerald!" she cried. "You'll hit that man! You think you're awful cunning, but you just wait till papa comes home!"

"Mama!" she called, as she scurried into the house, "Johnny's in the grape tree and Gerald's pelting him."

Pretty soon she reappeared. "Johnny," she called, "come down and lick him. Come down and chase him till you ketch him."

After a while Mrs. Stotten came out and looked up into the tree. "Where are yer, Johnny?" she said. "Why don't you get that man some of those grapes? Pick some nice bunches, and I'll put 'em in a dish."

She went back and got a pan and caught the bunches as he tossed them down. "They all smash," she said deprecatingly.

"Go git a apron," Johnny said.

She brought the apron and holding it well spread out said: "Let's have some nice big ones, Johnny.

That's it. Well, now, Johnny, get a few more bunches, and then hurry down. You've got to go to the store. I've been pokin' you to go all the afternoon."

"I'll be right down," Johnny responded.

"It begins to get cool," Mrs. Stotten said to me. "Perhaps you'd be more comfortable sitting in the parlor. The men'll get home soon, and they'll be company for you."

I went in and she brought me some grapes in a glass dish. Most of them were intact, and the clusters were large, though the individual grapes were small. While I sat by the open window eating them the little girl approached shyly outside and put an apple on the sill for me, and then hastily and silently departed.

Mrs. Stotten presently called again to Johnny who still lingered in the tree. "I'm coming," he said reassuringly; but not until he had been called once or twice more did he descend. Then he leisurely put on his shoes and went off down the road to do the errand at the store.

Mrs. Stotten now began supper preparations by going to where a few long sticks lay by the wayside and cutting enough into firewood to make an armful. She wielded the ax with an effective vigor that was plainly the result of much practice. About this time the man of the house arrived with Luther, his oldest son. They sat down in the parlor with me, and Mr. Stotten said: "You some resemble a man named Willetts who comes up here from New York to paint

pictures. He's the greatest mountain runner I ever seen in my life. That feller goes around our rough roads and woods just for pleasure. Oh, gracious sakes, yes!"

While Mr. Stotten talked he smoked his pipe, and from time to time he relieved himself of his surplus saliva. There was a carpet on the floor, but it was so cut as to leave a strip of painted floorboards exposed along the borders of the room, and it was this strip of flooring that received his expectorations.

"I heard a good many guns goin' today," he continued. "There's fine hunting here. I don't s'pose any mountains have more game in 'em than these. You see, for a long distance back westerly it's mostly wilderness with very few inhabitants. We have any amount of red and gray foxes, and once in a while a link or a catamount, and sometimes a black bear travels through. Probably those bigger wild animals wander here from the mountainous country in Pennsylvannny. My wife's brother come across one of those Rocky Mountain wildcats when he was out with his dog hunting not long ago. The wildcat climb a tree, and it made a spring for him just as he shot at it. Down it come close to him, and if it had n't been hit so bad it was about at its last kicks it would have killed him, dog and all. A wildcat is a nasty beast when it comes to fighting. It has a way of layin' on its back and scratchin' a dog all to pieces.

"This is my native region, but I've worked a good

deal on boats up and down the Hudson and along the coast. One while I worked on a New Haven oyster boat, and what feasts I had then! I can eat oysters till I look like 'em—eat 'em raw right out of the shell. Those oysters were big—they were old bouncers.

"That puts me in mind of a girl who lived back here in the mountains. Her home was in what is called Burke's Holler over t'other side of Bull Hill. A feller named Henry Newell, who used to run around with her a good deal, invited her to go with him to West P'nt where there was to be some doin's. This 'ere girl had n't never seen the river before, and when a steam-boat hove in sight she grabbed Henry by the arm and says, 'Look a' there! What's that comin' up the river?'"

"That's a steamboat," Henry says.

"How old is that steamboat?" she asked.

"I s'pose twelve or fourteen years," Henry says.

"Well, my gracious!" the girl says, if she grows till she's twenty won't she be a bouncer!"

"Henry made a mistake giving her that outing. After seein' how the young fellers at West P'nt dressed and behaved she concluded he wa'n't smart enough for her. He was expectin' they'd be goin' to the dominie soon to get j'ined together, but she dropped him. That was years ago, but he won't stand any jokin' on the subject even now. I met him with his team on the road lately and made some pleasant remark about the age of steamboats and the like o' that, and he was goin' to knock my brains out with a cordwood stick.



*Skinning the coon*



"That girl gives you a fair idea of the ignorance of some of the people in these parts of the world. I s'pose there's folks back here who've lived to a terrible age and never seen New York. One day I met a well-to-do man I knew in a village where there was a little fruit and candy store and invited him to have an ice-cream with me at my expense.

"He hung back. 'I don't know whether I'd like it,' he said.

"But I insisted on to him, and we went into the little store and had some. 'Well, John, that's pretty good, ain't it?' he says, when we finished.

"He was seventy years old, and in his hull life had never tasted ice-cream before. The fact is he was that infernal stingy he would n't buy it even if he wanted it.

"Another old man—his name was Courtlandt Powers —went down to New York for the first time. When he come back we asked him how it looked. He said he thought it was quite a smart place, but he felt no satisfaction in going there because the houses were so blame thick he could n't see anything."

I mentioned the salute Johnny and I had received from the dogs in the little hut down the road.

"Yes," Mr. Stotten said, "Danny is quite a dog fancier. He had seven or eight dogs livin' there with him one while. But he got sick, and the board of health come up and decided it would improve the premises and his chances of getting well to dispose

of the dogs. They sent word for me to see that the dogs was all shot. I went there, and Danny made a great fuss. He said there was no religion in dog-shooting, and no man who was a man would do such a thing—the man who'd drag away a poor dog and kill it must have a heart of stone. I told him I had my orders, but he would n't let me shoot only three.

“Danny's a good worker. The worst you can say about him is that he's an opium-eater. He'll take a two-ounce bottle of laudanum and put it to his mouth and drink it right off, and he has to have the opium or he'd die. If he goes without it any length of time he'll lay right in fits and froth at the mouth like a mad dog till he gets it. I knew a woman who used opium. She lived to be wonderful old, but in her last years she was all withered and dried up so there was nothing of her. When she did n't have opium she'd be in such distress you would n't think she'd live from one minute to another, but when she got some again she'd be up inside of quarter of an hour and around as lively as a cricket. Luther, you remember her. That was Jim Beasley's wife—mother to Mandy and Molly.”

Supper was now announced, and Mr. Stotten knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and Luther threw away the stub of a cigaret he had been puffing, and we adjourned to the dining-room. The room was small, and with its table, chairs, stove, and other furniture was much crowded. The food was bountiful, and appetites were hearty, and huge mouthfuls conveyed on the knife

blades disappeared with remarkable rapidity. The place of honor at the table was occupied by a white-haired patriarch whom Mr. Stotten addressed as Daddy, and whom the children called Grampy. "He's past eighty years old," Mr. Stotten said to me, "and just as well as he ever was. You never had a doctor to you in your life, did you Daddy?"

"Wunst," the veteran said.

"But I'll warrant you wa'n't so wonderful serious sick even if you did have the doctor," Mr. Stotten declared, and he turned to me and added, "I wish my health was as good as his."

"Is that a dog under the table stepping on my feet?" Luther said.

Lizzie, who was bringing in a freshly-filled dish of potato and some apple sauce from the little leanto kitchen, set the things on the table, and investigated underneath. "No, it's a cat," she announced.

One of the delicacies in the bill of fare was honey. The comb that contained it was in irregular pieces and the cells were a good deal broken. "We got that honey from over in the woods a few days ago," Mr. Stotten explained. "I watched some bees flying away from a bunch of sumachs and saw the direction they took, and I follered to where they went into a hole in the rocks. We put sulphur in dry rags and made a smudge. That killed most of 'em, though some people say that bees killed that way come to after a few hours. It was a bad place to get at. Luther crawled down in head first,

and I held onto him by the seat of his pants. He cut the honey loose and then hooked onto it with a crotched stick and drew it out. We could n't help its dragging on the rock, so there's some grit into it. But we got more honey than I ever got out of any bee tree I've cut. Luther was stung quite a little about his hands, and they swelled up like cushions. Will you have some more potato? This has been a poor year for raisin' potatoes here. We planted four barrels, but I doubt if we'll git that many. We had a fair hay crop. Johnny and Gerald can both swing a scythe now, and they're quite a help. A machine is not much use here, the fields are so small, and there's so many rocks stickin' up, and so many swampy spots."

Johnny returned from the store just then. He sidled up to his mother rubbing his stomach and said: "I don't feel good. Will some one else milk for me?"

"Yes, I will," she responded.

Then Gerald wanted some one to milk for him, not because he did n't feel well, but because he had filled the woodbox and he thought he had done his share of work. His plea was not successful, and the evening tasks were done somehow. Even the invalid Johnny did not escape scot-free, for when it was announced that the horse had strayed off down the road he was obliged to go out and pursue it in the thickening gloom of the evening.

I had gone back to the parlor. In the center of the room was a little stand with a big shabby family Bible

on it, and in one corner was a marble topped table, the edge of which had been beautified by a band of home-applied bronze. The other furniture included several modern easy chairs, two attractive rugs, a stove, and a little organ. On the corner table was an ornate lamp of huge dimensions. It was such a lamp as seldom makes an advent into as humble a home except as the result of a wedding, and how it got there I could not imagine. But Mrs. Stotten came in and lighted it and with some pride informed me she had earned it acting as an agent in selling soap, coffee, tea, witch-hazel, and similar things in the neighborhood. "Every time I sell ten dollars' worth," she said, "I send on the money, and get as pay for my work something nice for my rooms. You can furnish your whole house. I can sell ten dollars worth in a day pretty near. I just hitch up the horse and drive around. Most everyone will take off me when I go myself. If I send the children they won't do as well. I only go in summer when money's plenty, and I sell two or three ten dollar lots in a season. That cuckoo clock on the wall is one of the things I got. I don't always take the trouble to wind it, and I see it ain't going, but I'll start it and you can hear it strike."

She wound it up and resumed her seat, and pretty soon it struck eleven, and its melodious notes seemed to sufficiently atone for the fact that it was four or five hours out of the way. While Mrs. Stotten and I were talking the little girl came in and climbed into her

mother's lap, and began to tell about playing ball that afternoon. "I made three runs," she announced.

"Well I bet yer," the mother commented. "This is the baby," she added to me. "She's seven years old, and now it's her bedtime."

She went away with the little girl, and soon afterward Johnny looked in at the parlor door and said: "Pop says for you to come out in the other room where there's a fire. We ain't got the stovepipe up in here yet. There's a fireplace in back of that stove, but it's boarded up and we don't use it. In the summer we hear the young swallows holler in there. Once I took away the board and found one of the big swallows. I made a grab and caught him. He had little black eyes. I carried him outdoors and let him go. I like to see the swallows fly."

When I entered the dining-room Mr. Stotten was leaning over the lamp that was on the table lighting his pipe at the top of the chimney. Luther was preparing to write a letter, but was having difficulty in finding paper. A week ago he had a box full, and now as he shook the box and looked into it ruefully he discovered only one lone envelope. "Who uses my paper like that?" he said. "Gorry! I wish they'd leave something alone. I s'pose if I'd waited another day that envelope would have been gone, too."

However, with his mother's help, he was at last furnished with writing materials. "Liz," he said, as he settled down to start his letter, "you go and get me

some water to drink. The pail in the back room is empty."

They got their water from a well in front of the house of their nearest neighbor.

"No, I don't want to go," Liz said. "I'm afraid."

"Oh, go on," Luther urged.

"No," Liz persisted.

"I'll go with you," Mrs. Stotten said. "I can't keep the Old Boy away from you, but I guess I can protect you from the dark."

So Liz got the pail and the two went forth into the night.

"This region has been settled a long, long time," Mr. Stotten said. "There were people living here before the Revolutionary War, and the British soldiers who marched back and forth through the mountain called them the Yankee Doodle Boys. That's the way the name of Doodletown started. Once there was a big fight between the Hessians and the Americans down by Highland Lake. Oh! it was a bloody battle. Our men slaughtered them Hessians right and left, and after the fight ended they threw the dead into the lake. There was so many they say a person could walk across on those dead bodies. The water is eighty to ninety feet deep anywhere you might to measure it, and in one place they claim there ain't no bottom at all. A while ago a young feller who was fishing on the lake raised a body with his hook. But he was so scairt when he brought the dead man to the surface that he took out

his hook and let the body sink. Then he could n't get it again. It had on a uniform of gray cloth with two rows of brass buttons down the front, and a yaller stripe across the shoulders, and a yaller band around the sleeves. The body itself wa'n't decayed, but was petrified just like a clay man. Whether that's true or not he always told it straight. I've heard him tell it myself as many as half a dozen times. Yes, it's likely there's lots of dead men down in that lake.

"The water in it is bad. I'll guarantee that whoever drinks it will have trouble. There used to be a big ice-house by the lake, and in the winter three hundred men would be working to fill it. They drank the water, and they all had sore lips and a sore mouth. Then they got quills for to suck through, but it still made 'em have sore tongues and sore throats."

"A great many years ago," Mrs. Stotten said, "one of my relations—Hiram Holley, his name was—found a skull on that battlefield, and he took it home. Ole Mis Holley kept it in her bedroom on the bureau as a kind of ornament. Gracious sake! what an ugly thing it must have been. I don't think I'd want it on my bureau lookin' at me. Once my mother, when she was a girl, went visitin' the Holleys for a few days, and they put her in that bedroom to sleep. But she would n't stay in there, and I guess I would n't either."

"That puts me in mind of a story I heared a feller tell down in Jersey," Mr. Stotten said. "Two men was workin' in a cemetery, and in their talkin' they





*Ready to start after partridges*

begun to brag of how bold they were. 'I'd dare go anywhere the darkest night that ever was,' says one.

"'Well,' says the other, 'I'll bet you would n't go in that vault over there at midnight and pick up a dead man's skull and bring it out.'

"'I'll bet you a gallon of rum I'll do it this very night,' says the first man.

"So about midnight he went to the tomb. The other feller had got there first and was hiding inside intending to give his friend a scare. The man walked in and felt around until he got hold of a skull, when the other feller says, 'Let that alone. That's my skull.'

"'Well, if that's yours, I don't want it,' the feller says. 'I'll find another.'

"After a little search he found one, and the other feller hollers out, 'Let that alone. That's my skull.'

"'But they can't both be yours,' the feller says. 'There's only one man talkin'! I'm goin' to have this anyhow.'

"So out he walked with it, and he won the bet."

Luther had now finished writing, and he brought out a rattlesnake skin to show me. The live beast had been over five feet long, and on the end of the tail were ten rattles and a button. "I come across him right in the middle of the road," Luther said, "and when I threw a stone at him he showed fight and rattled and struck at me. Rattlesnakes have tushes that are just like cat's claws, and they open up their mouth wide and hack at you."

“There used to be a man who had a saloon down by the river,” Mr. Stotten said. “Wildcat Bill they called him, and he was a wildcat, too. He kep’ some snakes there. I did n’t know he had the devilish things till one day I was in the saloon and an Irishman come in and says, ‘Can I get some beer here?’

“‘Sure thing,’ says Bill. ‘I got beer that would make a dead man alive, and a live man dead.’

“He filled a glass and put it on the counter and then reached underneath and got a great big rattlesnake and stretched it beside the glass. When the Irishman saw that snake he gave one frightened whoop and dashed out of the door. Wildcat Bill was too fond of playing those little jokes with his snakes. His saloon did n’t prosper, and he gave up the business.”

Johnny was sitting with a dog in his lap, and he mentioned that last summer the dog had been bitten by a rattlesnake. “Yes,” Mr. Stotten said, “and for two or three days afterward, if he heard a grasshopper or any little noise along the way, he’d imagine ‘twas a rattler, and he’d almost jump out of his skin. I laughed at him till I had a pain in the side. I put kerosene on his bite—put it on good and plenty. That kills the p’isen right on the spot—kills it in a jiffy as dead as a stone

“The biggest rattlesnake I ever killed had only five rattles,” Luther observed, “but I seen one another feller killed that had twenty-seven. They claim the first button comes when the snake is three years old

and after that one rattle grows every year, but the snake with twenty-seven was n't large. I believe snakes are a good deal like people, and shrink up when they get old."

"Pop come near being bitten by a copperhead once," Johnny said. "It fastened onto his pantleg, and he was dragging it along when I told him of it."

"I tell you, a copperhead is a bad animal to have hold of you," Mr. Stotten affirmed. "I don't want one to draw any blood on me."

"But a rattlesnake is ten times more p'isener," Luther commented.

"You's think that in a wooded country like this there'd be considerable timber good for building purposes," Mr. Stotten said, "but we have to buy all our lumber. There ain't a sawmill in the region. There used to be plenty in the olden time, and you can still find the places where they stood, and the ruins of their dams. The mountains are kep' cut off in supplying cordwood to the brickyards, and we manage to get it all no matter where it grows. If the slopes are too steep for a team, we pitch the wood down or make gutters and slide it down.

"Daddy," he said, raising his voice and addressing the old man, who was sitting by the stone in the leanto kitchen, "you can remember, before coal was common, when they tuck most all the wood from here to New York to use for kindlings and firewood in the house-stoves."

"Oh, good gracious, yes!" the patriarch said.

"Some curious stories are told about what happened through here in the early days," Mr. Stotten said. 'There was Cap'n Blauvell, for instance. He was a-sailin' his sloop down near Haverstraw one dark night, when his crew heard some one holler to him three times—'Hello! Jake Blauvell.' He anchored and went ashore in a boat, and after a while he come back. They sailed on down to New York, discharged the cargo, and returned to Haverstraw, and there the cap'n laid up his sloop. He did n't make any more voyages, and from that time off he was a terrible rich man. Whoever it was that called to him must have told him where treasure was buried. They calculate he dug it up somewhere on the beach here by Iona Island. It had been buried by Captain Kidd, I suppose. Kidd's vessel was chased up here one time by a government ship. When he saw he could n't escape, he scuttled his ship and went ashore in a boat that was just loaded with gold and silver. In the rocks up above West P'int there's what is called Kidd's Cave. They say a skeleton of a man was found in it and quite some treasure, too, and they think Captain Kidd must have crawled in there and died.

"I understand there's treasure right on the United States grounds at West P'int. In 1872 three men offered three thousand dollars for the privilege of digging under the corner of the government barn there. I know that to be a fact, and it made quite an excite-

ment in the papers at the time. But the government would n't let 'em dig. The men were Mart and Sam Conklin and Josiah Hunter. Mart, he told me himself that as near as he could calculate by an instrument they used for discovering precious metals, a hogshead half full of gold and silver was buried right there. I knowed Mart well, but 'tain't likely he'd have told me if he had n't had a little rum in.

"Did you ever hear tell of an instrument that would locate treasure? I'd almost take my oath they used a witch-hazel crotch. That boy there," he said, indicating Luther, "can take a witch-hazel limb and find a ten cent piece anywhere. A peach limb does just as well, and there's a feller down at Jones P'int uses basswood in preference to either. You grip the end of a branch in each hand so the crotch p'ints straight up, and when you come to where you are over money or a spring of water, it tips outward and down. But with me it draws right back to my body. That shows I'm pretty well charged with electricity. Anyhow, I can't locate less than eight or ten dollars. But I've been thinkin' lately that I always had a big silver watch in my pocket. Perhaps it was that made the difference.

"They say those three men dug up a pot of money out here in Orange County near Galloway's Tavern. I did n't see the pot, but I've seen the cover. It lay there at Turner's Station on the stoop a long time, and it was kind of a flat stone about three inches thick and eighteen across that looked as if it had been knocked

with a hammer and made pretty near round. Four columns of letters was cut into it, but no one could read 'em. I've seen that cover I s'pose a dozen times.

"On one of our mountains there's some strange letters cut into a rock. They're in two rows, and one row is twelve feet long, and the other nearly as long. The letters are formed by making nicks in the rock with a stone chisel. The nicks are not deep, and they are a little distance apart. You can only see 'em one time in the day, when the sun shines ag'in' the rock in the afternoon. The rock is very difficult to find. Years ago two boys named Horace Flemming and Henry Keyser come across it, and when they left the place they never dremp but that they could go right back any time they pleased. But them boys could n't find that rock ag'in, though they hunted and hunted and hunted. Other people could n't either, or if they did they could n't go back to it. Those boys noticed that they could see Flemming's house as they looked down from the lettered rock on the mountain top. But from the house the mountain could n't be seen on account of a knoll between. Seems as if there was a kind of enchantment about the spot. Once a clairvoyant woman was taken up there on the mountain to see what she could discover, but she could n't do anything. She had fits and fainted away and everything else, and she said all sorts of spirits was up there follerin' her.

"It's supposed that the letters chipped on that rock tell where the Long Tinker's silver mine is on Black

Mountain. That mine was worked by the Indians when the white men first come to this country. Finally an Italian come into the mountains here, and he was terrible tall and a tinker by trade, so he was knowed as the Long Tinker. The Indians asked him if he could n't find any better business than that for makin' a livin,' and he told 'em, 'No.' Then they tuck and showed him this silver mine. After working it for a good while and getting all the silver he wanted he went back to Italy with his wealth. In the meantime the Indians had cleared out, and no one else knew anything about where the mine was until it was discovered by Cap'n Waldron and Alexander Bulson. While hunting on Black Mountain they come to a brush fence, and forced their way through it and found three beaten paths. They followed one path, and it led to a spot where the long tinker had made charcoal for to melt his ore, and among the weeds and bushes was a little forge and crucible. They comeback and foller'd another of the paths, and it went down a hill to where the tinker had dumped cinders in a brook. The third path tuck 'em to the mine, the mouth of which was corked up with a lot of wood that had been stuffed into it. They tried to pull some of the wood out, but it was rotten and would n't hold together. The guns they carried were a long old-fashioned flintlock sort in common use at that time, called buccaneer guns; and they reached in as far as they could with 'em and did n't strike no end to the hole. Right at the edge of the

opening was a shelf cut out of the rock, and on it was a lot of ore. They picked up some and started back down the mountain. By and by Bulson throwed his ore away. He said he had stone enough on his land at home without lugging on any more. But Cap'n Waldron tuck hisn on board his packet sloop, and there he kep' it two or three years. You see, neither he nor Bulson knew anything about the Long Tinker and they did n't bother to investigate further. One day a young feller who'd come aboard the cap'n's packet and was lookin' around happened to notice that ore from Black Mountain and he asked what it was.

“‘I don't know,’ says the cap'n. ‘I found it in the mountain in an old mine hole.’

“‘Can I take it and have it tested?’ the feller asks.

“‘Yes, take it and welcome,’ says the cap'n, and he never made any inquiry what the feller's name was or where he could find him.

“He'd pretty near forgot all about the matter when a few months later that feller spoke to him on a street in New York, and said the ore was the richest of blue silver and wanted to know where the mine was located. They come up here to the mountains and went to hunting for it. But they could n't find it, and then they called on Alexander Bulson and asked him if he knew where it was. ‘By my life!’ said he, ‘I could go there the darkest night that ever blowed. I could find the way blindfolded.’

“The next morning all three started out, and they

hunted till they had to give it up; and that mine hain't been found since. But once a feller was up on Black Mountain lookin' for sheep, and something happened to him. What it was he never would tell, except that he went into a trance and when he come to himself he was close by the mine. Yet he would n't go back there, nor tell others how to go. Long afterward, when he was on his death bed, they went and tried to get him to tell, and they thought he would n't refuse them, but he did."

About the time this tale was finished Luther came in from the hall with a hunting-coat on, carrying a gun and a lantern. "Come boys," he said to the dogs, and they roused up and leaped about him eagerly. "I'm goin' coon-hunting," he explained, and he lighted a cigaret and departed.

"I've give up hunting coons myself," Mr. Stotten said. "The last time I went I got so dead tired I vowed I'd never go again. Steve Burrows went with me. Perhaps you've heard of him. He's one of the biggest politicianers anywhere in this region. Yes, he's in politics head over heels. A coon will go up a tree after the dogs have run it pretty tight, and then you generally have a chance to shoot it; but Steve and I run one an hour and then it went into a holler tree, and as we did n't have no ax with us we had to give up tryin' to get that coon. I guess we travelled thirty miles that night, and then we laid in the woods all day afterward. The next night we got on the trail of a

wildcat. He'd run for a while and climb a tree, and before we'd get near enough to shoot he'd jump down and run again. Finally we tuck the dogs off the track. If we had n't they'd be follering that wildcat still. Later the dogs got after some coons, and they treed 'em, and pretty soon we had 'em. There was four. That satisfied us and we started for home. By the time we got there we was tired out and half starved out, too."

Everyone had gone to bed but Mr. Stotten and I, and now I retired also. About an hour later I was aroused by voices calling my name and by a thumping on my door. Then Mr. Stotten and Luther came into my room. The latter carried his lantern and a coon he had shot. "The dogs found it in a pile of wood that had upsot," said he, "and they scared it out and it ran along an old woodroad. Why the deuce it did n't go up the timber I don't know, but it kep' on till it come to a slippery, slanting rock. It scampered along that rock toward a cliff, but as soon as I stepped on the rock I slid down, gun, lantern, and all, into a brook. The dogs overtook the coon at the foot of the cliff, and they fought it to beat the band. A coon is a pretty cunning animal, and it's awful strong and spunky. I scrambled up somehow to where the coon was, and I managed to kick it two or three times to help the dogs out. Then it broke away and was climbing up the rocks when I shot it. Just heft it and see how solid it is."

So I hefted the coon, and after a few final comments my visitors left me.

In the morning, soon after six, I heard Mr. Stotten tramping upstairs and calling the boys, and by and by we had breakfast, with flapjacks for the chief item in the menu. There was a heaped-up plate when we started, and fresh additions, hot from the backroom stove, kept it heaping to the very end, in spite of our vigorous attacks. After we finished, Johnny had me look at one of the dogs that had gone on the hunt the previous night. There were bloodstains on the dog's neck and marks of the coon's teeth. "We got a standing offer of forty dollars for him," Johnny said. "He's gettin' kind o' old now, but he's smart as a whip and ain't afraid of nothin'. The only trouble is that his teeth are worn down so he can't get a holt and hang on.

"One of our dogs was poisoned last spring right in his coop in the yard. He was a tarrier—a little bit of a runt like. In the morning we found him lying there all swelled up. Gosh! we gave him sweet milk and all we could think of, but it did n't do no good."

"There's some queer things happen here," Mr. Stotten said. "Down on the river road a barn burned last week. Some one had been stealing from the man that owned it. Every time he'd git a load of feed the thief would come and help himself and take a hundred pounds or so. The man got tired of bein' robbed, and he bought some locks and fastened his barn up good and tight. That very night, after he went in and sot

down to eat supper, his wife said: 'Oh look! What a light!'

"The barn was on fire. He ran out intendin' to save his horses. His wife tried to hold him, but he shook her off and went into the burning barn, and cut the horses loose and clubbed 'em out. It was a nice big barn, and he always kep' his flour and meat in there, and he had lots of good tools in it, and a carriage that cost one hundred and thirty dollars, and farm wagons and twenty ton of hay. He ain't got a secret too good to tell me, and since the fire we've talked things over. It's his idee that the guilty man is a feller that's lately moved into the neighborhood who has a habit of layin' around all day doin' nothin'. He's often been seen to hitch up in the evening and start off somewhere, and he must return late in the night, for no one sees him coming back. A man who does like that I would n't trust noways. But you have to be careful what you say when you can't prove it. No, people dassen't say much for fear he might burn 'em up while they lay asleep."

"I saw someone come snooopin' around our house one evening," Luther said. "My gun was right handy in the shed, and I picked it up and blazed away at the feller as he was goin' down through the orchard. I shot to hit, too, but I probably did n't."

Now the younger boys got their milkpails and went to the little barn where each had a cow to milk. One of the cows was tied in the barn because it had no

respect for fences, but the other was in the barnyard. Luther took his coon, fastened it up on the sunny side of a shed, and began skinning it. Several dogs lingered about him, shivering in the chill morning air and watching him hungrily. I could not help remarking on the appearance of one of the dogs, he was so very lean and bony and forlorn. "That dog has got a good pedigree," Luther said, "but he killed one of our chickens in the summer, and that has set the women folks against him so they won't feed him. See that big bird up there in the sky. It's an eagle. Now it's making a turn, and the sun shines on its bald head and white tail feathers. They build their nests here among the rocks. It's dangerous to meddle with their nests. They'll pick and bite and claw savage. I've seen seven or eight of them at once up on Timp Mountain."

Presently the task of skinning the coon was finished, and after the skin had been tacked up on the shed Luther and Mr. Stotten started off to their work somewhere in the woods. Later in the day I retraced my steps to the valley depths of the Hudson. A three mile walk from the upland glen where I had been stopping took me to the railroad station, and then the metropolis was scarcely more than an hour's journey distant. The wonder was that so much of the wild and primitive should survive close beside the busy valley thoroughfares, and at such a slight remove from one of the most populous centers of civilization.

NOTE.—The Highlands of the Hudson, a continuation of the Appalachian Blue Ridge, lift some of their mightiest heights directly beside the spacious and stately Hudson. A particularly easy and inexpensive way to make a general acquaintance with them and the river is to go on a day steamer from New York to Albany. The trip lasts from about 9 in the morning to 6 in the evening. The boats are magnificent in size and equipment, and the largest one will carry 5,000 passengers. The most interesting sights and points of interest along the river are the turreted peninsula of New York; the Palisades; the broad expanse of the Tappan Zee; the vicinity of Tarrytown, just below which place is Sunnyside, the quietly charming home of Washington Irving, while just above is the hamlet he made famous in his “Legend of Sleepy Hollow;” Stony Point, the scene of “Mad” Anthony Wayne’s notable exploit in capturing the stronghold from the British in 1779; West Point; and the Mountains of the Highlands ending with Storm King.

The river is not especially picturesque beyond Poughkeepsie, and many persons prefer to disembark there. On the outskirts of the city is Vassar College.

The valley roads are macadam for the most part and offer many attractions for the motorist. A good opportunity to view the mountains from a height is afforded by the Dunderberg which is ascended by a spiral railway from Jones Point. The summit is an amusement resort.

For more about the characteristics and history of the valley see Johnson’s “Picturesque Hudson.”

## IV

### THE LAND OF OIL

THE existence of mineral oil in the valley of Oil Creek in northwestern Pennsylvania was known to the Indians from time immemorial. The Senecas, who inhabited the region in the pioneer days of the white men, resorted thither at stated seasons to gather the oil for medical purposes; and in connection with procuring it there were certain ceremonies ending with setting fire to the oil that gathered on the surface of the pools, and a dance around the flames.

The early settlers adopted the Indian practice of using the oil as a medicine, and they had a good deal of confidence in its efficacy as a cure for rheumatism. It was even put on the market and attained a large sale in the drugstores under the name of "Seneca Oil."

At length some New York men conceived the idea that the oil had value as an illuminant, and that it might be obtained in larger quantities. They bought a seventy-five acre tract of land near Titusville, for which they paid five thousand dollars. It was practically worthless except for its oil possibilities. The new owners hired a man to trench the land and to pump the surface oil into vats by means of apparatus attached to that of an adjacent sawmill, but they gave most of

their attention to selling stock. Several years passed, and the stockholders became dissatisfied. Some of them arranged to have one of their number, Col. E. L. Drake, at that time a conductor on the New Haven railroad, go to Titusville and take charge of operations on their land. He attempted to find oil by boring, and after prolonged and discouraging labor he tapped an underground reservoir of the oil, in August, 1859, and thus started a vast industry which made the valley of Oil Creek the scene of one of the wildest bonanza excitements of modern times.

Everyone who owned land near the Drake well either sunk wells or leased the right to others. The uncertainties of the enterprise were, however, very great. By far the larger portion of the wells obtained no oil at all, or in unrenumerative quantities, but there were a considerable number of the early wells that pumped from five to twenty barrels a day. In June, 1861, a flowing well was discovered on the property of a man named Funk, and to the astonishment of everyone the oil came forth at the daily rate of two hundred and fifty barrels. Many spoke of the Funk well as an Oil Creek humbug, and they looked day after day to see the stream stop, yet the flow continued with little variation for fifteen months. Such a prodigal supply of grease upset all calculations. The public were suspicious of the new illuminant and thought it dangerous; so the demand for it was as yet small, and this Funk well and other flowing wells that were soon discovered

glutted the market. For a time the pumping wells were nearly all abandoned. The price of oil fell as low as ten cents a barrel, and great quantities ran to waste for want of any adequate way of storing it.

In summer most of the oil was shipped down the creek on flatboats, and at the mouth of the creek, eighteen miles from Titusville, the oil barrels were transferred to larger boats and went on down the Alleghany. When there were not enough boats the oil barrels were lashed together in rafts for the creek trip, and might even continue in that way to Pittsburg. The creek boats were towed back upstream by horses.

Not far below Titusville was a dam that furnished power for a lumber mill. In dry weather the creek was too shallow for navigation, and the water held back by the dam was utilized for creating "pond-freshets." Once or twice a week several hundred boats, some of them square-ended scows, and others pointed and slim, were loaded with oil, below the dam, and then the sudden release of the water through floodgates created a sufficient flow to carry the fleet along down to the Alleghany. Often a boat that cast loose too hastily would ground in the shallows, and the following boats, hurried on by the rush of the current, would batter the stranded boat into kindling wood, and there might result a general jam with much damage to vessels and a considerable loss of oil.

The nearest railroad shipping points were twenty-five miles away, and great quantities of oil were carted

thither, especially in winter when the creek was not available. It was not an uncommon sight to see a solid line of teams a mile or more in length on the highways leading to the railroads. Rubber boots and flannel shirts were recognized necessities in the attire of the teamsters, who were as rough and ready in their manners as in their clothing. They were big-hearted, honest, hard-working fellows, skilled in profanity and the vigorous use of the whip. Some earned ten dollars or more daily. Yet however much they earned they were apt to spend it all in revelry on Saturday night, heedless of anything but present pleasure.

One afternoon, in May, 1863, a spouting well was struck that proved the most fabulous money-maker the region produced. A column of water and oil rose into the air a hundred feet enveloping the derrick and near trees. The gas roared and the ground quaked, and the amount of oil ejected at first amounted to three thousand barrels a day.

The effect of this and the previous excitements was to throng the entire valley with a restless, ambitious population, and naturally among those who came were hundreds of loafers and numerous gamblers and other persons of evil intent. Within the next few years land anywhere near the producing territory soared to fabulous prices, and the region swarmed with a hungry horde of Eastern capitalists. A new town named Pithole grew in four month's time to a place of ten thousand people. During this period any kind of a

shelter was a luxury, and a stranger on his first night there was lucky to be allowed to sleep in the shavings under a carpenter's workbench. At the hastily improvised restaurants long lines of men waited their turn to pay twenty-five cents for a thin sandwich and a small plate of beans, and men of wealth elbowed greasy drillers and grimy teamsters at the lunch boards. A one course dinner without tea or coffee cost one dollar. Water to supply the hotels and boarding-sheds had to be hauled, and this water often commanded a better price per barrel than the oil. The place reached the summit of its glory in 1866. Then the oil pool, which was about one mile broad by two long, showed signs of exhaustion, and the decline of the magic city was rapid. In a single year it had grown from a quiet nook of five farms to a place of twenty thousand people. A half dozen years later there were as few inhabitants as at the beginning, and now, the once populous streets are plowed fields or the browsing ground for cattle.

The history of the deserted valley of Pithole Creek is similar to that of various other places in the region. Among these I might mention Red Hot, which for a time was like its name, but soon cooled off and died a natural death and left no trace behind; and there was Shamburg, which actually is a sham burg now, but was by no means such in the boom days.

My own acquaintance with the oilfield wells that are still producing began on the southern outskirts of Titusville. One of them had been pumping for more

than forty years. They were in irregular groups, each group with its pumping station, and all connected by pipes which delivered the oil to a refinery. Four-posted derricks with much crisscrossing of braces are over the older wells, but the increasing expense of lumber has led to making three long poles, set up to form a tripod, serve instead. Often these poles are transferred from well to well as new borings are made, and at the completed wells there perhaps will be only an inconspicuous pump and a small storage tank. From each power house there radiate to the scattered wells slender lines of rods suspended by ropes from posts four or five feet high. These sway steadily back and forth and keep the pumps working. The power houses are rude shanties with a gas engine inside. Usually a single man takes care of the engine, and often he is not at the building much of the time, and the shanty is left locked with the engine still going. In that case the steam exhaust is likely to be equipped with a whistle that keeps up an intermittent tooting. The cessation of the toots is a prompt warning that something is wrong. These vocal engines are known as "barkers."

Gas drawn from the same source as the oil furnishes the fuel for the engines, and if there is more than is needed it is allowed to escape through a pipe and burn. You see these torches flaring unceasingly both day and night. When darkness shrouds the landscape their flickering glare in the lonely fields and on the wooded slopes is quite mysterious.



*An old-time well that is still pumped*



Were it not that the fuel is costless, this pioneer oil-field would perhaps be wholly abandoned, for the average yield per well is decidedly less than a barrel a day. "We think they're dandy wells if they yield two or three barrels," one of the engine attendants said, "and we pump for an eighth of a barrel. Some of the wells are pumped only every other day, and maybe then for no more than an hour or two. We get to know about how long it takes to pump up what has gathered, and then we turn off the power to let more oil drain into the sand down below. Water seeps in with the oil—sometimes a great deal of it. I've pumped over two hundred barrels of water to get one of oil from a well."

I visited the spot where the original Drake well was sunk. It is a short walk aside from the highway amid the weeds and brush, and you find there only a water-hole into which some one has thrust endways a large piece of iron pipe. Roundabout are swampy farmlands, and at a little remove, on either hand, rise rugged heights whose sides are thinly covered with forest. Near by I observed what seemed to be an abandoned railroad track, but a man whom I met informed me that it was still in use. "The Pennsylvania Railroad has a line on the other side of the crick," he said, "and it does n't propose to let any rival build on this side. It's got a ninety-nine year lease of the right of way here, but the lease has in it some provision compelling the running of trains. So in order to technically keep

within the law a single train is run over the track each year. They have to cross the crick just above, and as a permanent bridge would be expensive they put up a slight affair that they take away after the train has made its journey, for if they did not remove the bridge it would be destroyed by the ice freshets. All there is to the train is a little dinkey engine and one car. They could n't use a big engine. It would flatten the tracks right out. Even as things are, the weight makes the water squush out of the rotten ties as the train goes along. Oh! they have an awful time, and usually land in the ditch. They run out here about six miles. It's a free picnic, and they always manage to have a few passengers on board. One of our legislators tried to pass a law annulling such fake leases; but the Pennsylvania Railroad owns the state, and he got notice to keep his hands off, and his efforts amounted to nothing."

I went on southward following a winding way up and down interminable hills. It was a rather lonely farming country. The houses were small, the out-buildings shabby, and there was much litter about them. Sometimes an oil well or two would be right in the dooryard, and I was rarely out of sight of the derricks, or beyond the sound of the pumping operations, and nearly always there was the odor of oil in the air. But it was a beautiful day with drifting clouds overhead that now gloomed the landscape with their shadows, and then allowed a burst of sunshine to play over the green, new-seeded grainfields, and the browner

grass and cornlands, and the patches of woodland with their half bare branches still adorned in part by clinging leaves of many varied hues.

At noon I visited a little while with two men who were sitting on a bank eating their lunch in a roadside nook among the ruddy-foliaged oaks. Near by were two stout spans of horses munching a feed of oats that had been poured down on the mossy turf, and beside the highway were two loaded wagons. The men were drillers on their way to a neighboring village where they were to put down a well. They mentioned that the last well they drilled was somewhat over a thousand feet deep, and it took them eight days to sink it. Drilling was their business, and they kept at it, if they had jobs, all the year through except in winter. They explained that there were four different streaks of oil-bearing sand down below, but none of them yielded very generously now. "We don't get half what we did ten years ago," they said, "and the wells are getting lighter all the time."

At length I came to the village of Petroleum Center. It occupies a turn of the Oil Creek valley where the abrupt environing hills recede somewhat and leave a fairly level stretch of lowland. Once a mushroom city had grown here almost in a night. Now only the ghost of it was left. The stream flows on as of yore, and the unchanging hills continue to look down on the scene through winter snows and summer heats. Only man and his works seem puny and ephemeral. One of my

chance acquaintances in the place called my attention to the fact that even the hills and the stream have not always presented the same appearance. Out of the low ground at the bend of the creek rises a round, steep hill. "We call that the Hogback," the man said. "It looks curious, don't it, right in the middle of the valley. I used to think that God made the world just as we see it but water has had a good deal to do with shaping things, and that accounts for the Hogback. Once the stream must have run in behind that hill as well as on this side of it and worn the land down."

Among the few scattered village structures that have survived the boom period the only substantial one was a brick store that was originally a bank. Even that had a dejected air, many of its windows were broken, and there was no display of goods behind the dusty, fly-specked panes at the front of the store. The interior was equally unattractive. It was crowded and dingy. In one corner were mail boxes, and the contents of the boxes looked faded and musty as if the mail never was called for.

Most of the adjacent buildings were deserted and ruinous, and the whole aspect of the place conveyed a sense of dilapidation and hopelessness. I wanted to talk with someone who knew personally the city that had been, and my quest led me to a little house at the upper end of the village. I was ushered into a tidy sitting room where I was somewhat abashed to find myself in the midst of what seemed to be a ladies'



*Oil Creek at Petroleum Center*



sewing-circle. But when I hinted that I was intruding on a public occasion they said they were simply old friends who had got together to while away the afternoon visiting. There were half a dozen of them, mostly elderly, and all long-time residents of the region who plainly enjoyed recalling the exciting past; but my chief informant was the spectacled, white-haired lady of the house.

"Everybody in the country seemed to be migrating to Oil Creek when I come," she said. "At first my husband and I lived in a boarding-house at Funkville just above here. It was a pretty good-sized building—two and a half stories—but very hastily and rudely built, without lath or plaster, and yet they charged eight dollars a week for board. Our chamber was the only one in the house that had wallpaper. It was better than the others, too, because there was a boughten bedroom set in it. A party that had occupied it before we did brought the set with 'em, but got hard up, and the set went toward paying the board bill. The walls of the dining-room were papered with newspapers. The big dining-table, around which twenty-five or thirty persons could gather comfortably, was so roughly made it looked as if it had been whittled out, pretty near. Often the boys would have in the girls of a night and dance in the dining-room. Then the big table would have to be taken out. Up in the attic were nine home-made, corded, wooden beds with low bedposts and little small headboards. They had straw mattresses

on 'em, and every day the servant girl would stir up the straw to make 'em level.

"The way that boarding-house was built and furnished was a fair sample of what you'd find then all through the valley. We had just shanty houses that were n't put up for to stay. If the oil failed in one place a man could take his worldly goods, house and all, and go somewhere else. I remember one house here that was taken down in the morning and carted eight or ten miles, and then it was set up and the owner slept in it that night.

"We had ten thousand people in Petroleum Center one while. Now I doubt if there's a hundred. It's a lovely place, ain't it! I think a person would have to put on his spectacles to find it as he went past on the train. When it was largest it was full of hotels, restaurants, and saloons, and was about as tough a place as was ever heard of. Derricks, buildings, and roads was all jumbled together hit or miss. We used to have three churches. They done well, and the Catholic priest and the two ministers all lived here, and crowds of people attended the services. Two of the buildings still stand, but it's hard work to get any congregation together in either of 'em. There's just a handful gather every other week when the priest comes; and no regular preaching service is held in the other church, but we have Sunday-school. A few years ago some Episcopal lay-workers volunteered to try to keep things going, and quite a nice little crowd came out off and on for a

while. But the workers could n't get enough to pay expenses, and they threw up the job. Some of the people was n't able to pay, and some would n't. Just now two revivalists are trying to have meetings every night, but the attendance is slim. They had only three grown persons and a few children the first night. People ain't interested, and they simply won't go."

My hostess paused while she went to a small stove that was in the room and adjusted a stopcock at one side. "It's getting toward evening," she said, "and the air is growing cooler. I thought I'd turn on a little more gas. In the early years that I was here soft coal was our fuel, and I'd have liked it very well if it had n't burnt out our chimleys so quick and been so dirty. If you took off a stove lid to have your griddle right over the flames, the bottom of the griddle would get all coated with stringers of sut. I'd feel discouraged, too, when I hung out my washing and the clothes got covered with little smut balls. That would happen in moist weather—on days, you know, when the smoke would blow down instead of going up. Now we have gas piped to our houses to furnish all the heat and light. It costs us twenty-eight cents a thousand. Besides this little stove we have a range in the kitchen. Our gas bill last month was a dollar-twelve, and it was less than three dollars the coldest month last winter. I think it would be awful to have a coal or wood stove with all the ashes and dirt.

"Lots of gas used to be wasted. I know that near

one of the refineries there was a good-sized pipe sticking up from which the gas flamed night and day all the year around, and there was a place in winter as large as a big room where the grass grew green with the snowbanks all about."

Another person whose reminiscenses particularly interested me was a Titusville merchant who had aided in financing the first well, and without whose help the well might have been a failure. "Drake was a jovial, kind-hearted, polished gentleman," he said. "It was his habit to wear a silk hat and a white necktie, and he was quite distinguished looking. He hired two or three men and set 'em to digging with the hope that a good deep hole would strike a plentiful supply of oil. As they dug they put a cribbing of logs around the sides of the hole to keep the earth from caving in. Soon so much water soaked in that it put a stop to digging. Then they rigged up a pump, but the water came in as fast as they could pump it out, and presently Drake said: 'This won't do. We're pumping all Oil Creek here.'

"He thought the matter over and got the idea of drilling. To drill through rock would n't have been very difficult, but at that spot was a lot of mud and water and earth that would have filled the drill hole right up. He had a difficult task. To set a man to get at a supply of underground oil at that time was like blindfolding him and telling him to do something that had never been heard of before. But he got some four

inch pipe which he rudely jointed together, and that served to carry him through the soft upper material to the rock. It was slow, discouraging work, and he worried a great deal and evidently was under a great mental strain. I've heard him say many times, while he was putting that well down, that he wished he'd gone to the penitentiary instead of coming here. At length he was hard up for money, and he asked me to indorse his note for five hundred dollars. I had confidence in him as a man, and I did as he requested. He did n't have much to say about his drilling enterprise, and let it be inferred that he was after salt. The people would have thought he was a crazy fool if he'd said he was boring for oil.

"The actual labor of drilling was done by Uncle Billy Smith, assisted by his son. Uncle Billy was a mechanic accustomed to salt boring, but things went slowly. Drake had been here sixteen months and was about to go back home and apply for his old position on the railroad when they struck oil at a depth of seventy feet. That was the shallowest successful well ever drilled in this oil field. If he'd had to go any deeper he'd have abandoned the enterprise. Either fortune or Providence favored him. The oil rose within five inches of the surface. When pumped, it yielded four hundred barrels a day. Drake was a big man then. 'I've got any amount of friends now,' he said when he came into the store to pay his account.

"He might have leased land up and down the valley

and got rich; but he was n't what you'd call a good business man, looking out for the dollars. He liked his ease too well. Besides, he thought he had all the oil there was right at that one place. For a while he set down here and became a justice of the peace. His friends let him into some of the oil companies, but he never made much. A place he bought here in town proved to be his best investment. Property advanced very rapidly in price on account of the oil excitement, and he sold out at a profit of twenty thousand dollars. Then he thought he was rich, and he went to New York and lost every cent within a few months. Finally the Pennsylvania legislature was induced to grant him a pension, and his wife still draws it.

“We all begun to put down wells after Drake made his strike, and sometimes we'd have only a wet hole, and be flooded out, and sometimes a dry hole with never a smell of oil in it. But enough good wells were found to keep up the excitement. There were fellows who did first-rate gathering up territory here and taking it to New York to sell. I sold a fifty-acre tract of swamp myself there. My customers were important New York bankers. They figured out so many wells to an acre and were convinced there was a magnificent future in that piece of swamp. It could have been bought for twenty-five dollars before the boom. They paid me a hundred thousand for it, and they never got any oil at all from the property. Another deal that I helped put through was one involving a quarter of a

million dollars, and I was given five thousand dollars worth of stock for my services. Unluckily, I did n't get a chance to unload before the bubble burst, and my stock was practically worthless."

I wish to quote one other man. His memory covered the entire period of the rise and fall of the oil industry in the region. He was a grizzled, bushy-browed man, still alert of mind and vigorous in body, but age was beginning to tell on him, and his hands were contorted with rheumatism.

"According to a record in my mother's old Bible," he said, "I discovered America here in Titusville in 1840. So I was nineteen when Drake struck oil. This was a lumbering hamlet then, and there were two good-sized sawmills here. The logs were run down the cricks to 'em, and the sawed lumber was made into small rafts. After the rafts reached the Alleghany they were coupled up into river fleets and floated on down to Pittsburg. The country was heavily wooded, principally with pine. It had not been cleared to any extent, and the mills run their business till up along pretty near 1870. Then the pine timber was about exhausted. But new firms sprung up later that gathered up the remnants in our woodlands, and those remnants were worth more, at the higher prices that prevailed, than the original timber.

"The sawmills employed all the laboring men in this region when I was a boy. They paid them with orders on the companies' stores. We saw very little

money. If a man had a quarter it was got away from him in about fifteen minutes. But in the spring, after the mills sold their lumber, they distributed enough cash so their workmen could pay their taxes. Few people raised any crops except a little buckwheat and a small patch of potatoes. The families along the creek led a rough life, and two thirds of their houses were logs. In winter they'd make a few shingles, and in spring you'd find 'em hired out rafting lumber to Pittsburg. Often they were so poor they'd return on foot.

"We probably had two hundred inhabitants here in Titusville. There were a couple of hotels that depended mostly on the men engaged in the spring lumbering operations, and there were three stores. My brother-in-law kept what was called the drugstore, and the principal drug was whiskey. Every store sold liquor them days. They did n't have to have any licence.

"Our mail come and went twice a week. Old man Cook was the carrier. He drove an ancient sorrel horse hitched to a rattletrap buggy. When it suited him to get here with the mail on the days it was due he got here. Otherwise he did n't, and he considered that was no one's affair but his own. There was n't much mail anyway, and it did n't matter. Often he stopped for the night with an old lady who lived three miles out. Sometimes we boys would go there and steal the mail and bring it to town.

"When Drake struck oil three of us young fellows



*Going to town*



got a little bit excited and thought we'd try our luck. So in the fall of that same year we leased five acres of land and organized "The Great American Oil Company." The justice of the peace charged us a dollar for drawing up the lease, and as we only had sixty cents he had to trust us for the rest, and he died without getting it. We kind o' forgot that debt, and he never asked us for the balance due him. The owner of the land was a poor—very poor farmer. We agreed to give him five dollars a month and an eighth of the oil. That looked big to him.

"For shelter we built a shanty on the property, and I did the cooking. We started work in a very modest way by digging a pit on our land near the crick. At a depth of four feet we struck bed rock, and we brought an old wooden pump from town and rigged it up to pump the water out of the hole. A little oil oozed in with the water and formed a thin skin on top. By putting half a woolen blanket down flat on the surface we could soak up the oil, and then we'd wring the blanket out into a pail. Any water that was soaked up with the oil would settle to the bottom of the pail, and we'd pour off the top into a barrel. After the oil was sopped off from our pool we pumped the water out into the crick. That was a half-hour job, and it took the pit an hour to fill again. We got about eight gallons of oil a day, and when we filled the barrel we took it to a grocer here, and he gave us thirty dollars. I thought that was a big amount of money, for I'd never

had two dollars in my life before. The oil was high-grade, and was sold for lubricating and medical purposes. It was no humbug either as a medicine. I'd been having trouble with my throat, and I would put a leaf down on that crude oil and lick it off. That cured my throat entirely, and I've never had a sore throat since.

"We worked that blanket process for three or four months. Then we hired a couple of men to drill a well. They brought their tools on their backs from Oil City. The whole outfit did n't weigh more'n a hundred pounds. We drilled all winter. The well was kicked down, just as most of the early wells were. A long slender pole was adjusted on a post, and the drill was suspended from the small end. To the rope that held the drill a leather loop was attached into which the driller could put his foot, and by giving a downward kick the drill would be brought into action. Then the spring of the pole raised it ready for another kick.

"After getting down I s'pose a hundred and fifty feet we struck oil, and the next morning, when I went to the well and stepped inside of the shack we'd built above the drill hole, my foot went into about eight inches of oil that had flowed during the night. It was thick, like molasses, and we scooped up half a dozen barrels full. But when we went to pumping we got mostly water, and it did n't pay. Then we put down another well, and that was no go either. By that time I did n't have a dollar, and I was ready to give away

my third interest in the Great American Oil Company. While I was in that frame of mind a man come lookin' around our property, and after some talk he asked me what I'd take for my third. At first I was going to say two hundred dollars, but on second thought I said to myself, 'I'll just paralize the old gent,' and I told him my price was four thousand dollars.

"I expected he'd kick me into the crick, but he closed the bargain. He was from Jamestown, New York, and two other men there were interested in the deal. They paid me a thousand dollars in gold and gave me a note for the balance.

"It seemed to me I was rich enough to be satisfied for a while, and I went down to Pittsburg and attended school for a year. At the end of that time I started for home. On the way I stopped one evening at a tavern where the local school board was having a meeting. A teacher had recently had a row with his pupils and they had thrown him out and would n't let him come back. So he left, and the authorities were looking for a new teacher. I told 'em I'd take the job if I did n't have to board round. The president of the committee said I could make my home with him, and I accepted his proposal. He was a great talker and wanted me for company.

"The schoolhouse was a clapboarded frame building, but the clapboards were off in a good many places, and it was delapidated and pretty near ready to tumble down. In the schoolroom there was a continuous

bench against the wall around three sides, with a desk in front. On the remaining side was my desk on a platform. The children got the fuel we burned from a soft coal bank back of the building. I taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, and it was a part of my work to set the copies for the children in their writing-books, and sharpen their goose-quill pens. It's quite an art to sharpen a goose-quill, but I had that art all right. Books were n't very plentiful. However, most of the pupils had a spelling-book.

"I did n't like teaching. I'd rather do anything else than teach school. The committee hired me for three months, and I was glad it was n't for a longer period. I guess the pupils were gladder than I was. One little fellow, when I began to teach, knew all his letters but four, and by the time I was through he'd forgotten all but four.

"Meanwhile I had n't got my money on that three thousand dollar note. The property had proved to be valueless, and the whole thing had been shut down and abandoned. So the Jamestown men did n't want to pay me, and I had to hire a lawyer to make 'em see things in the right light. Then I was obliged to go to Jamestown to get my money. I put up over night there at a hotel, and in the morning went to a bank, which turned over the cash to me. It was in bills of small denomination, mostly ones and twos, and they made a great big package that I could just crowd into my inside overcoat pocket. I went back to the hotel,

and after sitting a while in the office it occurred to me that I would go out for a walk and see the town. The day was warm and I took off my overcoat and left it hanging in the hotel office. By and by I thought of my money and rushed back to the hotel in a great sweat. It had n't been stolen, and I was much relieved. Then I put the overcoat on with a determination to wear it the rest of the time. I even wore it while I ate my dinner.

"In the early afternoon I took a train for home. The train did n't go clear through and I had to change and wait at a junction. Rather than loaf around the station there I decided to go for a stroll, and to relieve myself of any anxiety I had the express agent put my money in his safe. When I came back to the station my train was just leaving, and I ran and jumped on the last car. The train was going at a good speed before I thought of my money. It was left behind.

"I came to Titusville, and gave the express agent here an order so the money could be forwarded. Generally the train ran off the track every day and of course there had to be a smashup when my money was coming. The little iron express box lay in the woods two or three days, but it got here in the end. My money was turned over to me on a Saturday, and I put in all the next day counting it. Eleven hundred dollars I spent to build a house. It was a good investment. A few years later a man come along and looked at the house and says, 'What'll you take for this shebang?'

“‘Six thousand dollars,’ I said, and he bought it at my figure.

“You see property in Titusville and the entire valley took a great boom. Such crowds rushed in here that they had the greatest difficulty to find lodging at night. The hotel-keepers would put a man to bed, and as soon as he was asleep would take him to the hall and hang him on a hook and give someone else the bed. To show you how rapidly population could grow let me tell you about the postmaster at Pithole. He began there on a salary of twelve dollars and a half a year. He was expected to keep track of the stamps sold, and in most such places the results would n’t warrant raising the pay more than a very little, but in less than three months he was handling such an amount of mail that the salary was raised to four thousand dollars, the same as was paid at Pittsburg.

“As for the oil business its character was wildly speculative for a long time. Many came here rich and went away poor, and very few came poor and went away rich. Numerous wildcat wells were sunk all around the region that cost good money and were perfectly worthless. If a fellow made one or two good investments and lucky sales he began to think he was a master of frenzied finance, and he’d most likely strike for Wall Street. He and his money were soon parted there.

“Loss and gain in large amounts were a commonplace here. They tell of two strangers who occupied the same

room in one of our crowded hotels. One of 'em went to bed, but he could n't sleep because his fellow-roomer persisted in walking the floor. Finally he says, "What's the matter with you?"

"I've given a note for five thousand dollars that's due tomorrow," was the reply.

"Have you got the money to pay it?" says the first man.

"No," says the second man.

"Then you'd better come to bed," says the first man, "and let the other fellow do the walking."

"Most of the poor backwoods farmers in the valley sold their land at fabulous prices, or arranged leases that brought great and sudden wealth, but they could n't stand the change. They did n't know how to spend the money, or how to keep it intact. Their sons became drunkards, and the money vanished in dissipation, extravagance, and poor investments. I know of only one land owning family of that period in this valley that has retained the money which came to it."

NOTE.—In the oil region, even in travelling on the train, one sees numerous oil-wells, both in operation and deserted. The great center of the Pennsylvania oil district is Oil City, and the traveller can see there all the processes of procuring, preparing, and shipping the oil and its products. In 1892 a large oil tank in the city caught fire, and the burning oil overspread the water of the creek and caused the destruction of many buildings and a considerable loss of life.

It is estimated that from the valley of Oil Creek, north of Oil

City, oil to the value of \$200,000,000 was taken in the ten busy early years. The present yield is insignificant. Titusville has an especial claim on the sightseer because there the oil was discovered. Interesting visits may be made to the hamlets down the creek which grew with magic rapidity into populous cities in the boom period, and almost as suddenly vanished.

There are automobile routes from Titusville north and south and east and west. The one north goes to Erie, 53 miles, by way of Cambridge Springs, and the one south to Pittsburg, 113 miles, by way of Mercer. The roads are good dirt or gravel.

For more about northwestern Pennsylvania see "Highways and Byways of the Great Lakes."





*Braddock's battlefield, viewed from across the Monongahela*

## V

## AN INDUSTRIAL METROPOLIS

PITTSBURG was discovered by George Washington. In other words, Washington first suggested the spot as a desirable site for a fort, while it was still untamed wilderness. This suggestion was made in January, 1854, after he returned to Virginia from an adventurous journey over the mountains to demand that the French, who were beginning to establish themselves in the region, should withdraw. Hitherto the angle where the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers unite to form the Ohio had been neglected, though it was scarcely less important than Niagara as a key to the great West. A band of backwoodsmen was promptly dispatched to start a fort there. They had been at work on it about two months when they were interrupted by the arrival of a swarm of bateaux that came down the Alleghany bringing half a thousand Frenchmen from Canada. The latter soon compelled the English to abandon their project. They then demolished the unfinished fort and began a much larger one to which they gave the name of Duquesne, their governor.

The next year General Braddock arrived in Virginia with troops from England. More troops were raised

in the colonies, and in June the little army entered the wilderness on its way to the Ohio. Three hundred axmen went on ahead to cut and clear the road, and in the rear followed the train of packhorses, wagons, and cannon, toiling over the stumps, roots, and stones of the narrow forest track. Squads of men were thrown out on the flanks, and scouts ranged the woods to guard against surprise. The French were well aware of this hostile expedition, and a few of them and some of their Indian allies hovered about the English, and now and then scalped a straggler.

On the seventh of July the main body of the English, consisting of twelve hundred soldiers, besides officers and drivers, forded the Monongahela from the southern to the northern bank about eight miles from their destination. They were beginning to move along a rough path in the dense woodland toward Fort Duquesne when the head of the column encountered the enemy. About three hundred French and six hundred Indians had come forth from the fort to oppose them. The place of meeting was at the foot of a steep and lofty hill where now is the busy, smoke-belching manufacturing city of Braddock. There was no ambuscade, and at first the advantage was with the English. But their opponents soon scattered and fought from behind the trees, while the English regulars remained in huddled ranks, greatly disconcerted because they could see no enemy to shoot at. A charge on the lurking Indians would have been useless, for they would have

scattered and eluded pursuit and quickly returned to the attack.

The Virginians at first fought effectively in the Indian fashion and might have saved the day, had not the brave but injudicious Braddock, furious at such apparent lack of discipline and courage, ordered them with oaths to fall into line. Some of the regulars, who in a clumsy way imitated the provincials, he beat with his sword and compelled them to stand with the rest in the open. Braddock had four horses shot under him, and he dashed to and fro like a madman. Washington, then a youth of twenty-three, who was one of Braddock's aids, had two of the horses that he rode killed, and four bullets passed through his clothes.

In the end Braddock was fatally wounded, and the mob of soldiers, after being three hours under fire, and their ammunition exhausted, broke away in a blind frenzy and ran back to the ford. About three-fourths of the force had been killed or disabled. The fugitives were not pursued, yet they hurried on all night, nearly overcome with fear and despair. During the days that followed, the retreat continued with a good deal of disorder, and the abandonment or destruction of much baggage. On the thirteenth day Braddock died. He was buried in the road, and the men, horses, and wagons passed over his grave, effacing every sign of it, lest the Indians should find and mutilate the body.

The losses on the French side in the battle were

probably scarcely a tenth of those suffered by the English. After the conflict ended, the field had been abandoned to the savages, who made it a pandemonium of pillage and murder. Later they returned to the fort laden with plunder and scalps and escorting about a dozen prisoners. These captives were tied to stakes and burned to death that night on the banks of the Alleghany opposite the fort, with the Indians dancing about and yelling like fiends.

Where the great modern city now stands, the wilderness had only been subdued at the extreme point of the peninsula. The fort had the water close on two sides, and it frowned down on the river with a massive stockade of upright logs, twelve feet high, mortised together and loopholed. Facing in the other directions were ramparts of squared logs, filled in with earth and fully ten feet thick. There was an open space within surrounded by barracks for the soldiers, officers' quarters, the lodgings of the commandant, a guard-house, and a storehouse, all built partly of logs and partly of boards. The forest had been cleared away to a distance of more than a musket shot from the ramparts, and the stumps were hacked level with the ground. In this cleared space, close to a protecting ditch that adjoined the fort, bark cabins had been built for such of the troops and Canadians as could not find room within. The rest of the space was covered with Indian corn and other crops.

Three years later the English again made an attempt

against Fort Duquesne. At their approach the French blew up the fortifications and withdrew. Soon afterward, on the same spot, Fort Pitt was begun. It was substantial and costly, but it is all gone now with the exception of one little blockhouse. This blockhouse was erected when there was fear of trouble with the Indians at the time of Pontiac's Conspiracy. On the landward side of the fort at that time was a moat, but the moat was perfectly dry when the river was low, and the savages could crawl up the ditch and shoot any person who might show his head above the parapet. The blockhouse was built to command the moat and frustrate that sort of approach.

The sturdy little brick and timber structure, loop-holed as of old for the discharge of muskets, is almost swallowed up now in the great city. It occupies a secluded nook with the buildings of the town encroaching close on one side, and numerous railway tracks on the other. Pittsburghers are reputed to be too busy making money to think about the history of the place, but they have provided for the permanent preservation of this blockhouse.

Until recently the caretaker was an elderly woman who had been at the blockhouse a long, long time keeping it tidy, selling souvenirs, and recounting its story to visitors. But one day, when she had finished eating dinner, she very calmly remarked to her daughter: "Oh! what's the use of it all? Let's take the butcher-knife route to get away. I'm so tired of this world!"

There's nothing in life but just saying one thing over and over and over again."

Then she caught up a big knife and made a grab at her daughter, but the latter took refuge in flight and escaped out of the house. When she returned with help she found that her mother had hung herself with the clothesline.

A new caretaker was installed in the blockhouse, and her reticence is said to have been quite monumental for a time. Visitors naturally concluded that her predecessor's tragic end had made her solicitous lest much repetition in the imparting of information should craze her also.

The neighboring waterways have been the scene of many interesting and curious incidents, and among the rest I would recall the fact that in 1777 a ducking-stool was established where the Alleghany and Monongahela unite to flow on as the Ohio. A visiting Virginian writing of the Pittsburg of that time says, "The homes were miserable huts, and the inhabitants as dirty as in the north of Ireland or Scotland itself. The place was unblessed by the gospel and infested with dogs."

About the same time another gentleman, in giving his first impressions of the place, wrote of how surprised travellers were to find here "elegant assemblages of ladies and a constant round of parties and public balls."

Which was the truer view of the town? Very likely the observers simply came into contact with different

phases of the local life, and doubtless there were various grades of society. As for the ducking-stool its use was not confined to punishing a too free use of the tongue on the part of the lowly. Women of position were numbered also among its victims.

Imagine the scene when a ducking was to take place. Here were the unsullied streams and a frontier village amid the virgin forest. All work was suspended and a crowd had gathered. Some of the men wore cocked hats and laced ruffles and buckles and swords, and there were Indian stragglers gay with paint and feathers looking on to see how the pale-face managed his squaws. Fine ladies had come in their silks and satins, and gaping lads and lasses in coarse attire of fustian and woolen, and stolid hunters and woodsmen, slatternly women of the humble class, and swarms of dirty children.

All were gazing at the unhappy victim suspended ready for her plunge. Our forbears thought the punishment plainly fitted to the crime, for as they said it was "to drown the noise that is in a woman's head." The ducking-stool was hung at the end of a pole which worked on a horizontal bar supported by two uprights. A sousing, at least temporarily, always had the desired effect, and the woman would beg for mercy and promise in future to control her unruly tongue.

Pittsburg's three rivers were vital channels of traffic in the old days, but now they are far less important than the railroads. This is partly because they are not dependable. In winter they are icebound, and in sum-

mer there are times when the Pittsburg boys play baseball on the dry sandbars in the bed of the streams. Many steep bluffs and rude, lofty hills border the rivers in the Pittsburg neighborhood and the region above. They give an enlivening touch to the scene, and, before the industrial period, must have been wildly beautiful. At their bases, beside the streams, is a constant succession of manufacturing villages whence the smoke never ceases belching forth from the tall chimneys and keeps the valleys forever grimy, and the atmosphere dim and sooty. Pittsburg itself with its numerous iron furnaces and busy factories is of course the monarch of this industrial realm; and as seen by night, when the furnace flames leap and glow amid the gloom along the watersides, it has been likened to hell with the lid off. Here is produced one-half the steel and glass that is manufactured in the United States. It has more millionaires than any other city on the globe, and the finest residences and grounds in America. Aside from the fact that it is an important gateway to the West, the chief secret of its growth lies in its position in the center of a region exceedingly rich in bituminous coal, iron, oil, and natural gas. So general was the use of this gas at one time that the city emerged from its smoke cloud, but the period was short, and the factories and furnaces resorted again to coal and coke. Nevertheless, except for the big manufacturing plants, it is natural gas that lights and heats most of the big town. I was informed that the gas is so cheap that the poor people, who in any



*A toll bridge*



other city would eagerly carry off the wood rubbish resulting from building operations, here disdain such stuff, and men have to be paid to cart it away.

Formerly Pittsburg had a reputation for being superlatively healthful. It is related that the three first churches were on adjacent corners and employed a single sexton, who was once known to remark complainingly that the times were very hard—for he had had no person to bury for three months. As late as 1845 a physician on a tour visited Pittsburg and published the affirmation that he never before was in such a healthful place. He especially recommended it to persons suffering from dropsies, dysentaries, and cholera. Its beneficial qualities he attributed to its remoteness from the swamps of the Mississippi Valley, and to the gases which filled the air from the bituminous coal that was burned.

At a somewhat later period deaths became rather numerous, but this was no reflection on the healthfulness of the situation. It was the result of the influx of foreign laborers, "who used to kill each other every Saturday night after they got their wages."

Among its other assets this thoroughly modern city has a ghost story. There was formerly a pack peddler who went about the adjacent region, and he was sufficiently aristocratic to have his packs carried by a negro servant. One day the peddler was found dead. His throat had been cut, and his valuables stolen. The negro was suspected. He was caught and bound and

hung on Pittsburg's highest hill. Since then that hill has been haunted. For a long time its crest was an amusement park. This became rather tough in character, and those of its patrons who came home late at night with the gifts of visions imparted by liberal draughts of booze often saw the negro's eerie figure stalking through the gloom with his hands tied behind his back.

One of the city's sources of excitement is its floods. The frequency and height of these very likely have some relation to the deforesting of the headwaters of the streams, but the encroaching of the manufactories on the banks has doubtless narrowed the channels, and dams back the water. "We had one of our greatest floods in 1832, the year I was born," an elderly citizen said to me. "It submerged the whole lower part of the town. An immense amount of driftwood used to come down in those old-time floods. That was due to the lumbering done up above. A good many people here went out in boats to catch the best of it. Some of it floated near enough to shore so you could catch it with a pole. You could get a supply of firewood and some good sawlogs.

"Freight went and came over the mountains in long, heavy wagons with bowed tops covered with canvas. Each wagon was drawn by four or six horses. There was a good deal of rivalry among the drivers to beat each other in the time they made. A driver who got here from the east within a specified number of

hours was privileged to suspend some bells over the harness of his horses at a certain point outside of the town, and their jingle heralded his arrival as he drove into the streets. There used to be strings of these wagons on the turnpike coming and going as far as you could see.

“Passengers were carried in four-horse stage-coaches. There was always quite a bustle of excitement in the town when the coaches went around to the hotels gathering up passengers before leaving. The larger baggage was strapped on behind, and the smaller baggage was stowed under the driver’s seat. It was natural that the drivers, moving about as they did, should be pretty well informed, and they certainly felt their importance. The coaches travelled day and night, but there were good taverns where the travellers could stop if they wanted to. You found a tavern once in ten miles. Relays of horses were kept at them, and at every one such of the passengers as were thirsty could get liquid refreshments while the horses were being changed. It was a rough kind of journeying, and the rocking of the coach became very tiresome if you were going a long distance.

“Travelling on the canals or rivers was much pleasanter. We had fine river boats that plied between here and Southern ports, and in the spring and fall a packet boat left every day. They were large boats with side-wheel paddles and carried a great deal of freight, and often were just laden with passengers. I’ve seen our

wharves so full of freight you could hardly get along there. The low water of summer was a handicap to river travel, but we had boats light enough to float on dew, and those kept going.

“We used to have rafts on the river then—lots of ‘em. Some were of sawed lumber, and some of logs. There’d be a little cabin of boards on each raft for the crew to live in. At night a raft would tie up to a tree on the bank. Traffic on the river also made use of keelboats and flatboats. The former were much like canal boats. In going upstream a long rope extended from the boat to a horse that walked along on the shore, or perhaps the towing was done by the crew. Where towing was not practical they made use of a sail, or resorted to poling. Such a boat would make one round trip a year to New Orleans. The freight charges were enormous, particularly for bringing sugar, molasses, and other Southern products up the river.

“The flatboats were equipped with an oar at each side of the bow, and a steering oar at the stern. They carried stone and sand, hay, potatoes, cattle, everything. Often they were just oblong boxes of rough planks, so loosely fastened together that they could be knocked to pieces when they finished a down-river journey, and sold for lumber. You could stand on the bank and count a hundred boats and rafts in sight at the same time.

“Yes, there’ve been great changes on the river within my recollection, and great changes here on the land,

too. When I was a boy the city was all down to the point, and if you went back a mile or so you found farms and market gardens where now the millionaires' mansions stand. But I have n't a doubt that the people who lived in the comfortable old farmhouses were just as happy as the millionaires in their present-day palaces."

For the most part, the smoky manufacturing villages and towns that are so numerous in the Pittsburg region are utterly devoid of sentiment and charm. But I discovered one exception. That was a little place named Economy a few miles down the Ohio. Here dwelt, until comparatively recently, a peculiar religious sect known as Harmonists or Economites. The sect was founded in Germany by George and Frederick Rapp about 1787, but its adherents were much harassed there by petty persecutions and presently emigrated to America. They made a settlement in Pennsylvania which they called Harmony, and from there they later moved to Indiana and built New Harmony. This in turn was abandoned in 1824 and they came to the vicinity of Pittsburg. At that time they numbered about five hundred.

They taught that the condition of celibacy is most pleasing to God, that the coming of Christ and renovation of the world were near at hand, and that if people would follow the precepts of Christ they must hold their goods in common. As time went on they increased in wealth, but decreased in members. Not only did

they have much property in real estate, but they had investments in coal mines, and controlled at Beaver Falls the largest cutlery manufactory in the United States.

The village still presents in many respects its ancient Economite appearance. There are regular rows of simple brick houses, the great assembly hall, the charmingly quaint church with its massive tower, some of the old walled gardens, and several of the mills. Evidently the buildings were put up with memories of Germany in mind, and the result is an old-world village in our new-world surroundings. The houses are snug to the walks, and on the side toward the street their walls rise to a height of two stories, but a wooden leanto slants low down on the other side. No door breaks the street walls, for the houses turn their backs on the public ways, and you have to go through a gate and enter them from the garden. Thus the people avoided having their attention attracted by worldly scenes, and they tried to confine their meditations to things heavenly.

A village acquaintance let me into the church. He knew where all the keys to the various doors were kept on dusty beams and in out-of-the way nooks and crannies, and I explored the edifice quite thoroughly. Last of all I climbed the narrow, gloomy stairways in the tower up to where the clock and the bells are, and then went out onto a little gallery whence I could look down on the spreading church roof and the village. On

each side of the tower was a clock face equipped with a single pointer to roughly indicate the time. But this indefiniteness was ameliorated by the fact that the clock struck the quarter hours. Moreover, at twelve o'clock sharp, each mid-day, it let loose a peal that lasted for about three minutes—a clamor suggestive of an alarm of fire. This was the “dinner bell.”

When I was in the tower the clock had run down, and the weights that furnished the motive power hung inert at the end of the long ropes. The sexton was supposed to wind it up daily, but he had been called out of town the previous evening and had not yet returned.

Across the road was the “Great House” in which had dwelt the leader of the sect. It was much like the other houses except that it covered more ground. Beyond it was a very large garden where there were grapevines, and a pretentious fountain, and a curious little stone hut or chapel.

The village used to be much more verdant than it is now. On all the house walls there had been trellises to which grapevines clung, and the streets were lined with cherry trees which furnished fruit as well as shade. The grapevines have been neglected, and most of them are dead and gone; and the boys clambered about up in the cherry trees in quest of fruit and broke down the branches, so the authorities finally had the trees removed.

“Before these people came here,” one of the villagers

said, "they lived in just such a village as this that they'd built and named New Harmony, in Indiana. At the head of the community was Father Rapp. He was a self-educated man who'd become a religious lunatic. Originally he was a poor weaver. The Harmonists did n't marry, and they would prove by what St. Paul taught in the Bible that marriage was n't desirable. I wonder what sort of a fellow St. Paul was. Probably nature had n't favored him with good looks. I guess he must have been goggle-eyed, splay-footed, humpbacked, and in general so ugly the women would n't look at him. Otherwise, he would n't have said such things as he did. But the Harmonists believed in his celibacy doctrine, and it was their idea that they ought to shun all the ordinary pleasures of life and pray unceasingly.

"One time when Father Rapp had been praying all night there in their Indiana town he heard the sound of a trumpet, and he went out in the yard, and down came the angel Gabriel. Near the door was a rock, and the angel alighted on that, and he left the print of his foot in it. He must have come with his foot hot straight from heaven and with a good deal of force, or he would n't have made such an impression. That footprint has been there ever since. To the Harmonists it was sacred, and some would kiss it. They believed that if they continued in the ways they'd adopted, living abstemiously, and the men keeping clear of the women, that the angel Gabriel would return



*The old church at Economy*



and take them in his arms up to heaven so they'd escape the pangs of death.

"They got their Indiana land for nothing, and they improved it and even acquired wealth, but a good many of 'em suffered from malaria, and some died. That made the people around them say, 'Ho, ho! thought you was n't going to die.'

"Quite a number deserted, and after a while the rest sold out, packed up their goods on wagons, and come here to make a new start. They bought three thousand acres of land and a lot of cattle and sheep, and built big barns, and they had a saw mill, a grist mill, a cider mill—oh! they made the best cider I ever tasted. They were particular about the quality of whatever they made, either for their own use or to sell. Everything was done up in apple-pie order. They had a woolen mill and a cotton factory, and they raised grapes and made wine, and they grew mulberry trees, the foliage of which they fed to their silkworms, and they had a mill where the silk was woven into cloth.

"The silk business was considerable of an industry with them, and they wore various silk garments of their own producing. On Sunday when they came out in all their glory the women would each have a big silk kerchief about their shoulders, and they had silk gowns, and quaint blue silk bonnets, and the men had silk trousers and coats. The fashions did n't change with them every year as they do with us now, and the clothes

were all right till they wore out. A well-cared-for silk gown would last a woman all her life.

“Father Rapp had a silk robe that he used to put on every evening and walk up and down his garden among the mulberry trees that grew there praying for the angel Gabriel to come and take him up to heaven. It was a very gorgeous gown of ruby velvet lined with pale blue silk.

“Since Father Rapp died, the Great House in which he lived has been haunted. Strange noises are heard in it at night, and apparitions have been seen, and two Sisters of Charity who slept there had the bedclothes yanked off from them. One of its occupants, when he was dying, shrieked and yelled that a great treasure was buried in the cellar. However, perhaps the influence that made him say so may have been just devilish; and yet a Spiritualist medium has said that he spoke only the truth, but that something dreadful would happen to anyone who knowingly dug in the cellar. If a person found the treasure by chance he would be all right.

“The people were cheerful, comfortable, and kindly. They were old-fashioned and Dutch-like in appearance, and they clung to the use of the German language among themselves. The men and women went out and worked together in the fields or in the different mills, and they all did just as they were ordered. Their labor was not very arduous, and they stopped to rest when they got tired. But they were not always satisfied

with the management of their superiors, and there was more or less heart-burning.

“It was a frugal peasant community, and the people fared very simply. Twice a week rations were given out from the general supplies—wine, beer, and cider from the assembly hall cellar, and other things from the company store. They ate five times a day after the manner of the fatherland, beginning with breakfast at six in the morning and ending with supper at half-past seven. They had various feasts, and in the fall one great feast that lasted three or four days when they ate together in the big assembly hall. Their meals were not very sociable. Once I went to dinner in the house of the leader of the society, and I began talking just as I would anywhere else, but I did n’t get any response, and then I noticed that the Father had stopped with his knife upright in one hand and fork in the other, and was looking at me viciously. ‘Shut up!’ he said in German, and I did so. It was their way to eat in silence, except for asking in a low voice for what they wanted, and to get through and get out.

“The old village was perfectly charming—absolute order everywhere, and a sort of peacefulness brooding over it—a Sunday-go-to-meeting quiet. The women kept the houses scrubbed, and there were muslin sash curtains at the windows, and on the wide window-sills were flowers, especially primroses, that bloomed all winter. They were very careful and choice about everything. Neatness and cleanliness were universal.

Even the streets were immaculate, and beyond the houses were such nice little gardens!

“No one was allowed on the street after nine o’clock, and anyone caught later than that was arrested and taken before the trustees. Once a friend of mine came to the place on a late evening train, and he was halted by two night watchmen accompanied by a big dog. They were very gruff, and he was simply scared to death. The watchmen patroled the streets, and every hour of the night, beginning with nine, they stopped right at the church and called out, ‘All’s well, we wait for death!’

“If they found any toughs or tramps they took them to a house set apart for that class of people, and an old couple lived there to take care of the house and of them. The vagrants were n’t exactly welcome, yet such was the treatment they received that this was a favorite resort of theirs. It was against the rules for the villagers to feed them at the houses; so they were compelled to go to their own hotel. There’d be forty or fifty of them some nights in seasons when the tramps were very thick. In the evening or in the morning you’d see the wayfarers sitting on benches along the house walls, and the old man and woman bringing out a big cup of coffee and a chunk of black bread to each man. After breakfast the old couple bid the tramps God speed and sent them on their way.

“The Harmonists had a beautiful old hotel here. It was just such a hotel as you might find in a German

village. Everything was neat and primitive, and the dining room floor was sprinkled with white sand. For three dollars a week you could get every imaginable comfort there. It's gone now. Unfortunately it was torn down by somebody who forgot himself. That was Billy Rice, a fellow who came here as a boy and was employed around the hotel at first as a hostler, and later as bar-keeper. He married a nice sort of girl who had money, and then he bought the hotel.

When he pulled the hotel down it was with the idea of building something more pretentious, but he could n't get the cash. So he set up in business as a butcher in a little shop on his property, and lived in some rooms over the shop. Meanwhile he'd been growing very fond of whiskey until he nearly lived on it, and he began to spend more than his income and to be abusive to his wife. Still, he was n't a bad sort of fellow when he was sober. One day he came into the room where his wife was ironing and said he must have money and told her to get it from her mother. She refused to do so, and he deliberately took out a revolver and blew her head off. She fell, and her body lay under the ironing table. As for Billy, he got into bed and shot himself. There they found him seriously wounded. He was rushed to a hospital, but he only lived a few weeks, and I think he died there practically from the want of liquor.

"Time went on and the Harmonists became few and old, and bedridden and forlorn. They could n't do

their customary work, and many of them had to have caretakers. So at last they sold out and the society came to an end.

“A little outside of the village they had a graveyard. Burials were made in very rough wooden coffins with no handles, and they’d just put a rope around the box and lower it into the grave. Then, when the leader said, ‘Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes,’ the people would drop flowers down on the coffin. Everybody brought a bouquet, even if it was only a wizened little flower with a few bits of green. None of the graves were marked. The people tried to live as equals here on earth, and they chose to sleep as equals in the grave with no gravestones to suggest differences or to invite ostentation. Lately a sewer has been run through the graveyard, and inevitably it disturbed many of the grassgrown, unmarked graves.”

The Harmonists certainly made an interesting experiment in living, and some features of the social order they established are quite appealing. Their trials and disappointments were not without compensations, and I wonder which is the more to be envied—that serene little village of Economy in the time of its prosperity, or the strenuous city of Pittsburg with its mingled wealth and poverty.

NOTES.—Pittsburg is certainly not beautiful, but it is a chief industrial center of the continent, and a wonderful wealth producer. The reason for its supremacy in these respects is the fact that it is in the heart of one of the richest coal districts in the

world, so that it has the advantage of cheap fuel for its manufacturers.

Through the adjacent rivers more than 20,000 miles of inland navigation are open to the steamers of the city, and, owing to the enormous coal traffic, the tonnage of Pittsburg's river craft is greater than that of New York.

As early as 1804 a line of stages was established between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, a distance of 350 miles. The first railroad across the Alleghanies reached Pittsburg in 1847.

A half day can be spent to advantage visiting one of the great steel works. As a contrast to the big, grimy manufactures along the rivers, one should see the palaces in the residence district on the heights.

Pittsburg's right to the title of "the Smoky City" has been vindicated by the discovery that the average resident carries in his lungs a quarter of a pint of soot.

Braddock, 7 miles up the Monongahela, deserves attention as the battleground where the British were so dreadfully defeated by the French and Indians.

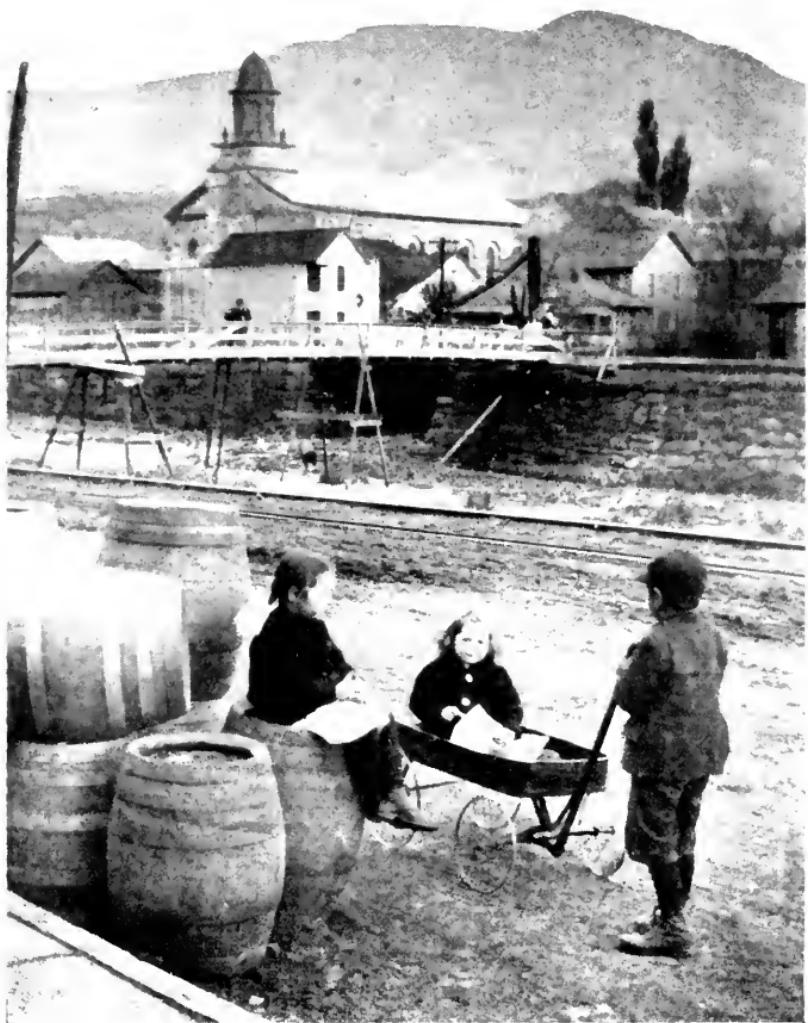
That charming old communistic village of Economy, 19 miles down the Ohio, should also be seen.

Johnstown, 77 miles east of Pittsburg, is of interest because of the inundation that overwhelmed it on May 31st, 1889. It is an iron-making city at the junction of the Conemaugh and Stony Creek. The valleys here are deep and narrow, which explains the completeness of the catastrophe. Above Johnstown, 18 miles, was Conemaugh Lake, about 3 miles long and 1 mile broad. This was a fishing resort of a club of Pittsburg anglers. The waters were restrained by a dam 1,000 feet long, 110 feet high, 90 feet thick at the base, and 25 feet thick at the top. Violent rains filled the lake to overflowing, and about 3 o'clock that May afternoon a 300 foot gap was broken in the dam. The water swept down the valley in a mass a half mile broad and 40 feet high, carrying everything in its way. In 7 minutes it had reached Johnstown. A little below the

## 130 Highways and Byways—St. Lawrence to Virginia

city the mass of houses, trees, machinery and other wreckage was checked by a railway bridge. It caught fire and many persons, unable to free themselves from the debris, were burned to death. The estimated total of lives lost varies from 2,300 to 5,000. The property loss was at least \$10,000,000.





*A coal village with a mountainous culm heap in the background*

## VI

### A VALE OF ANTHRACITE

IT was with some misgivings that I journeyed to the Lackawanna Valley. I feared the coal country would prove wholly black and forbidding, and the towns dubiously monotonous, and labor conditions sordid and depressing. My first pause was at Scranton, but that is a great business center, and though coal is being mined under and all about it, I preferred to get away to some smaller and more comprehensible places to the northward.

Through the midst of the valley runs the Lackawanna River, a swift, inky stream, whose waters, in this mountain region, are no doubt naturally crystal pure, but are now so stained with coal washings that it might be a veritable stream of Hades. Where there should be yellow sandbars are dubious deposits of black, and the midstream rocks have caught unsightly masses of rotting railroad ties and other rubbish that is due to the presence of a busy and rather irresponsible hive of human industry along the banks. The sky, too, even when it is cloudless, nearly always has a murky, threatening aspect due to the smoke that fills the atmosphere. This smoke comes in part from the numerous breakers at the mouth of the mines, and in part from the engines

on the railroad tracks that crisscross the valley in an intricate network. The trains of heavy coal cars, and the lighter trains on the narrow gauge roads from the mines moved hither and thither in apparently hopeless confusion, and wherever I went, the thunder of iron wheels on the tracks was always sounding in my ears.

Very few trees are found in the valley, yet the great stumps that are still to be seen in places where the surface has not been torn up show that the land was heavily wooded at no very remote time. If a chestnut tree or a beech has by any chance been spared it is a treasure trove to the youngsters, and when the nuts ripen they assail it with sticks, and climb up and shake the branches. They feast on the nuts as they gather them, for the trees are too few, and the boys too many to allow the nut-gatherers to fill their pockets.

The coal deposits are tapped along the sides of the valley, somewhat back from the stream, and there stand the giant breakers—lofty, sinister-looking structures, with a wide-spreading base, but terracing upward to a small peak. The trestled tracks from the mines run to the very top, and a cable drags the loaded cars up the steep incline. Close beside each dingy, towering breaker is a pygmy engine-house with a row of stout metal smokestacks sticking up through the roof, and this is the center of an inferno of smoke and steam and gas.

The loaded cars are dumped far up aloft, their contents are crushed, and the slate and sulphur-stained

pieces are picked out by the breaker boys. A series of chutes carries all the material down to the ground level, and delivers the good coal into cars on the railroad tracks, and the refuse into much smaller narrow-gauge cars to be dragged by cable to the top of a vast black heap of culm, as it is called. Once on the crest of the culm pile, a mule is attached to the car, and it is dragged away to the farthest verge, and there its contents are released and slide down the declivity.

These culm dumps are the most conspicuous feature of the valley landscapes. They loom huge and somber above everything else, and dwarf the loftiest breaker and the highest of the village church spires. It is surprising how small the men and mules on top appear as you look up at them from below. Some of these gloomy, steep-sided, barren mountains of coal waste are four or five hundred feet high, but they are not destined to be permanent. Most of the material in their soaring heights is burnable in the modern furnaces. A few of the piles have already been entirely worked over, and probably nine-tenths of what was in them was shipped away.

On the lower edges of the dumps one often sees women at work rescuing some of the better coal that is mingled with the stony refuse. Most of these gleaners are elderly, but there are comely, vigorous young women, too, and occasional little girls. Now and then a woman will climb far up the slippery slides, with her skirts fluttering in the wind. Some carry

a hammer, and some delve and claw among the fragments with a short-handled hoe or hook. In their opinion the pieces they hammer free from the slate, and the other fragments they glean, are just as good coal as they could buy from a dealer. They carry it to near-by homes in pails, and to the more distant ones in bags. Ordinarily, the bags are trundled away on wheelbarrows, yet frequently an old woman will get a full, heavy bag on her back and stagger off with it.

The dumps and the coal mine vicinity were by no means so desolute and lacking in human cheer as I had expected. Perhaps the oddest source of pleasure that I observed was the use of a dump as a sliding place. The material just there was finely broken, and two small negro boys with a sled would start at the top, one sitting and the other standing behind and clinging to the sitter's shoulders, and down they would come with a startling rush. It looked like a wild and reckless ride, but evidently their nerves were not at all shaken. They lived just beyond the farthestmost outthrusting ridge of the irregular culm pile, and their little cabin home was quite a curiosity—a makeshift dwelling to which odds and ends picked up by chance had contributed largely. If one could judge by the number of children playing about the porch, it was thickly inhabited. With the brushy woods close around, the house was not without a rude charm that was suggestive of the sunny South.

Few of the miners' homes that I saw were exactly squalid, yet a careless disregard for appearances seemed to be general. Little attention was given to securing shade trees, or to beautifying the premises with flowers and vines. Often there was unkemptness, yet not such a degree of it as would prove especially unhealthy. The people seemed hardy, and the children as a rule apparently had sound bodies and were attractively intelligent. The miners themselves, going homeward from work with their blackened hands, faces, and clothing, looked almost demoniac, but when the grime had been removed and they had changed their garments they were much like other men.

Workers recently from Europe are apt to hive together unreasonably, not because they receive starvation wages, but because they have been used to that sort of crowding, or because they want to save every last penny in order to bring over their families. As soon as they get a thrifty start in the world they adopt a more generous mode of living. The laborers certainly have money to spend, for they are among the best patrons of the cheap shows, and they support an excessive number of dubious saloons. Lawlessness often manifests itself in the mining towns, but it is seldom the recent arrivals who are the mischief-makers. No, most of the "deviltry" is attributed to young fellows of American birth.

In the part of the valley where I spent the larger portion of my time the mountains to right and left were

near and steep. Their raggedly wooded slopes were very stony, and even the land along the river had the same thin-soiled, rocky character. It never could have offered much encouragement to agriculture. Over the heights, however, in either direction is fertility. Nevertheless, because of the coal, here is wealth and a dense population, while over there is comparative poverty and only scattered dwellers. The coal valley is the market for the latter, and there is much toilsome teaming over the rugged ridges. One day I walked with a sturdy farmer who was on his way homeward trudging up the hill beside his team and stopping often to rest his horses.

“This is a hard old mountain to go over,” he said, “but the steepest, roughest part of the road in the whole seven miles that I have to go is right here as we’re leaving the town. Do you see the cracks in the sidewalk by this house we’re passin’? That’s caused by the ground settling. The railroad company that owns the coal mines had been robbing the pillars that were left to support the roof above the coal vein. They don’t care nothin’ if they let the whole thing drop. When they sell any land they only sell surface rights so they can do as they please underground, and a man puts up a house at his own risk. Often the house settles and racks, and one corner’s up and another down so the doors won’t shut. Oh! it warps ‘em up in great shape. Every day or two you see in the paper that some house has settled. Last summer the ground

caved under a man who was workin' in his garden and let him right down into a mine. In some places I've noticed houses tipped right sideways. They were so bad that the people in 'em had to leave. One night a house went down about twenty feet, and a stove inside was capsized, and the whole thing burned up. There's trouble from buildings settling on some of the best streets in Scranton.

"Of course, the closter a vein is to the top of the surface and the thicker it is the more chance there is for trouble after the coal has been taken out. Even where big enough pillars are left, and they are not robbed, you are only safe for a while. The exposure to the air, and the action of water that finds its way down from the surface make the coal crumble, and pieces of the roof are always falling. But if the vein is down as deep as seventy-five or a hundred feet the vacant space fills up roughly without making a disturbance at the surface.

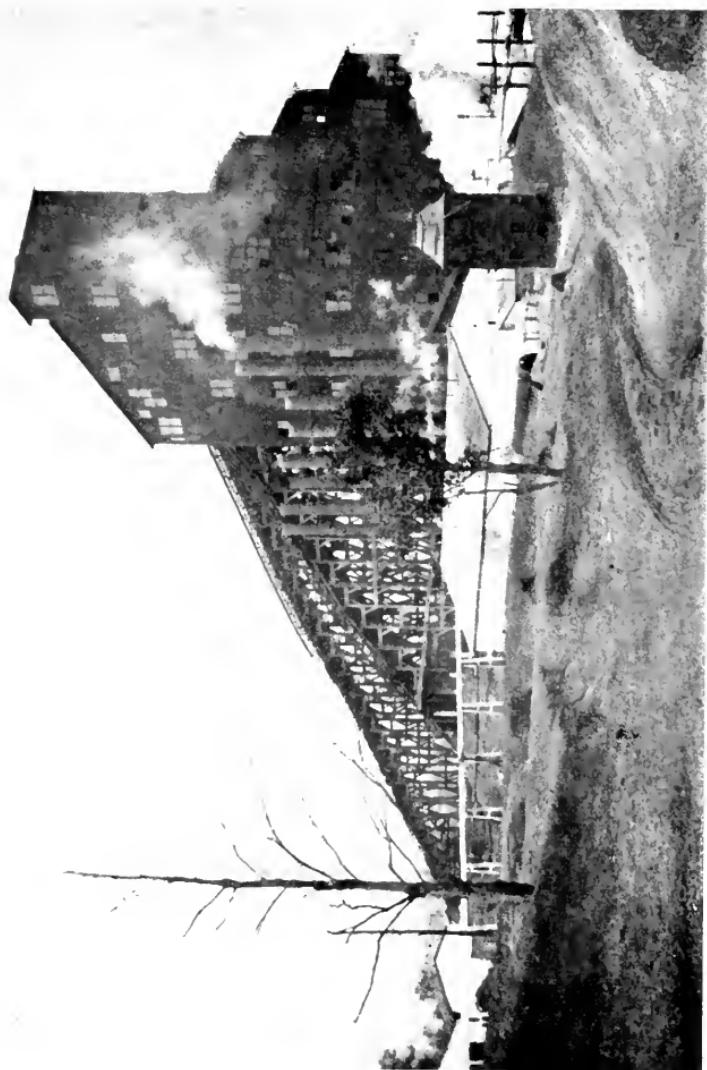
"Now we're up the worst of the hill on more level ground, and just ahead is a place where the whole road has settled five feet. You can see cracks and ragged holes on either side there in the brush. The ground settles most in the spring when everything is soft. I'll take you down into a hollow near here to show you better what's happening."

He turned off onto a grassy woodroad and left his horses standing under a tree. We were on a wild up-land where the scrubby forest growth showed the

ravages of recent fires, and where the ground was nearly hidden by the crimson autumn glory of tangles of huckleberry bushes. Soon we reached the ravine, and my guide pointed out to me the effects of the work underground in shattering the bordering cliffs, making holes in the earth, and slanting the trees out of the perpendicular. In the depths of the glen was a stream dropping over the ledges and worrying along its boulder-strewn channel with much fume and clamor. At one place it flowed over an outcropping of virgin coal that showed distinctly on either side of the hollow. Probably it was just such a dark crumbling mass that first gave a hint of the fuel riches of this wilderness.

When I was again back in the town descending the precipitous hill I stopped to speak with a corpulent old Irish woman who sat in the corner of her yard, just inside of the fence, hammering away at a heap of coal. She was reducing the big lumps to stove size. "This is the way it comes from the mine," she said. "It's awful dear if you buy it after it's made ready for your fire. I break a little every day, but the work is too hard for me."

She pulled the old shawl she had on her shoulders closer about her, heaved a sigh, and looked out at me over her spectacles with exaggerated pathos from under the cowl-like brown cloth she wore wound around her head. After a moment's pause she asked, "Are you an agent, or are you a boss up at the tunnel?"



*J. brian keller*



I satisfied her as to that and mentioned that my home was in New England.

“Yes,” she said, “I know about New England. That was the first settled part of this countrry. I like to read in history about thim Pilgrims comin’ across the ocean and of the hard times they had. It’s intherestin’. I have fri’nds out in Boston. That is in New England. I’ve often heard tell of Boston, and I think I was near it once. My daughter had married, and I went to live with her in Connecticut at a place called Derby. But it was not nice there. Oh! I did n’t like it at all. The wather was bad, and that made drunkards of ’em, you know. I could n’t drink that Derby wather. But we have the grandest wather here. It tastes good, and it’s soft and all right for washing.

“This is a healthy place, too. We have pure air. But at Derby, Connecticut, I’d see so many complainin’ of ager and malaria. They have two big rivers there, and a great many people were drowned. The people could get a living all right, but I’d see the women go off workin’ and the men idle at home. I did n’t like that. House rent was awful dear there, and so was other things. I paid three dollars and a quarter for half a ton of coal, and you could put it all in three bags, and I had to pay twenty-five cents for a couple of little bundles of wood.

“Well, I came back here after a while, and here I’ll stay the rest of my days; but this is no cheap place either for buying most things. Pork is expensive, and

so is other kinds of food. That's what they call the high cost of living. I like pork and cabbage. You bile the pork a little while; then you put the cabbage in the pot. Yes, that's what I like. Are potatoes dear where you live? They are here. Potatoes don't grow so productive in our gardens as they used to. The ground is too old or something. I think the mines soak away all the good from the land. But the Eyetalians here does have grand gardens; and they are not a bad sort of people. They fight a good deal among themselves, but they don't bother the rest of us.

"That's my old man just goin' in the gate. He's finished his day's work in the mines. He can't do heavy work any more, but they don't discharge him. He's been workin' for the company so long they think a lot of him, you know. They don't give him no special job, but just tell him to find something to do. So he opens doors for the mule cars to go through, and picks coal off the tracks, and such things. He's a very industrious old man. He says he'd be cold if he did n't keep goin'.

"It's dirty work. You see how black they get. I s'pose it must be good for the soap factories. They wash up as soon as they get home, and change their clothes—what they call shifting 'em. Every week they have clean mine clothes, except the coat. That don't get very dirty because they don't keep it on while they're workin'. Their clothes are not so hard to wash as those of men who are in mills. The coal dust comes

right out unless they've got ile on their clothes. They wear a lamp on the front of their caps, and sometimes they carry ile for it in one of their pockets and very likely a little of the ile leaks out or they spill it on themselves.

"I went into the mine once with my man long ago, but not so far that I could n't look back and see a little glimpse of daylight. He worked away, and by and by he says, 'Now I'll put off a little blast and let you hear it;' and bang it went.

"I was scared. I thought I was gone. Everything shook and shook and shook. It shook so heavy and shook so hard it seemed like the whole earth was comin' down. I thought it was the last of me, and the world was at an end, and I says to myself, 'If I was a man I would n't be workin' in a mine.'

"But the men who are used to it would n't work anywhere else. They can earn more than at most other jobs. We have silk mills around here, but they don't pay any wages at all. One good thing about mining is that it don't wear the men out. Generally their health is pretty good, but sometimes the dust gets down on their lungs and they take the miner's asthma and are short of wind, you know. When they have it bad they have to stop. They may take medicine to kind of ease them, but there's no cure for it.

"Then, too, we have accidents in the mines. Yes, indeed. My son-in-law came in kilt to me, and my brother was kilt dead, and only five months between

'em. But it's very seldom we have bad accidents now. Of course, they can't be helped once in a while. Accidents happen in every place—in the mines, and on the railroads, and around the water. There's no safe place to work unless it is in the stores, and I've heard that people get kilt there with the elevators."

The old woman now got on her feet with considerable effort, shook the wrinkles and the dust out of her skirts and remarked that it was getting cold and she must go in, but she paused to ask me if I had seen the Forty Foot Falls up on the mountain. "People come clear from Philadelphia to see those falls," she said. "Philadelphia, that's a city—did n't you ever hear of it?"

"There's an Indian cave up on the mountain, too, but people are afraid to go in it. The Indians used to say that there was more gold around here than out West. They must have meant the coal. That cave is only three miles away, but we have great wild mountains here—oh dear! acres and acres of woods; I would n't care to go there."

Farther down the hill was a rude little building that served as a grocer's storehouse. A man was busy inside putting things in order and mending some flour bags. I sat down in the doorway, and while he worked we talked. At first we commented on some little boys who were playing ball in the street watched by a bunch of smaller children that included a baby in a baby carriage. They had a ragged old ball, and some nonde-

script sticks served for bats. One of the liveliest players was a poor fellow who had lost a leg. He used one of his crutches for a bat, and when he hit the ball or had struck at it three times he put the crutch to its intended use, and away he hobbled to the base with astonishing celerity.

A drunken man staggered past, and the grocer's clerk exclaimed: "My! this would be a rich country if it was n't for the saloons; and if all the men were like me the saloon-keepers would have to go to work for a living. The saloons have a harvest time every day and every night, and if a customer don't have money they'll trust him, for it's well known that a man will pay his whiskey bill before he will any other. He'll buy drink whether work is slack or not and he'll generally keep good-natured while he's in the saloon half drunk, but when he comes home, if everything ain't just so he's ugly.

"The people here are well off in one way—they don't any of 'em need to pay a cent for their fuel. Those that ain't lazy get it from the culm heaps. Some who can afford to buy picks all their coal. Yes, people with a pretty good bank account will go to the culm bank for their fuel supply. The more wealth they have the more they economize and try to make. There's cellars where you'd find enough coal to do 'em a couple of years. We used to be allowed to go to the dumps with wagons to bring away coal, but men got to make a business of it, so the company put a stop to that. These foreign

women is great people to pick coal, and they back it home for the most part.

“The culm piles are valuable, and a good share of what’s in ‘em can be broken up and sold. Nearly all coal has got more or less slate in it, but this boney coal, as we call it, that’s in the dumps can be mixed with good coal, and one will sell the other. In the early days there was no sale for the finer coal, and they’d throw it away. This big dump on the edge of the town has been growing for forty years, and I dare say that in the bottom you’d find pea coal and chestnut—lots of it. Now they use down to buckwheat and birdseye sizes.

“Besides getting fine coal, there’s a chance to make a good bit here pickin’ huckleberries. If there’s a slack time in the mines during the berry season, the men go right out with the women and children. I’ve known a big family to make five dollars in a day. They’ll be goin’ up along the mountains at three o’clock in the mornin’. Late in the day you’ll see ‘em comin’ back. Often a woman will have her berries in a pan such as is used to wash dishes in, and she’ll carry that pan balanced on her head with a little cloth underneath to keep it from hurtin’. She has to come down some awful steep places, but she’ll walk right along with her two hands folded. They sell the berries to a man here who’s a florist—has a flower house you understand—and he ships ‘em to the cities. He buys ‘em by the quart, and sells ‘em by weight. I guess he gets a little more measure that way. A quart will maybe make a

quart and a half. Our mountains have been so cut off and burned over that huckleberries is about all they're good for, though once in a while someone brings down a backload of dead sticks for to kindle the fire."

The work in the storehouse was now finished, the dusk of evening was thickening, and the squad of ball-players in the street had dispersed. I went with the grocer's clerk to the adjacent store where the lights had been lit. Just inside, only a few feet from the entrance, sat the proprietor, a heavy elderly man with his hat on his head and a cane in his hand. I thought he looked rather grim and crusty, but I presently observed that his face could light up with a pleasant smile, and I had no further doubts as to his being good-humored and kindly at heart. People were constantly dropping in to get groceries. Most of them were children sent by their mothers. The youngsters invariably came to an awed stop in front of the old man, and he called them by name and demanded what they wanted, and then he repeated the items of their requests to an alert young woman behind the counter. She served them and entered the charges in the little passbooks the children brought, and in a large store account book. The customers seemed never to pay cash, and I asked the grocer the reason.

"It's the habit," he said. "The men get their wages twice a month, and the majority of 'em will hand most of the money to their women, who will come in and pay me. But mind you, they won't kill themselves hurry-

ing to get here with it, or by the size of the load they bring. Many a one don't square up. I've been selling on credit for the last thirty-two years, and if I tell the slow ones that they must pay they are quick to give me a rap, and that's the thanks I get for trusting 'em. They'd crush my bones in the grave. Ah, yes! if I dun them they tell me to go where I don't want to go—tell me to go to the last place where I would want to go; and they name the place whether they know anything about it or not. Some move away and leave a dirty book behind them, and there are others I can't collect from unless I give the case to a lawyer; and if I do that there's very little comin' to me after he gets through."

Just then a small redheaded boy came from outside and held the door half open while he looked in. The grocer ordered him to go away, and the boy paid no attention to this command. The old man shook his cane at the lad with no better result. "You'd better stand there yet awhile!" the storekeeper exclaimed, getting onto his feet and lurching belligerently toward the door. The boy vanished.

"Give me some tobacco," the old man said to his clerk as he settled back into his chair.

He filled and lit his pipe, and after a few puffs regained his equanimity. Then he turned to me and remarked: "When I came here in 1854 the valley was all woods and laurel. There were big trees everywhere—hemlock, pine, and ash—and you could build a house





*A miner and an above-ground friend*

out of one of them trees they were so large and so long. You'd be under the shade wherever you went, and you did n't need an umbrella in the hardest rain that come, for the thick leaves overhead would keep the water off from you. We'd let our hogs run in the woods from April to November, and they'd take care of themselves —they would, sir. Our cows, too, could go where they pleased and be in no danger from the railroads. Now, good gracious! it's all railroads, you might say, here in the valley. The best of the trees was carried away to the sawmills, and afterward you could get no income from the land it was so poor, and a good deal of it was sold for taxes.

“At first I worked for sixty-three cents a day—ten hours, too—ten long hours, but when the Civil War broke out wages boomed up. I'll tell you what miners get now. Two men work together—a miner and a laborer. The miner blasts the coal loose, and the other fellow loads it. If they are in a good place the miner will perhaps knock enough down in a couple of hours for the other to handle, and he's earned three and a half or four dollars. He used to go off home then, but now, for fear of accidents to the laborer, he has to stay till the loading is done. The laborer will earn close to three dollars, but there's times when they're working where the place is not so good, or they can't get cars to load. Then you may hear a man say he has n't made but a dollar that day.

“One advantage of the job is that you are your own

master. There's no boss standing over you. Besides, you are away from the cold in winter time, and away from the heat in summer time. But you have the discomfort of wet clothing. The water is dripping from the roof all the time onto your back. Maybe you would n't be in there ten minutes until you'd be like they'd kept puttin' the hose on you all day, but you don't mind that while you're busy. In winter, when a man comes out, his pants often freeze to his legs before he gets home. Very likely he'll stop in at a saloon and stay awhile by the stove, and drink a couple of glasses of beer. Then he's hot inside and out. When it's very warm in summer, and he comes up from the cool mine he has to sit down in the shade and get used to the change a little or he'd be sunstruck.

"A miner is a miner all his life, and as a general thing he brings up his boys to do the same work. First the boys are put into the breakers, and from those they go into the mines. They are brought up to that one thing, and they think they could n't do anything else, and often they won't try. If a man can't get his special kind of a job he'll tramp the country through.

"On the whole the people here are prosperous, and there's five times as many own their homes as there are renters; but when a miner has to support a big family he's got all he wants to do to keep his head above water with prices as they are nowadays."

So I gathered from what the old grocer and others said, and from my own observation, that life among

the anthracite workers is a mixture of cloud and sunshine just as it is elsewhere. They are not satisfied, yet nevertheless there are no other workers with whom they would willingly change places.

NOTES.—Historically, the most interesting portion of the anthracite coal district is the Wyoming Valley. The largest town in the valley is Wilkes-Barre, named in honor of the two chief upholders of American liberty in Parliament. The name of the valley is derived from an Indian word that means "large plains." It applies to an expansion of the Susquehanna basin about 20 miles long and 4 or 5 broad. Were it not for the coal this gentle valley would have a good deal of pastoral charm.

Near Wilkes-Barre, in July, 1778, occurred one of the most harrowing of Indian massacres. A force of British troops and Indians entered the valley, defeated the settlers, and the massacre followed. The British officers could not restrain their savage allies, who butchered some 300 men, women and children. A monument, four miles north of the town, on the opposite side of the river, marks the scene of the battle. Three miles farther on is Queen Esther's Rock, where the half-breed queen of the Senecas tomahawked 14 defenceless prisoners.

The original fireplace in which anthracite coal was first burned in 1808 is preserved at the old Fall House on Washington Street in Wilkes-Barre. Many relics of local Indian and pioneer life can be seen at the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society rooms. The height known as Giant's Despair, east of the city, is the scene of the annual hill-climb of the Wilkes-Barre Automobile Club. The valley has paved roads from end to end.

A particularly fine scenic route is that from Wilkes-Barre to Elmira, N. Y., 109 miles. There are good dirt roads much of the way, but with some steep hills that require great care on the part of the motorist when the roadway is wet.

The route to Scranton, 18 miles north, by way of Pittston, is

through the heart of the Anthracite region and abounds in collieries and villages of foreign laborers. For much of the way the road is rough and poor. The town streets are narrow, and are crowded with children and animals, and there are frequent dangerous railroad crossings.

## VII

### A FAMOUS BATTLEFIELD

I WAS on my way to Gettysburg. An elderly man got in at one of the stops of the train and occupied a seat with me. He was garrulously inclined and soon was telling me of some of his varied experiences and opinions, but he had not discoursed long when he remarked: "If it's all the same to you I want to change places. I'll tell you why. We're all creatures of habit, and I chew tobacco. I want to sit next to the window so I can spit out.

"See here, my friend," he continued as he settled down where I had been, "I make it a rule when I meet a better-looking man than myself to give him a lemon drop."

He took a paper bag from his pocket, and I accepted a lemon drop. "I s'pose I've bought hundreds of pounds of 'em," he added. "Did you say you was goin' to Gettysburg? I fought there in the great three days' battle that began July first, 1863. Look at this," and he showed me a pension paper; "that's my name—Cap'n Eli Billings. And here's a picture of three of my grandsons. That smallest boy is named after me—he's a brick. They're all good boys, but I'm sorry to say they've got a craze to go to all the moving picture shows

that come along. I approve of such shows when they're proper, but they give too many cowboy and Indian subjects. That ought to be stopped. It creates a disposition to have revolvers, and I see my grandsons playing fighting and saying to each other, 'I'll shoot you. I'll kill you.' It's detrimental.

"Speakin' of the war, I was in the whole of it right smack from the start. I enlisted the day after Sumter was fired on, and I served to the very end. More than a hundred days I was under fire, yet there was never a ball drew blood on me. I heard many of 'em pass near my head, and they went through my clothes in detachments. A minie ball goes 'Zip!' with the same sound as you make on a fiddle by giving the E string a pick and running your finger up on it; and the sound of a shell is as if it said:

WHERE ARE YOU?

*Where are you?*

Where are you?

"Where are you?"

FOUND YOU!"

That last is when it bursts.

"I used to teach a music school, and I played a bass viol in the Methodist Church. Well, our division got to Gettysburg on the second day about seven o'clock in the morning. We marched into a field and had breakfast, and quite a good many done some washing and hung the things out to dry. We was lyin' around

takin' it easy when the long roll sounded. That meant to fall in and get ready to move. So we packed up and then double-quicked it to Little Round Top. From there we made three charges across the swampy Valley of Death and past the wild rocks of the Devil's Den. On one of the charges I came across Sam Ralston of our town goin' to the rear. 'Oh! Eli,' he says, 'our whole army is demoralized.'

"Sam," I says, 'don't think it, just because you're demoralized.'

"He was a notorious coward and was always dropping out of the ranks during a battle, if he did n't avoid it altogether by claimin' he was sick before it began.

"I'll tell you a little joke. You know General Sherman said, 'War is hell.' If that is so, what was us fellers that fought the battles? Why we was nothing more or less than the devil's imps. Sherman made a mistake.

"After the war ended someone wrote to me to ask if I commanded a company in the battle of Gettysburg. I did n't know whether I did or not. I wa'n't thinkin' about that or about the fightin'. I did my duty, but the main thing that concerned me was to keep close to Jim Mellin. He had a grudge against me, and I was afraid he'd take advantage of the confusion of the battle to be revenged. So I made up my mind to be so near that I could grab him if he tried to shoot me. But I had no trouble at all with him, and at the end of our third charge he shook hands with me and said, 'Eli, did n't we drive 'em!'

"This was the way his bad feeling toward me begun: I was promoted to be sergeant, and had to see that every man took his turn at squad duty, and one of the first things I did after my promotion was to detail Jim to be on campguard. He swore that he would n't. 'Look a' here,' I said, 'it'll go hard with you if you don't.'

"'I don't care a hang,' says he, 'I won't mount guard.'

"Course military is military, and I reported to the colonel. He had Jim tried by a court-martial, and says to him at the conclusion of it: 'You are under the sergeant's orders, and those orders must be obeyed. I sentence you to thirty days close confinement in the guard-house and to forfeit one month's pay.'

"At the end of the thirty days I was sent to the guard-house to have Jim come and sign the payroll for the month he'd forfeited, but Jim said, 'I won't go with you, and I'll be blessed if you can take me.'

"That stirred my ire. I went and got two men, and I had them come with me all armed and ready for business. As soon as we were in the guardhouse I said to 'em, 'This man is ordered to go and sign the payroll. If he don't go when I tell him to, put the bayonet right into him. You'll do it, too, or I'll report you.' Then I very calmly said, 'Jim, you go,' and he went.

But he was mad and said he'd kill me, and I thought very likely he would if he got a good chance. That's a sample of the ugly side of war. Now, I'll give you a sample of the pleasant side. It's a little romance.



*In old smokehouse*



While our army was here in Pennsylvania, me and five other fellers was given a day off and we went for a long walk out into the country. When we started back we conversed together about the chance of getting something to eat at the houses along the road, for we was awful tired of hardtack it was so dry and so often had worms in it. I was chosen to stop at the next house, and the others were to come right along behind to support me. Well, I rang the doorbell, and a nice young lady came to see who was there. My courage kind o' failed me, but I made her a military salute, and says, 'Will you be so kind and condescending as to give us some-er-water to drink?'

"I did n't have the nerve to ask for food. She brought us a pitcher of ice-water, and she was so friendly we all see that she'd have been glad to give us food if I'd only asked for it. Soon we went on, and by and by we passed over a hill, and found a picnic in progress close by the road in a grove. There was a bunch of older people in one place, and children in another, and they insisted we should stop and eat with them. We knew they would n't take, 'No,' from us, so we tried to excuse ourselves, and then went along with 'em. But each of the two parties wanted us, and finally I told the children that we'd only eat half enough with the older people, and come back and finish with them. They said they'd go along and tell us when we'd got half enough. A little girl named Maggie—a black-eyed, smart little thing, nine years old—kept with

me, and after I'd eaten a while she begun to ask if I had n't got half enough. 'No,' I said, 'I'm pretty hungry.'

"At last, however, we soldiers went and sat down with the children to finish our feast. When I'd eaten about all I wanted I said to myself, 'I'll get out of this trundlebed trash.' But as I was rising Maggie flung her arms round my neck and made me stay. I got acquainted with her folks at the picnic, and they were very cordial, and once or twice in the days that followed I was at their home. Later I had typhoid fever, and while I was recovering I went and stayed with them. I married when the war was over, and pretty soon afterward my wife and I went to visit Maggie's folks. But Maggie, who'd always been specially friendly with me, would n't hardly speak to either of us. I asked her mother what was the matter, and she said it was because of my wife. Yes, sir, back in the war that little girl of nine had fallen in love with the soldier of twenty-three. Time passed on and she married and went to live in New York. But I've always had a certain feeling of affection for her, and in late years we've occasionally written to each other. Now I'm a widower, and if Maggie was a widow woman, and she would have me, I would n't marry any other woman on the face of the earth. But the last time she wrote she said her head troubled her terribly and she was sick and tired of takin' medicine. Her letters have stopped, and I think she's dead."

My companion reached his destination about this time, and we parted, and a little later I arrived at Gettysburg. The town is a prosperous county-seat of four thousand inhabitants—about the same number it had in wartime. It has changed in the intervening years, yet much of the old still remains, and it has a serenity and quaintness that are very charming. In the business center is an open market square. Thither the farmers resort in the early morning on the three market days of the week, back their wagons up to the sidewalks, display their bags and boxes of fruits and vegetables and crates of chickens and dicker with the townspeople who hover about examining and purchasing. All the streets are lined with trees, which, with their suggestion of cooling shade in the heat of summer, give the place a touch of the idyllic. The houses are very apt to be snug to the uneven brick walks, and elbow each other quite closely. Porches, steps, and little porticos extend out from the front of the residences onto the walks, and the people sit on them in summer evenings. They make an interesting architectural feature, and they promote comfort and sociability. Most of the houses had gardens behind them, and though it was mid-October there had as yet been no frost, and they were full of green growing things and a wealth of gay blossoms. Little alleys branched off from the main streets, and appealed agreeably to the eye with their whitewashed walls and fences contrasting with the vines and flowers and foliage that overhung them.

Many of the town buildings date back to war days, and among these are several built of logs. One log structure is a negro store. Its commercial character was made apparent by a few lonesome tomatoes and cabbages on a stand outside, and by a liberal display of advertising posters tacked up on the whitewashed logs. Here and there I observed holes in the logs made by bullets in that long-gone battle. I thought the holes seemed rather large, but the proprietor said that was the result of the boys digging out the bullets with their jack-knife.

Many another town building bears the scars of battle, yet not one was intentionally harmed or seriously damaged except an outlying tavern. "Some Rebel sharpshooters got into that," my informant said, "and they were picking off the Union officers. So the Federals trained their cannon on it and smashed it all to pieces. I'll tell you what the conditions were here. Before the war this was a great carriage-building town, and our trade was in the South. We'd sell and take notes, and the payment was dependent on the cotton and tobacco. If either crop was a failure the notes would go over for another year. The war meant ruin. Our market was gone, and the money due us could n't be collected. My father got sixty-five dollars out of about twenty-six thousand.

"When Lee came marching up in this direction the goods in the stores were loaded on wagons and carted off, and some of the women and children struck out for

safety along the Baltimore Pike, hoofing it and taking with them what they could carry.

“A good many thought the rebels could n’t drive our soldiers, but they did the first day of the battle, and as our troops retreated through the town they hollered, ‘Citizens, to your cellars!’ That was in the afternoon. In the earlier part of the day lots of people got up on the housetops to watch the fighting.

“An hour after it began every public building in the place was a hospital, and soon every barn and shed likewise, and the town women were kept busy cooking for the wounded.

“I worked in a store. The proprietors were Quakers, and therefore non-combatants, and they had gone away. Food was scarce, but I took some salt bacon, chopped it in small pieces and mixed it up with corn flour for flapjacks. Those flapjacks were a rather palatable article. And I toasted a little rye, and poured some molasses into a pan and sort of burnt it, and then I stirred the rice and molasses up together, and after I’d put some condensed milk to it I had pretty fair coffee.

“When there was heavy cannonading I’d go to the cellar, and at night I slept on the floor downstairs. Hundreds of houses had balls go through their windows and roofs, and once in a while a shell that was shot over the town fell short. Yet of all the townspeople just one young woman was killed. Her name was Jennie Wade, and its a curious fact that she was the only outspoken

rebel in Gettysburg. Jennie was a bright, pretty girl, but because her father was a Virginian, she sided with his state, and from the beginning of the war she would n't go out and sing with the other girls for our soldiers when they were marching through the town. As a result she was ostracized. During the battle she was taking care of her sister who was sick. They had a little meal hidden away somewhere, and while she was bending over mixing up some in the bread trough that she had put in a chair, a bullet came through the door, struck her in the back, and killed her.

In the course of time, after the war, all the states were putting up monuments to their troops that were engaged in the battle. As it happened, no Iowa troops fought at Gettysburg, and the people there were not altogether pleased at the prospect of not having their monument like the rest. Meanwhile, Jennie Wade's sister become head of an important Iowa Woman's organization, and the project was hatched of honoring this sister by putting up a monument to Jennie. They'd got the impression somehow that Jennie was a heroine, and that she went out on the battlefield to assist the wounded with water, and was killed while baking bread for the soldiers. So sentiment was worked up, and a monument was contracted for that represented her as a sort of angel of mercy with several canteens hung from her shoulders. Of course there was quite a celebration when the monument was brought here and set up, and Gettysburg was in a predicament. But we

did n't let the truth get the better of our courtesy, and the newspapers and every one kept quiet."

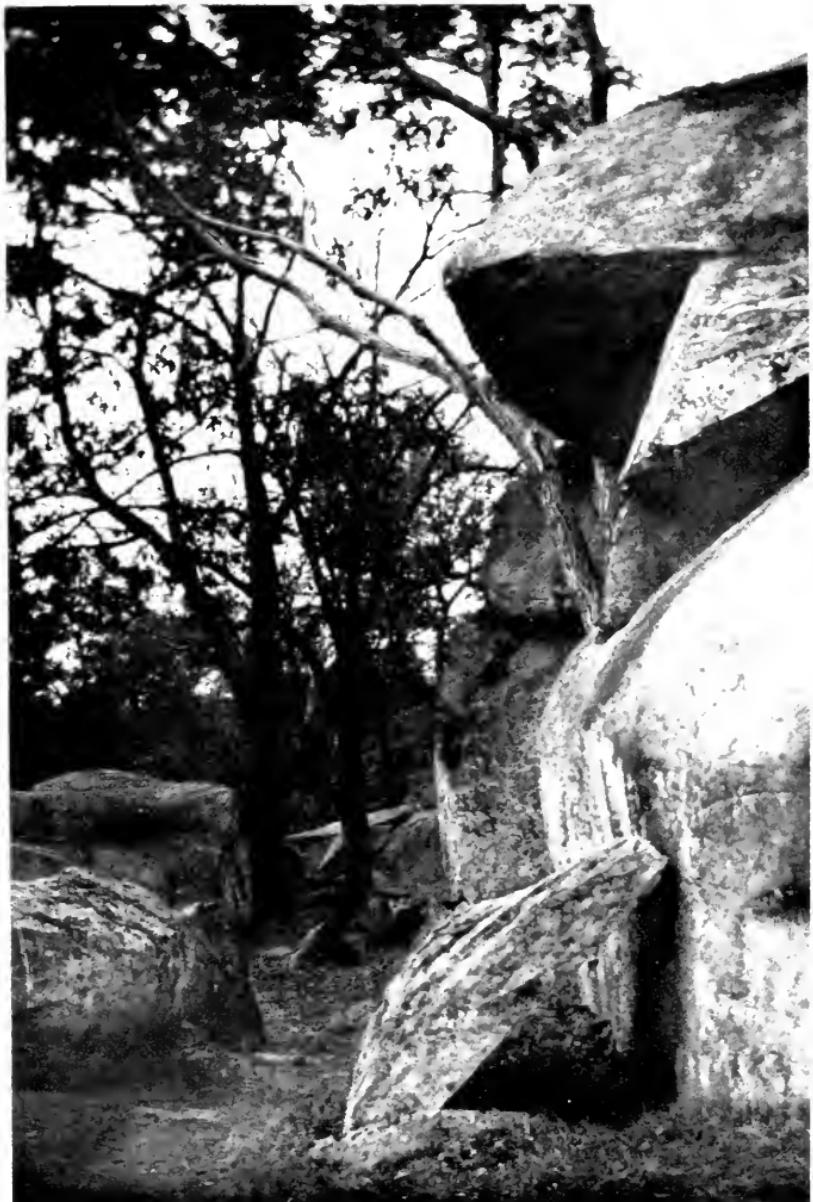
The house in which Jennie Wade met her death has been preserved and appears much as it did in war time. It is a story and a half structure of brick. Two of the lower rooms are open to the public and are full of battle relics and souvenirs. More interesting than anything else is the door still in use through which the fatal ball passed. Bullets picked up on the battlefield were prominent among the souvenirs for sale. "We find more or less in our gardens every year," the caretaker said, "but most of 'em come from ploughed farm fields. After a rain is the best time to find 'em. The dirt gets washed off, and the bullets look like bluish lumps of earth. The boys go out in their gum boots to pick 'em up, and men go, too—lots of 'em. You see 'em walking slowly along looking down at the ground, and a stranger would wonder what they was about. The owners don't like to have 'em tramping there it beats the ground down so hard. They sell the bullets to the souvenir shops."

The severest and most critical fighting took place only a short distance southward out of the town, and when I walked thither I found the region as a whole had the aspect of a fertile, well-tilled farming country. At intervals there were groups of whitewashed farm buildings that contrasted pleasantly with the crimson and gold of the tree foliage. The land was mildly rolling, except for a few rocky uplifts like Little and

Big Roundtop, but on the western horizon were blue lines of mountains. All over the field of action are monuments varying from the small and inexpensive to the imposing structure erected by the state of Pennsylvania, with its tablets containing the names of more than thirty thousand state troops who were engaged in the battle, and costing one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Some are graceful and beautiful, but many are commonplace, and the bronze or stone figures are not infrequently of the scarecrow order—that is, they are theatrical in their supposedly heroic poses rather than convincingly human. Numerous cannon are placed at the vantage points where the batteries were in the fight, and there are earth breastworks and stone fences that figured in the conflict. The most interesting house on the battlefield is the little two room log cabin that Meade occupied as his headquarters.

Slender framework lookout towers have been erected at various points, but it is more satisfactory and natural to view the scene from the boulder-strewn height of Little Round Top where some of the fiercest fighting occurred. There I talked with one of the veteran guardians of the battlefield, and he pointed out the Valley of Death and the Devil's Den, and he indicated the Bloody Angle on Cemetery Ridge where the Rebellion reached its flood tide when Pickett made his disastrous charge up the long gentle slope. "And over yonder," he said, "is where Longstreet licked the wind out of Sickles, who'd disobeyed orders by failing to





*The Devil's Den*

stop on the battleline. He thought he could beat the rebels, and he went out with both flanks in the air. One of his legs was shot away, and he nearly got our whole army defeated. Yes, he lost his leg, but he saved his bacon. A good deal of talk was made about his performance, and it was only the kindness of Lincoln's heart that saved him from a court martial."

A party of sightseers passed near us in charge of a professional guide. My companion spoke rather scoffingly of the information the guide was reeling off. "Most of those fellows are ignoramuses," he affirmed. "They are careless, or they exaggerate in order to make what they say interesting. Day after day they repeat the same story in the same sing-song fashion. They start with it, and they go through to the finish whether you want to hear it or not. You can't stop 'em. They talk you to death.

"We have a hundred thousand visitors a year. Some of 'em come scattering, and some come in big parties on excursions. They require watching because so many of 'em kind o' want to get a-hold of something to carry away. If we let 'em alone they'd get every monument there is here, fragment by fragment, and I don't know but they'd take Little Round Top, too. You see that statue?"

He pointed to a bronze effigy of General Warren standing a little out of plumb on a great flat boulder. "Once we found the spurs had been filed off, and again that the end of the saber was gone. The statue has

been repaired and a sign has been put up forbidding people to get onto the rock. Yet they seem bound to climb up there, and I have to warn them off. The rock is shelly on one side, and often I'll hear a little tapping, and I'll go there and find some one has got a stone and is trying to knock a piece loose. Lots of 'em have a hankering to carry off a piece of the Den rocks, and every now and then we ketch a feller tryin' to scratch his name on the rocks. They used to write their names on these lookout towers when they were first built. The fools had their names and everything all over the towers, and we had to put up notices."

When I had retraced my steps from the battlefield I went out from the town eastward to where Rock Creek loiters through the lowlands. Here was an ancient stone bridge that climbed over the stream in a succession of arches, high in the middle, and low on either side.

Close by, in a wet nook that had recently been mowed with a scythe, was an old farmer poking the grass into piles. I accosted him, and we soon were talking about the great battle which so overshadows all other events in the region.

"As soon as we heard that the rebels were comin', he said, "there was a powerful excitement through here. You bet there was! and nearly everyone was goin' off with their horses to get 'em across the Susquehanna, about forty miles away. Out where I lived, quite a distance east of the town, we had a neighbor, formerly of Maryland, named Jacob Brown. He said:

“I ain’t goin’ to move my horses. I’ll just tell the Rebels I’m from Maryland and that they can examine the records and prove the truth of what I say.’ But the rebels took his three horses without giving him a chance to prove he was a Maryland man. Jacob would n’t put confidence in no soldiers after that.

“Some of the troops stopped on his place and started their campfires. ‘There goes my rails,’ he says. ‘If only one or two men was doin’ it I’d talk to ’em, but there’s a whole army; so what can I do?’

“He was a big stout man, and once I heard him make a brag at a muster on the drill field north of the town that he could lick any man under the sun. Well, he was about three parts in whiskey or perhaps he would n’t have been so loud about it. He juked around in the crowd makin’ his brag until a little man named Murch jumped in front of him and said, ‘You’re a blame liar;’ and at it they went. They fought a good while and neither of ’em said ‘Ouch!’ But at last Murch got Bailey down on the ground under him. He pounded him well and made him take back his statement about bein’ able to lick any man under the sun.

“The three days of the Gettysburg battle was an anxious time for the older people, but I was young then. I know I slept all right. It did n’t bother me any even when the fightin’ ran on into the middle of the night. One day I climb up in a clump of chestnut trees and watched the battle from a distance.

“People ask me if I was in the fight at Gettysburg,

and I say, 'No, but I was just where the bullets flew thick and fast.'

"'And did you get hit?' they say.

"'There never a ball touched me,' I say. 'I was where the bullets flew thick and fast, but not until three days after the battle.'

I have mentioned the heroine of Gettysburg. The battle also produced a local town hero. This was John Burns, an elderly, old-fashioned shoemaker and constable, who got out his gun and went forth into the ranks to fight for his country. His story is not, however, universally accepted as fact. "He was a regular coward, that man was," one citizen informed me. "As constable, if he had a hard case he got some one else to discharge his duties. Some time after the great fight, he was showing a senator from Ohio around the field, and the senator says, 'You were in the battle, wa'n't you?'

"'No,' Burns says.

"'Why, yes you was,' says the senator, and they fixed up a fancy story between 'em."

This illustrates the uncertainties of even recent history. I quote the words of another townsman to give what is probably a more accurate view of John Burns. He said: "There's a couple of lunatics here in this place who spread that story about Burns not being in the battle, and they did it out of pure cussedness. It's a blame lie that he did n't fight. He was erratic, but he had courage all right, and when he set his head

you could n't stop him. In his early days he drank a good deal, but later he became a sort of temperance fanatic. In the poems that have been written about him he's represented as going to the battle in an antique yellow vest and a blue swallow-tail coat with great gilt buttons on it. That's poetic licence. He was no such gay romantic figure. The facts are that he wore just ordinary clothes with an old linen duster over 'em. On his head he had a bell-crowned black felt hat.

"Perhaps you've heard of poisoned bullets being used in the battle. Oh thunder! that's all tommy-rot. You'll find in the base of certain bullets a zinc rivet, and a lot of these roosters claim that when a man was hit the rivet separated from the rest of the bullet and let loose some poison. The truth is it was simply a device for keeping the guns clean. Every tenth bullet had that rivet, and the discharge flattened it a little and made it extend enough beyond the edges of the lead to clean the barrel as it went out.

"Another thing that people talk folderol about is Meade's inaction after his victory. They say he ought to have annihilated Lee. But the two armies were very evenly matched. If Meade had done the attacking here at Gettysburg he'd have been licked out of his boots. After the battle it would n't have been wise to follow Lee closely because he knew the mountain passes by which he retreated much better than Meade did. Besides, Meade was hampered by a lot of old maids and grandmothers down there in Washington. How can

you expect a board of strategy, studying maps in the government offices, far from the field of action, would have any value? They ought to have had their blamed heads blown off. They gave the men in the field no power, and again and again let 'em get defeated while waiting for the strategy board's orders. There's where Grant had the advantage of his predecessors. He would n't be dictated to by a board of inferior and timid officers at a distance."

NOTES.—Gettysburg is only 7 miles from the boundary between Pennsylvania and Maryland, which marked the northern limit of slavery before the war. The town itself is interestingly quaint, and the adjacent battlefield was the scene of what is regarded as the chief contest of the Civil War—the turning-point of the Rebellion. The struggle was between 80,000 Union troops and 73,000 Confederates. In no other battle of the war were as large numbers actually engaged. The Union loss in killed, wounded, and missing was 23,000, the Confederate loss, 20,000.

On the southern borders of the town is a national cemetery, at the dedication of which Lincoln made the famous 20 line address which is considered his most immortal utterance. Beyond the cemetery is the portion of the battlefield that was most hotly contested, including Little Round Top, the Valley of Death, the Devil's Den, and the Bloody Angle. A good walker can visit all the more important points comfortably on foot, but many will prefer to hire carriages or to take advantage of a trolley line that traverses the battleground. Everywhere on its 25 square miles are monuments—over 400 of them in all, and fully \$7,000,000 have been expended on them and the grounds. Probably no other battlefield in the world has been marked with such care and completeness.

The main motor routes out of Gettysburg are these: North to Harrisburg, 38 miles, most of the way a fair road; east to Phila-



*The haymaker*



adelphia, 118 miles, roads both very good and very bad; southeast to Baltimore, 54 miles, mostly good roads; south to Washington, 78 miles, fair road; southwest to Hagerstown, 34 miles, over a stone road. Nearly all the highways are tollroads, and the interruptions to pay toll are pretty frequent on some of them.

An attractive route from Harrisburg is westerly up the beautiful valley of the Blue Juniata. The road is bad in places.

Philadelphia abounds in features of great interest, and the briefest sojourn there should include visits to Independence Hall, Franklin's grave, the Betsey Ross House, Fairmount Park, and to the city hall, which is the largest municipal building in the world and cost over \$20,000,000.

Bryn Mawr with its famous girl's college is 10 miles west of Philadelphia. Bryn Mawr is Welsh for "great hill." At 22 miles on this route, a little beyond Norristown, the road to the left leads to Valley Forge, 4 miles, Washington's headquarters in the winter of 1777-8. At Pottstown on this route, 39 miles, is a wonderful group of rocks, known as "Ringing Rocks," which give forth a musical sound when struck.

## VIII

### THE WATER GAP AND BEYOND

I HAD seen pictures of the Delaware Water Gap, I had read of its beauty, yet I had wandered into many out of the way nooks and corners of our country from the Atlantic to the Pacific before I visited this easily accessible and famous Water Gap. It is almost due west from New York City on the Delaware River which forms the boundary line between New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Here the stream, before escaping from the rough, broken country to the north and entering the gentle pastoral region to the south, encounters a bold mountain ridge, and passes through a narrow cleft, where rise on either side great gray cliffs, raggedly clad with trees. The scene is impressive, and the jagged savageness of the Gap itself is pleasantly relieved by the milder and better forested heights that are close at hand. Big wooden hotels crown the prominent view points, and the vicinity is a favorite summer resort. I preferred to seek a more rustic region, and after I had enjoyed loitering about the immediate neighborhood of the Gap for a time, I followed a wagon road on the Jersey shore northward along the stream. Soon I had left the hotels behind, and also the railroads, which take advantage of the Gap to slip through the

mountain barrier and then go on westward. Often the road I trod skirted the riverbank with only an intermittent screen of trees and bushes between it and the water, and I caught many an enchanting glimpse of the stream, and of high hills or serene mountain ranges dreaming in the distance.

Among the wayside trees were frequent chestnuts with wide-spreading limbs and shaggy-barked trunks, and on the ground was a strewing of burs. As I was passing under one of these trees a chipmunk began to scold me, and to scurry around through the brush as if to frighten me by conveying the impression that he was a dozen times his actual size. Then I observed that burs and nuts were dropping from aloft, and I fancied that the chipmunk on the ground had a confederate in the tree who was busy throwing down nuts for him to gather. I secured a share of the toothsome woodland treasures for myself, in spite of the protests of the chipmunk in the adjacent brush, and resumed my walk, munching the nuts at my leisure from a pocket half filled. When my supply became depleted I found I could easily replenish it almost anywhere along the way. The road presently entered a fine stretch of woodland, tall-treed and damp, with a thick undergrowth of dark-foliaged rhododendrons. Frequent brooks came plashing down rocky ravines from the hills, and this wilderness voice of the waters was almost the only sound that broke the silence. Once I saw a group of deer hastening ghostlike through the

leafage, and as soon as their flitting forms vanished loneliness reigned once more.

After a time I emerged among farm fields, but always as I went on the woodland was not far away. Late in the afternoon I was overtaken by the mail-carrier, a thin, hook-nosed ancient, with long gray hair hanging about his stooping shoulders. He had an open buggy drawn by a big, bony, black horse, and as there was room for a passenger and I was getting footweary I arranged to ride with him to the next village. It was a somewhat jerky journey, for he stopped at every house to leave a little mail bag, which he either hung on the dooryard fence, or thrust into a box fastened on a post. Once he drove into a yard and asked a man there if he had any lard to sell.

“Yes, we got a little,” the man said.

“How much d’ye tax for it?” the mail-carrier questioned.

“Oh, the goin’ price, whatever ’tis,” the farmer replied.

They discussed the lard and various other topics, addressing each other by their first names, and I learned that my companion’s name was Isaiah. “I sell considerable produce during a season,” he said when we resumed our journey. “The hotels down around the Gap are good customers, and I always carry a load when I start from up here in the country. I’m ashamed to tell it, but since the first of April there hain’t been a Sunday when I did n’t have to put in my time getting

sweet corn, eggs, and such things. But I'm obliged to make a living somehow."

I asked if the house we had just left was an old Dutch dwelling. It was a spreading structure of stone shadowed by tall trees. At the rear was a long and broad piazza, and at the front was a porch with a settee on either side suggestive of tranquil evening loitering.

"Yes, that's a Dutch house all right," Isaiah said, "and it was built way back in Colonial times. We're all Dutch through here."

"D'yee see that big field of buckwheat up on the hillside? The grain is all reaped and stacked and ready for the threshing machine. That field is a part of Hiram Robock's farm, but he's only been living on it for the last two or three years. Now he's got sick of it, and a few days ago he moved back to Newark where he come from. Well, it was like this—he did n't git along with his neighbors. He wa'n't very sociable, and he thought they was too inquisitive about his business, and too much inclined to trespass. You see when a man here needs to use a stick of timber he goes up on the mountain, and if he don't find it handy on his own land he goes somewheres else on land that lies next to his and gets what he wants. We all do that way, and nobody cares; but Hiram thought it was stealing, and he made a row.

"His buckwheat had n't been cut when he moved away, and his neighbors got quite anxious because it looked to them as if he was goin' to let that buckwheat

go to waste. They thought he must be crazy. They were right about his intentions. He wa'n't goin' to bother with the buckwheat, and I went to him and made a bargain to harvest it to halves. We raise a good deal of buckwheat around here, and all through the winter we have buckwheat cakes for breakfast every morning. Oh, we can beat the city people all to hollow on makin' buckwheat cakes."

My companion talked with considerable animation, and he often gestured with an upward, outward throw of his hands, and he emphasized the good points in his discourse by giving me a hunch with his shoulder. Presently, in response to a question of his, I told him that I was from Massachusetts.

"Do you know Dr. Prout of Boston?" he at once asked. "He's a specialist on stomach troubles, and he's helped me wonderful. Until 'bout six years ago I'd been a well man all my life. I'd hired out on a farm at that time and was workin' in oats. I remember I was talkin' with the woman of the house after dinner, and she said: 'I've never knowed you to lay down like other men to take a noon spell. Don't you never get tired?'

"There come up a shower in the afternoon, and I was goin' to the house when suddenly I begun belching up gas. 'What under the sun ails me?' I says. I was fairly blind, and I went and sot down on the stoop. But I got worse instead of better and liked to 'a' choked to death. One of the other men helped me into

the house and went for the doctor, who relieved me some, so that the next day I was out and around. But I was too sick to work. I doctored with him all winter, and wa'n't improvin' a bit. I had nervous prostration, you know. It was just as if death was staring me right in the face. I can't describe it to you. Dr. Prout's advertisements was in the paper, and I decided to try him. I told the man I'd been doctorin' with, of my intentions, and he said, 'I don't think much of these advertising doctors. They just take your money and don't cure you.'

"That's a little the way of the local doctors, too,' I says. 'You pledged me your word of honor that you was goin' to do suthin' to cure me, and here I am.'

"I told you that in good faith,' he says, 'but your trouble is more stubborn than I expected.'

"You was on a wild goose chase all the time,' I says.

"So I wrote to Dr. Prout and told him how I was afflicted. After that we had considerable correspondence, and his portrait was right on the corner of every letter he wrote. In his first letter he asked, 'What does the local doctors pronounce your trouble to be?'

"I replied that they said I had a weak stomick, and I described my feelin's and symptoms. He wrote back that he had diagonized my case, and I had catarrh of the stomick, and that the inside of the stomick was covered with a thick mucus. 'We must kill the germs of that,' he said, 'and I can guarantee you a permanent cure; but it will perhaps require a five month's

treatment, and the charge would be nine dollars a month.'

"I got the medicine from him, and I hadn't taken it no time at all when I began to be better, and at the end of five months I was well."

Now we were entering a village. It was a chaotic little place with what was known as "the mountain" rising easterly, and a high hill on the west, and right through the midst of the hamlet ran a swift, noisy stream. The valley road was here crossed by another, and near the meeting of the ways was a store, a hotel, a gristmill, and a church. The store was neatly painted, and in good repair, and had a mild aspect of prosperity. In front of the hotel across the way hung a somewhat pretentious sign, but the building was now a tenement occupied by two families. It had been years since the wheels had turned in the gloomy gristmill, and the barnlike little church was pastorless and seldom used. In the village were perhaps a dozen homes. Most of them were distinctly humble, and often they were forlornly so. The yards and fields were inclosed by staggering nondescript fences. Every home had its ordorous hogpen, and this was very apt to be next to the road where the passer could neither avoid the view of its filth nor help inhaling some of its aroma. Along either side of the narrow village ways, among the weeds and stones, it seemed to be convenient to leave the farm wagons, and other weatherworn vehicles, some entirely past use; and for variety there were mingled

with them woodpiles, old wheels, broken mowing-machines, and similar rubbish.

With the help of a ceremonious introduction from Isaiah I engaged lodging at the storekeeper's, and then I went for a ramble about the hamlet in the evening dusk. I found its quaint picturesqueness quite appealing. There was even a wellsweep at one of the homes still in use, and this harmonized very agreeably with the sunbonneted women and rudely clothed men.

The storekeeper's dwelling and place of business were both under one roof, and after eating supper in the kitchen I stepped into the adjacent store where a few dim lamps were burning. A box stove occupied the center of the apartment, and near it was a long bench. I took possession of a lone chair, and chatted with the men who dropped in from time to time. Most of them settled down on the bench to stay for the evening, and when that would hold no more they perched on the counters and on boxes of goods. One man, after feeling of the stove to make sure there was no fire in it, sat down on that. Some had resorted to the store to get their mail, some to trade, others merely to loaf and gossip. One of them was a stutterer who seemed to try to overcome his defect by speaking very loud. A dog had come tagging along at the heels of the man who sat on the stove, and when the creature saw that his master was going to linger he curled up and went to sleep. At a convenient spot on the floor was a pan with a little sawdust in it. Some of the men were smoking,

some were chewing, but they all, whether using tobacco or not, spit at the pan. Their marksmanship was not very good. If it had been I fear the pan would have overflowed.

A woman brought in a bag of chestnuts. The storekeeper weighed them and said, "Eleven pounds, fifty-five cents. What'll you have?"

She asked for some coffee and a few other small items, and remarked that the coffee she bought last did n't seem as good as what she'd been getting.

"It's what I have on my own table," the storekeeper responded, "and I don't see any difference. Maybe you used skim milk in it."

He emptied the bag behind a counter on the floor. "I shall be glad when the chestnut season is over," he said, "and I get these out of here. I'm tired of walkin' over 'em, and of having the grubs crawl around. I'm obliged to spread 'em or they'd heat. There's quite a number of bushels here now."

"This is a good year for chestnuts," a man on the bench remarked. "It don't take long to go out and fill one of them air big pails."

"How many can you pick up in a day if they're right thick?" another asked.

"A bushel," the first man replied.

"Well, if you did," the other said, "you'd have to hustle and pick up all the time."

"It don't pay to wait till all the chestnuts fall themselves," the storekeeper said, "because the leaves come

down, too, and the nuts are hidden. As soon as the burs are open good you want to climb up in the branches with a pole and lick the burs off."

"I'd rather get out on the limbs and jar the burs off with an ax," was the comment of a man whom the others addressed as Jase.

"No, don't do that," the storekeeper said, "or you'll bruise the bark and injure the trees. But whipping a tree and keeping your foothold ain't easy. It's too risky a job for me. My neck is so long I believe I could tie a knot in it, and the chances would be that I'd break it if I made a slip. One time my brother was beating off burs, and he fell and cut his head open bad. He hit a stone, and no wonder. There's nothing but stones round this country. You put your shoe down on one or more at every footstep."

"It's likely pretty soon that we won't get no more chestnuts," Jase observed. "I think this 'ere chestnut tree blight is goin' to clean up all the trees of that sort on our mountain."

A man came in eating a raw turnip. He wore a faded felt hat that had lost its ribbon and fitted over his head like an extinguisher. His other clothing, and even his beard and face had a faded hue also.

"Set down here, Bill," one of the men said, making room for him on the bench. "You ought not to be eatin' raw turnips. It's only three weeks since you got out of the Trenton Horspital."

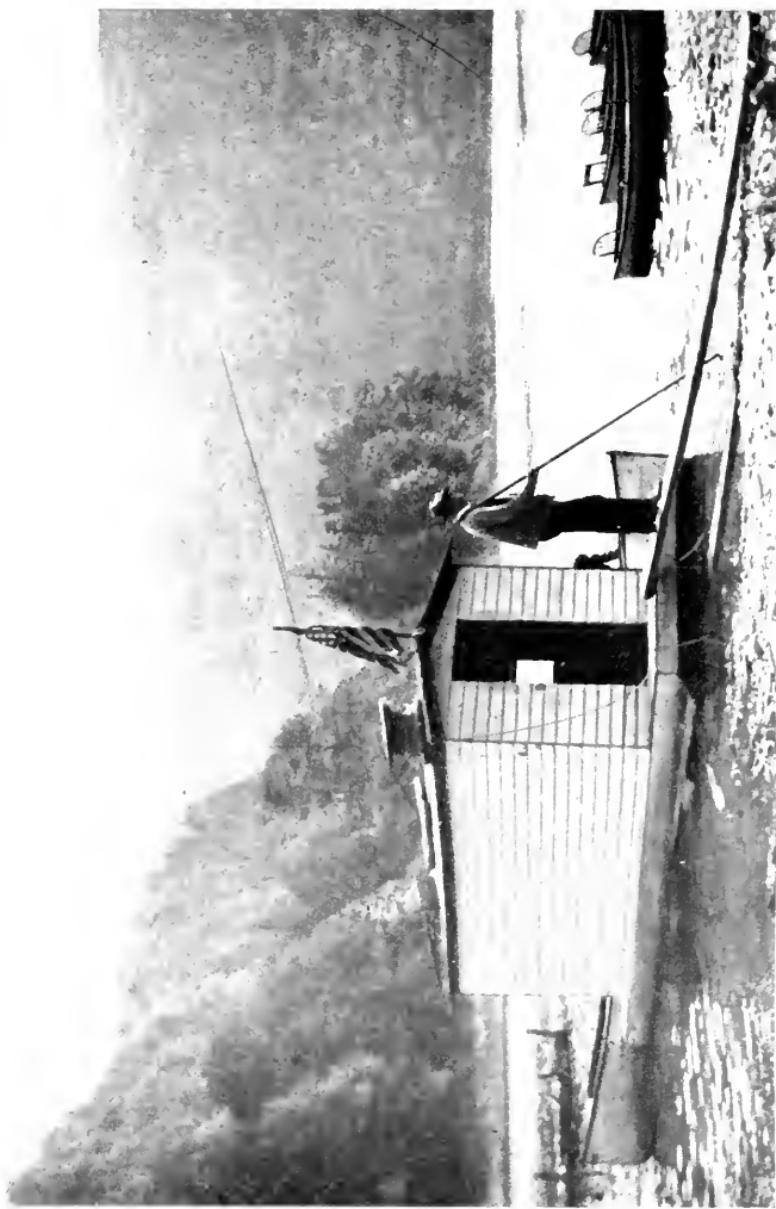
"Turnips won't hurt me none," Bill responded. "I

kin eat anything now; and I'm hungry all the time. They kind o' starve you at the horspital. For two days before they operate they don't feed you at all, and your stomach gits flat as a board. You don't have much appetite for a while afterward, but I tell you, when you begin to walk around, you want some grub. The food was good, but there wa'n't enough of it. There'd be a little meat, and a little cabbage and potato, and little messes of several other things, and I could n't hardly eat some of the stuff it was so darn sweet. Course they would n't want to give you a swill pail full, but I thought they might have given me more than they did. Just as soon as the doctor let me out of the horspital I went over to a butcher's shop and got me fifteen cents' worth of boiled ham. Gorry! that was fine.

"I did n't like the eggs there at the horspital. They'd been in cold storage. I kin tell a cold storage egg with my eyes shut. People that say they're just as good as fresh eggs don't know what they're talkin' about. Such eggs ain't first-class, and neither is creamery butter."

"But creamery butter brings a better price than homemade," the storekeeper said. "The public knows it's at least half way decent, and they're not sure about the other. I buy and sell butter that the farmers bring in here, and some of it is fierce. By gee! I've handled some rotten butter. You could n't hire me to eat it myself."





*A woman at the Gap*

"My dad went to a horspital in New York once," the man on the stone said, "and they kep' delayin' and delayin' and not havin' any operation. Finally he asked the doctor if he could go out for a while, and the doctor told him he could if he'd promise to come back. 'Yes,' Pap say, 'I will come back.'

"But he did n't want to pay out no more money for board at a horspital where they wa'n't doin' nothin' for him, and so he got fixed up by an outside doctor, who did such a good job that Pap was around all right in a little while, and for years afterward he could beat any man in this country dancin' a jig."

"It costs something to go to a horspital," Bill affirmed. "If you have a private room they sock it to you like the Old Harry. Everything costs high nowadays. They told me in Trenton that the carpenters git three dollars and a half a day, and only work eight hours, and not at all on Saturday afternoon. That kind o' thing is goin' to ruin this country in time.

"I was lookin' out o' the window one day there and saw an airship. You would n't git me to ride in one of 'em for a million dollars. But I'd like to have an auto. They say autos'll be cheap as whcelbarrows after a few years. You know bicycles used to be a luxury. Now they ain't fashionable no more, but are kind o' gone by. I have an idea it'll be the same with autos, and common people kin have 'em as well as the wealthy."

At times I had difficulty in catching what Bill said,

for he had a thick-tonged way of speaking, and when he had to struggle with a thought more than commonly profound he would lean over with his elbows on his knees and run his fingers up under his hat into his tangled hair, and his muffled voice would go down toward his cowhide boots. I made some remark to the effect that airships and automobiles both had a long list of fatal accidents charged up to them, and that I had been glad to ride into the village with the mail-carrier.

"You 'n' me are a good deal alike," Bill commented. "I'd rather go safe than fast any day."

"Did Isaiah sing you one of his songs?" the occupant of the stove asked. "He composes 'em himself. He's got just one tune, but he's made up a good many sets of words, and he thinks he's quite a singer."

"Isaiah has to make a long hard trip every day," Bill said. "This is a mountainous country and it ain't easy to git to any big town or to the railroad. That's where we're handicapped when it comes to marketing the stuff from our farms, and this year we're extra bad off in a money way because the weather has been too dry for things to grow good. We had a May drouth that cut the hay crop, and a drouth in August that just cooked the corn and everything like that. I ginerally have hay to sell. Las' year I stacked or put in the barn fifty ton. I keep a number o' head o' cow and they'll eat all I got this season. There won't be nawthin left by the time they can go to pasture in the spring."

“‘Bout our worst road is the one over the mountain, ain’t it Jase?” the storekeeper said.

“Yes,” Jase agreed, “it’s pretty darn steep, I tell you, but in the summer I drawed twenty-two hundred up it with that old Sally horse of mine.”

“There’s ten thousand railroad ties wanted from here next winter,” one of the men said. “We’ll raft ‘em down to the Gap in the spring, I s’pose. When my father was young rafting on the Delaware was quite a business. Every raft had to have a steersman and three other men. They each had an oar near one of the corners, and they had to keep workin’ the oars a good deal of the time so the raft would drift along properly. The men would make trip after trip in the spring and fall when there was plenty of water. They’d go down on the rafts and come back on the stagecoaches. Any farmer along shore who had an eddy near his house where the rafts could tie up had a chance to make money. The raftsmen would pay well for lodging and food, and they had to have a little something strong, you know. Many of the rafts were run clear to Trenton. There’s some pretty dangerous places on the river when the water is a little low, and sometimes a raft would git stove up in a rocky rapids. That’s a time when the men needed to keep their wits about ‘em. If they were thrown into the water and got scairt they’d sure drown. Foul Rift is a bad place. That’s where the Lehigh joins the Delaware, and unless you butt right into the cross current you’re carried over agin’

the Jersey shore. Oh! you've got to keep your eyes skint there.

"My land won't furnish many ties on account of that fire a few years ago. It was an April fire that started in the night. Early the next morning it could easily have been put out. Only a little bit of place had been burnt over, but as the fire was smudging in the wet swale where it could n't do much damage we paid no attention to it. There the wind got behind the fire and drove it right up the mountain faster'n a man could run. In some places there was down timber, and in other places the woods had been lumbered off and the brush lay thick. When the fire struck those it swept everything pretty near, and often burnt down into the turf three or four feet deep. Lots of young chestnuts are still standing dead and bare that was killed then. We been drawing them dry poles down ever since as we needed 'em for firewood. The ground that was burned over is covered with wintergreens now."

"We got a good many maple trees up on our place," Bill said. "When I was a boy we used to tap 'em and make sugar, but that takes a power of work. It don't pay."

"Tony's in the jug," Jase remarked. "They got him locked up for twenty days. He had a little rumpus with his wife and used a stick of firewood on her, and she used another on him. Then she went and had him arrested."

"They could n't 'a' missed hittin' every time they struck," one of the listeners said. "She's so big around," and he stretched his arms to form an impressive circle; "and Tony looks like a beer kag."

"After they'd taken him to jail," Jase said, "she went to see him and stood a-talkin' to him through a window. She asked him to come home with her and help husk corn; but he says; 'I won't go today. I need to rest, but I'll go tomorrow.'"

A woman who was buying some calico of the store-keeper turned to the group of men and said: "I think Tony's wife is an old crank. You would n't 'a' ketched me goin' to see my husband after I'd got him locked up."

"I don't believe they get very good grub at the jail," the ever-hungry Bill said. "But then, long as you don't git in no trouble you don't have to go there."

"Well b-b-boys," the stammerer said, "it's m-m-most nine o'clock, and I want to git some m-m-medicine to break up a cold before this sh-sh-shebang closes."

"I c'n give you some quinine pills," the storekeeper said.

"What good are pills?" Jase said. "They're all made of buckwheat flour."

But the storekeeper supplied his customer with something from a closet in a rear corner and turned out one of the lights as a signal that it was closing time. The men got on their feet from bench and counters and the stove, each made a final spit in the direction of the pan of sawdust, and off they shambled.

The next day was Sunday. It was a day of loafing and visiting, but once in a while a customer dropped in at the store and made a purchase. Most of the men wore their old clothes, and these were often marvelously patched, ragged, and shabby. They would gather about one of the wagons in the street, adjust their limbs or bodies on or against it, and then talk as the spirit moved; or they would chat at some gateway or barnyard fence, or on a home porch.

In the early dawn I had heard the sound of axes and knew the people were cutting up firewood with which to get breakfast. Practically all of them brought a little jag at a time from the mountain and threw it off in front of the house by the roadside and cut it up as it was needed day by day. Some, however, spent a little of the Sunday leisure in chopping up more than usual. Bevies of little pigs ran about the roadways rooting and investigating, and there were cows wandering and browsing where they chose.

When I looked from the kitchen window of my lodging place, after breakfast, I observed signs of life about a large old house adjoining. It was a somewhat dilapidated building, and certain of its window sashes lacked so much glass that they had been boarded up. The most noticeable decoration of the structure was a great hornet's nest under the peak of the gable. On the previous day the house had been vacant, but a family had moved in from another village house during the night. A mule was grazing in the yard, and a dog



*The old wellsweep*



was hitched to a clothesline along which the restraining leash slipped and gave him a limited amount of liberty. At the rear door was a platform and a pump, and one at a time the members of the household scrubbed their hands and faces there in a washdish. The family included two or three bewhiskered men, a frowsy old woman with a corncob pipe almost constantly in her mouth, a young woman, and a barefooted little girl.

"That old woman looks brown as her pipe, don't she?" the storekeeper said. "There's a few other old ladies roundabout who smoke, but the habit ain't common. This country is pretty well civilized. See, that woman is in the front room now cleaning a window and still smokin'. That's her daughter cleaning the other window. She'd be a pretty rosy lookin' woman if she was dressed up. There are the men comin' in the gate. They've got their hog and are drivin' it along hitched by the hind leg. I wonder how they got it across the bridge. Pigs are awful mean about crossin' a bridge. Often you have to take right hold and get 'em over by main strength.

"These people ain't got cows or chickens or anything like that, and they don't cultivate any land. They have to depend on day wages for their living. Their home, until last year, was over in Pennsylvania in the scrub oak barrens. That's a peculiar region, and it begins not far back from the Delaware River. It's just a dreary level of little oaks that don't get much higher than six feet, but there are spots where pine,

chestnut, and hickory grow. Every fall of the year the natives let the fire run through so as to have pasturage for their cows. Mostly the cows browse on the tender new sprouts that start up from the roots of the oaks.

There's no fences, and the hogs and cattle run in the woods. You might think that the creatures belonging to different families would get mixed up, but the houses are so far apart that I guess the cattle never get together. The buildings are of logs. Big families are the rule, and yet very likely the house will have only one room downstairs, and the ceiling of that room is the log crosspieces and loose floor boards of the loft above. It's a wonder they don't freeze in winter, but they seem to come out all right in the spring. They trap and hunt and fish, and they have little garden patches. Whenever they get an unusual supply of food they eat it all up at one time. It's either a feast or a famine with them. If anyone kills a hog all the neighbors borrow some of the pork and return it when they kill. Each family keeps an old horse, or a mule, or a yoke of oxen; and now and then they haul out some railroad ties, or perhaps they cut a little batch of hoop poles and shave 'em and take 'em to town. In exchange they git some tobacker and a sack of flour and a few other things and feel rich. The old women all smoke, and their teeth are as black as that stove—what there is left of 'em.

“I suppose these neighbors of ours think this place has about all the advantages anyone need want. But

I don't care to spend my life here. There's no chance for variety and amusement, and we have only a poor little primary school for my children to attend. Each year we have a green teacher. We can't keep one a second year or get one that's had experience because the salary is so small and it's so inconvenient getting here. Sometimes a local girl applies for the job, and then you run up against all sorts of prejudices. There was a case here a few years ago where the girl was all right, but she had the majority of the school board against her. I and three other fellers contributed two and a half apiece, and I folded up a nice ten dollar bill, put it in an envelope, and went to see one of the opposing men on the board. I says, 'It's worth ten dollars to you to vote for that girl,' and I give him the envelope. The girl got the school, and it was that ten dollar bill what done it. She'd be doin' housework today if she had n't had that start. As it is, she's a very successful teacher who's now in a first-class position."

"I'm not wanting to stay any more than he is," Mrs. Storekeeper said. "He's away a good deal, and I have to wait on customers besides doing my own work. In winter it's worst, for then there's loafers hanging around the store all the time, and I get so sick and tired of 'em I don't know what to do."

"Well, but you have a chance to hear all the news, don't you?" her husband said.

"I would n't object to that," she said, "if they did n't tell the same thing over and over. There's

Bill—ever since he came home from the hospital I've heard him tell about his operation until I'm ready to stop my ears and run. Bill's as proud over that operation as a nigger with a new shirt."

"I'll say this for our people," the storekeeper remarked—"they're generally industrious. In summer they're up at half-past four, and they work after supper till about dark, then sit around a little while and get off early to bed. Six o'clock is getting-up time in winter. During hot weather they rest in the middle of the day from eleven to two. The girls all learn to milk, and it's the women that do the milking on most farms.

"Nearly every family takes a local weekly, but they don't take any dailies or general periodicals with the exception of a farm paper that one man subscribes for. They don't have much ambition to see the world. It's no great journey to New York or Philadelphia, and yet very few feel they can afford any such luxury, even if they're well-to-do, which, as a rule, they're not. Some have mortgages on their places, and more would have, but I tell you, mister, a farm won't mortgage for much when the land is goin' down in value as it is here. However, you can't judge people's poverty by the clothes they wear. Style don't bother us much in this region. I know a man who you might think was a beggar or pauper. He's 'bout as rough a lookin' old piece as there is around, but he owns many a farm. Lots of poor men have had more comforts than he's ever had. His wife goes barefoot. I saw her the other day watching

her cows that she'd got hopped and was letting feed along the road. She was a tough-lookin' specimen.

"Eventually I don't believe there'll be any village left here. The old people die, and the young people won't stay. I'm goin' to sell out and leave soon, and I'll never come back, not even to be buried. Our cemetery is too forbidding a spot for any one to want to go to, alive or dead. It's overgrown with blackberry briars, bushes, and weeds, and the groundhogs dig holes in the graves and scratch out the bones. Hundreds of people have been buried there whose graves were only marked by a plank set up with perhaps the initials cut on it. Of course the wood soon decayed, and now no one knows where the graves are."

As the day advanced the sky became solidly gloomed with clouds, and a foggy moisture began to fall. When I presently went for a walk it was a sober, diminished world I had about me, and after I left the village the silence was almost oppressive. Not a breath of air was stirring, and there was only the drip of waterdrops from the trees, the rustling of an occasional brook, and now and then the lonely twitter of some little bird. The weather, and the wet slippery ground did not encourage me to ramble far, and I soon returned to the hamlet.

On the vine-draped porch of one of the humbler homes were two men and an elderly woman. I paused to ask them why every field and yard in the place was fenced, and the woman replied: "If it wa'n't for the fences the cows that run around loose would come right

into our houses. I dassen't go off away from the house and leave a gate or barndoar open, and I have to keep the barn shut up tight all through the summer with the horse sweating away inside."

"Here, want an apple?" one of the men said, offering me a beauty that he took from his pocket. "Apples are so plenty this year they ain't worth nothin'. We shuck ours right off and sold 'em for cider."

"There's Isaac's ducks down here on the millpond," the other man remarked.

"You don't tell me," the woman said, and she stepped out to the edge of the porch and looked to assure herself.

Across the road was a brook, and a little above was a dam and a small pond on which we could see several ducks paddling about.

"You would n't think that little stream over there would do any damage," the woman observed, "but I can remember once when it flooded half the village. Must have been 'bout this time of year, along in the fall. There'd been awful heavy rains, and a pond above here busted. When the flood swept through it was pretty near morning, and some of the people here in town had n't got up yet. The water tore a great gulley along this side of the road, and undermined a house just below us. There was a man into it, and he was asleep. They had to hound him out. He might not have escaped if the back of the house had n't been against higher ground. Well, he made out to git his

pants on, and that was about all, I guess; and no sooner had he left the house than it went right down all to smash. Another house was partly wrecked. It set so slanting after the flood was over you could hardly walk across the floor. That flood was forty years ago, wa'n't it Dick?"

"Must 'a' been as much as that," Dick replied. "I'm forty-six; and they say I was quite a little chunk at the time, but I can't seem to recall anything about it."

"Dick," the woman said, "I want you to move them rattlesnakes out of my weave-room. I've got to work in there; and you take them skunk-skins out, too. They don't smell good."

Dick went to a door at the far end of the piazza and entered a dingy little room which contained a rusty stove and a rude loom, and much else that had been thrust in there for convenience. On the loom was a partly woven rag carpet. Nearly everyone in the region saved their carpet rags, and this woman did quite a business in weaving them. From amongst the litter Dick picked up a box about fifteen inches square, with a pane of glass fastened on top, and brought it out on the piazza. Inside were three big rattlesnakes. He reached up to a crosspiece overhead and took down a pair of wooden tongs. Then he slid the glass back, gripped a snake just behind its head, and pulled it forth, writhing and showing its fangs and rattling ominously.

"Look out; your tongs might slip," the woman cautioned.

But Dick was careful, and after exhibiting the monster for a few minutes he restored it to the box. "They make nice belts," he said. "I git a couple of dollars a hide. When I go lookin' for 'em I carry a smaller box. They ain't very numerous, and like enough I might go half a dozen times and not git one. They like warm sunshiny weather. Then I find 'em in the fields and around stone walls up on the side of the mountain. A while ago one was found right here in the village and it bit a dog. The poison made him sick—you bet it did, and his head swelled up big as a water-pail."

While we were talking, Bill, the man who had been to the hospital, joined us, and soon we all went into the kitchen and sat down. "These two men are brothers," Bill said to me, "but they don't look no more alike than a dog and a sheep."

Then turning to them, he said; "That was a pretty good p'rade at Newton las' week wa'n't it? My! what a crowd! The automobiles was goin' all the time on the streets, and every stoop way up in the buildings stood full of people. I don't know where they all come from. Lots of money was left there that day. B'gosh, if I had it all I don't think I'd need to work any more. I guess every man there spent much as a dollar."

"I liked the music," the woman said. "My good





*Housework*

gracious! they had the bands from everywhere around, and fed 'em all free."

"Did you see the big drum?" Dick asked. "Must have been pretty near four foot across. The drummer understood his business. By golly! if he could n't use his arms! They played the band, sir, up till ten o'clock, when the last train left. People from here had to drive over the mountain. There'd been rain the night before; so the mud was deep, and it was awful nasty goin'."

"Bill," the woman said, "I want you to look at this picture," and she wiped the dust off a faded, rudely framed photograph and handed it to him.

It showed the village schoolhouse with the children seated on a low pile of wood beside the building. "That was made when I went to school," Bill said, "and here's me right in the middle. I ain't much bigger'n a big rabbit. There used to be forty or fifty children went in those days."

"When I was a girl," the woman said, "I lived farther up the valley and went to a stone schoolhouse that they called the little stone jug. We mostly had men teachers. They were hired for three months, and paid ten dollars a month, and they would board round. A man would teach for three months on the money that was raised in the taxes, and then perhaps he'd go through the deestrict and git signers who'd agree to pay him so much a head to have the school another three months. There's men I knowed who

teached steady till they were fifty or sixty years old—made a business of it. I remember one woman, too, who was at it nearly all her life. She went from one deestrict to another, and they could n't down her. She was smart, but as she got older she wa'n't up-to-date enough. She was like a minister—he gits behind the door a little, and they want some one younger.

“In my time every scholar had to find his own books. Now they're found for 'em. I never got to go to school such an awful sight, but I know I had an Elementary Spelling Book. The schoolbooks hain't near as easy as they used to be. I see that the spelling books now have the pronounciation into 'em besides just the words, and the children have to learn how to talk hightoned. Some of the new notions ain't sensible. George's kids are learning to spell cow and such words, and they don't know their letters. How can they git along that way? We used to have to behave pretty good. The master had a big twisted hickory, and when a boy would n't mind he'd take that and give him a lickin'.”

“Nowadays,” Bill said, “if the children do anything, the teacher talks to 'em and let's 'em go, and they do it again directly; or she makes 'em stand up on the floor, and what do they care for that? But Lord God! in my own time I've seen children ruled till I bet their hands was sore next day.”

“I hear you're goin' to take some of your sheep to market tomorrow,” Dick said.

"Yes," Bill responded, "if the weather's good. Have you seen them of Ormy's? His lambs are older'n mine, but mine are bigger'n hisn are, they've growed so fast. That's the trouble with these extra early lambs—they don't grow, and besides you have to set up nights and fool around with 'em or the cold weather'd kill 'em. The other day that buck of mine that I been keepin' tethered near the house got loose. The children was playin' in the road, and how they did scatter when they see him comin'!"

"That 'ar sheep come clean down here past our hogyard," the woman said." I was workin' at the wood-pile cuttin' some wood, and I got over the fence. He went in the dooryard and knocked Dick endways. Buck was just a-makin' to come at him again; but Dick got up and slammed him with a board and sent him down the road a-sailin'."

"He butted me off my feet once in the spring," Bill observed, "and I caught him by the leg and pounded him with a stone. I give him a good trimmin' down. Since that time he don't bother me. He'll stand and shake his head and look at me through the fence—'Baa!' but that's all."

When I returned to the store, dinner was ready. Included among those who gathered about the table was the village schoolma'a'm. She was quite youthful and shy, and seemed more like a pupil than a teacher. I noticed that she helped with the lighter housework. Probably she paid a lower rate for her board in conse-

quence. The storekeeper jokingly remarked that she already had a beau. "Girls of courting age are about as scarce as white mice around here," he said. "The same fellow that was goin' with the last teacher is goin' with this one. The other teacher, after she left, turned him down. He felt pretty bad, but he wa'n't heart-broken, and soon as this one come he was right onto his job. He calls on her, and takes her for a drive now and then, and if she goes home over Sunday or on a vacation he'll take her to the station and meet her there when she comes back.

But the young people don't have the advantages they used to have for courting, now that there's nothin' doin' at the church. Last summer a minister volunteered to come and preach every other Sunday, and he had to drive from a town eight miles away. Hardly anyone went, and yet fifteen years ago we had services regularly, and there was good-sized congregations. People would come three or four miles from all around and hitch their teams to tieposts in the yard there at the church. Every year we had Protracted Meetings when there'd be services in the evening right along for a spell. I was always glad when the dominie announced 'em, because I knew I'd have a sporty good time with the girls. The dominie generally tried to strike a time in the early fall when there was a full moon, but 'twould have suited me better to have it a little dark. There was one fellow who, after meetin', when he was takin' his girl to where she lived, always

stopped at his home in the village to get his overcoat, and while he was gone I'd hug her and give her two or three blame nice kisses.

"I remember one Sunday afternoon I went to the new teacher's boarding-place to see how she looked, and the people there had me stop and eat supper with 'em. Afterward the teacher said she was goin' to meetin', and I says, 'Guess I might as well walk along, too.'

"We had n't gone far when I says: 'It's kind o' gloomy on the road. Take hold of my arm, and I'll assist you.'

"Things was progressin' very nicely, and by and by I says: 'If you've no objection I'll walk home with you tonight. But no foolin'. I would n't go out before that crowd at the church and ask you and get a refusal for twenty dollars.'

"She said she would n't disappoint me, and I left her at the church door and went in and sat in the choir. Oh, we had a good meetin', but I got away as soon as I could when it was over. The schoolma'am was outside, and another feller was askin' if he might go home with her.

"'No I thank you,' she says, 'I've got company this evening.' I had a triumph that time.

"I don't know just how much religion people got at those meetings. It was more excitement than anything else. One man who was always there was Jake Stickles. How he would pray! What he said was pretty sensible, but there was no end to it. Sometimes the dominie

would have us sing to get Jake stopped, and very likely after we'd sung the whole piece he would n't have stopped yet.

"People would get up and tell their experiences, and they'd urge the sinners to repent, and finally they got me on the anxious seat. I was taken in on probation, and the prospects were I'd be received into full church membership on the final night. Gee! what a crowd there'd be on that last Sunday night! But I did n't think I could keep store and join the church without bein' a hypocrite, and I did n't want people to say, 'What a backslider he is!' So I made a date with a girl for that night and sat up with her till three o'clock in the morning. I wa'n't at the church at all and they gave me up as a bad case.

"Naturally, after the Protracted Meetings, you could look for weddings. Those are very simple affairs here. You go to a justice of the peace and get hitched and return home. We don't indulge in wedding trips, but I know one feller with new-fangled notions who did, and he had n't been gone more'n a day or two before his wife got so homesick he had to bring her back. The cost of getting married is very moderate. A fee of a dollar or two satisfies the justice, of the peace, and Squire Styers used to do the job for a bobsled load of wood."

Sunday passed and Monday came. The village work began at dawn, and by the time I was up the men were busy at their various outdoor tasks, and the women had started washing. Presently I betook my-

self to the highway and turned my footsteps toward the Water Gap. It was a beautiful day, warm and bright. I could see the glistening wings of many little flies and other insects playing in the sunshine, and the fields were alive with grasshoppers and crickets fiddling merrily and wholly unaware that the frosts would soon put an end to them. Sometimes I heard the clear, vigorous call of a white-throated sparrow migrating southward, or I heard the rhythmic "hammering" of a partridge in the woodland, and once I scared up as many as twenty quail from a roadside tangle and saw them whir away in wild fright.

Men were ploughing on the hillsides, sowing grain, and husking corn. The generous heaps of yellow ears and the scattered pumpkins among the stacks were grateful to the eye, and cheered one with the suggestion of winter comfort. Around the houses too were many evidences of the harvest—strings of seed corn, ripening tomatoes brought in from the garden, heaps of melons and squashes, apples and nuts.

So I went on, sometimes picking up an apple to eat under a roadside tree, or perhaps pausing to gather a few frost grapes; and though I doubt not that the valley here has charm at any season, it seemed to me that it must be at its best as I saw it in those mellow days of autumn.

NOTES.—The gorge where the Delaware flows through the Kittantinny Mountains is supposed to be the result of a large lake breaking its bounds. This theory is borne out by the Indian name

Minisink which applied to the country above, and which means "the water is gone." Only by taking a trip through the gap in one of the rowboats or power boats that are for hire can you get an adequate impression of its two-mile length and of the height of its rocky walls rising 1,500 feet almost from the water's edge. There are in the vicinity numerous vernal roadways, sylvan paths, waterfalls, and outlooks from cliff and hill and mountain-top that entice one to a prolonged stay.

The automobile route from here to New York by way of Morristown, 79 miles, is mostly good macadam. A more interesting route is that along the river south to Philadelphia, 118 miles, mostly good roads. Trenton, 73 miles, is the capitol of the state. It is at the head of navigation of the Delaware. Great quantities of peaches and cranberries are raised in the tributary region. General McClellan is buried in Riverview Cemetery here. Washington crossed the Delaware, 8 miles to the north on Christmas night, 1776, in a storm of sleet and snow, to attack 1,000 Hessians quartered in the city. He captured them all, evaded Cornwallis, defeated the British at Princeton and retired northward to Morristown. Cornwallis, who had sent his trunks on board ship, intending to return to England, with the idea that the war was over, changed his mind.

At Bordentown, 7 miles below Trenton, Joseph Bonaparte, elder brother of Napoleon, and at one time King of Naples and King of Spain, bought an estate of 1,400 acres after Waterloo. Here he lived from 1815 to 1832 entertaining many illustrious Frenchmen. The estate is now public property and known as Bonaparte Park.

At Burlington, 13 miles farther on, is the house in which J. Fenimore Cooper was born, and the birthplace of Captain James Lawrence of "Don't give up the ship" fame. General Grant had his home here during the Civil War. Giant sycamores to which the early settlers tied their boats, still enhance the beauty of drives along the riverbank.

At Camden, just across the river from Philadelphia, can be seen the house of Walt. Whitman, the "Good Gray Poet."





*A back porch*

## IX

### ALONG SHORE IN JERSEY

I WOULD have been glad to spend my time in some rustic fishing village or old-fashioned farming community, but the entire Jersey shore seems to have become a suburb of New York and Philadelphia. It has not, at best, much scenic attraction, for the coast is uniformly low, and for variety it is mostly dependent on the numerous, wide marshes, and a network of salt-water inlets along the ocean borders. So far as humanity is concerned the region presents just two dominant features: First, the many palatial residences set in smooth, luxuriant grounds, where Nature is compelled to behave herself and to present at all times a tidy, dressed-up appearance, with none of the wildness and gypsy abandon which she prefers; second, a succession of summer resort towns.

I stopped at one of these resorts by advice of a florid, talkative man I met on the train. He had been taking some sort of liquid refreshment that made him effusive, and he described the place as a sort of heaven on earth. It was there he had lived at a former period in his career when he had been worth half a million dollars. He even told me what hotel I ought to go to—one kept by a certain John A. Casey. "It's near the station and

near the shore," he said, "and you'll get solid, old-time comfort there. John A. will make you feel at home. The food is set right on the table, and he carves himself. If you want more of any particular thing you don't have to ask a waiter for it, because it's right there before you. Yes, you go and put up with John A., and the food and the pure air and the sound of the waves will give you a splendid rest tonight, unless you've committed murder."

But I did not find the town what I expected from the description of this enthusiast. Moreover, it was the month of May, and the hotels were not yet open for the season. I lodged at a boarding-house where the landlady only allowed me to stop after looking at me critically and asking various questions to determine whether I was trustworthy. Later she told me why she needed to be so cautious. She had been swindled more than once, and as recently as last summer a sporty gang of young men she had harbored sneaked off with their luggage without paying their bill. But she was glad they went as soon as they did, pay or no pay, for they had attempted to flirt with her daughter, and were a bad lot anyway.

"Do you see that little house across the street?" she continued. "It was built to rent by a neighbor of ours who's a baker. When it was ready a family hired it for the season and paid the first month's rent in advance, as is the custom. They had their servants and appeared to be rich and aristocratic, and the baker

congratulated himself on getting tenants of such quality. They patronized the bakery freely and had what they bought charged. In fact, they ran accounts wherever they traded. Why! even the man who peddles fowls—Chicken Harris, we call him—had to wait for his pay. He's waiting yet, and so are all the others. One autumn day the family packed up their belongings and went away. The baker dunned them as they were leaving, but they put him off with promises. Their city address that they gave him was false. So what could he do? Appeal to the law? That would have been too expensive and troublesome. He could n't do a thing."

The place was like many other of the shore resorts—a monotonous village of wooden houses that had among them an occasional big, ungainly hotel. The land was naturally a sandy barren that did not encourage grass or other greenery, and trees were a rarity. Few of the homes or hotels were occupied except in the burning days of summer, and the town was "dead" the rest of the year. Where land and sea met were ragged, yellow streaks of dunes, their bases assailed by the waves, and their upper portions worried by the winds.

Of all the places I saw along the coast, the one that I enjoyed most was Toms River. It was well back inland at the head of a bay, and had thus escaped the city invaders, and was tranquilly old, rather than glaringly new. The town consisted of a little nucleus

of stores, hotels, churches, and other public buildings, including a solemn, high-pillared courthouse, and behind these were shady residence streets.

On my first morning there the weather was gloomily doubtful. Now and then the sun gleamed forth faintly, but for the most part I could only see low, foggy clouds scurrying along overhead. An old man, who had come up from the lower bay with a motor boatload of clams, remarked that he "would n't wonder if the wind got around to the west and blew like a streak o' gimblets point foremost." But toward noon the mists suddenly melted away, and the sun shone forth with fervent heat.

The motor boat was tied just below a bridge, close to the town center, and the wharf there was a common resort for loiterers. Often a lounger or a customer would get into the boat, pry open a few clams, and eat the dripping bivalves right from the shell.

Near at hand, on the street, was a rude fishcart from which the horse had been detached; and its patrons and open air traffic seemed to furnish an attractive spectacle to the loafers and decrepit of the town. They sat or stood on the adjacent sidewalk and from time to time peered in at the back of the cart to watch the process of beheading and making the fish ready for customers.

"There used to be a covered wooden bridge where this iron bridge is now," one of the men said to me, "and on the outside was a footway. One day a Sunday-school picnic come here on the train from another town.

Let me see—mought 'a' been forty years ago. The whole crowd of 'em got onto the footway, and it broke in the middle, and down they slid from both directions, like they was on a chute, into twenty-five feet of water. They were as thick as eels in there. It seemed as if a dozen boats were on the spot right off pulling the folks out of the water, but they could n't get 'em all. Five or six drownded, and it's a wonder that no more were lost."

One of my walks took me along the northern bay-side where the land sloped up into mild hills that afforded a pleasant outlook over the broad bay with its various islands, including among the rest Money Island, so named because long ago the half mythical Captain Kidd hid some of his wholly mythical treasure there. After a while I stopped to drink at a wayside well. It was an open well that had a wooden curb about it, and the water was obtained by lowering a pail hung on a crotch at the butt end of the pole. While I was drinking, a gray, stocky man accosted me from a neighboring dooryard. He evidently had the leisure and the inclination to talk, and I sought the shade of a convenient tree and we visited.

At the backdoor of the next house a woman with a black muffler about her head was chopping some rubbishy sticks into firewood. Near her a lank elderly man with streaks of tobacco juice down his chin was harnessing a horse that distinctly exhibited all its bony anatomy. "They're the owners of that well,"

my companion said. "That's a pretty shabby lookin' place of theirs ain't it? But they've got plenty of land they could sell at a high price, only they're so old-fashioned they won't part with it. If they raise enough stuff to keep 'em through the winter that's all they care about. They never have a cent of money. The fact is, any one who's lookin' around for a job that pays big without workin' don't want to attempt farmin' here.

"I've spent most of my life in New York, but I got tired of the city. It's hubbub and everything there—up in a minute and down in a minute; and one day I said to myself: 'Good Lord! what's the use? I've only got one life to live;' and I quit at once.

"You may wonder why I came here. The truth of the matter is there was a woman in it. My wife had lived down in this region and this was where she wanted to have a home. The first thing I did was to buy a farm. I don't know why. I ain't fit to work on a farm and never had had any experience on one; but I had the luck to sell out soon at an advance, and then I got this little place. I have an automobile, and when I'm tired of that I get into my motor boat and go fishing or down to the lighthouse clamming. That boat carries me around the bay like clockwork.

"I've never had the least inclination to go back to the city, but I must say I did n't appreciate it here last winter. The bay froze over solid, and all these fellers that get a livin' by fishin' came near starvin' to death. I said to my wife, 'If a man happens along and

wants to buy this place, we'll sell it and go to Florida to live.'

"But my wife said, 'Well, Pa, don't get discouraged. Most likely we won't have such a winter again.' "

After parting with this contented individual I continued my ramble, but it presently took me into one of the summer resort villages, and then I went back to Toms River.

On another day I followed the road in the opposite direction. Here were little farms, and I could see peas in blossom in the gardens, and ripe strawberries. The sweet potatoes in the hotbeds were ready to transplant, and the "white" or "round" potatoes, as they called the Irish variety, were six inches high. The corn was up, and belligerent scarecrows stood on guard among the green sprouts. I was particularly impressed by one of these fake sentinels—a trowsered creature adorned with a woman's hat. What could be better calculated to carry dismay to every crow beholder than this militant suffragette?

By and by the road entered a ragged tract of forest, and the woodland was so forlorn and apparently unending that I at length turned back. When I was again among the farms I observed two women visiting on a home piazza. I stopped for a drink of water and lingered to chat with them. They addressed each other as Emma and Harriet. The latter was making a neighborly call. The house was a bare, rusty-looking structure, and there was brushland across the road and close

behind the dwelling. Yet the women seemed to admire the environment and called my attention to the beauty of the brushy ridge beyond the highway.

"That was burnt over a few years ago," Emma said. "Oh my! it was a bad fire. You see that there oak tree in the corner of the yard. The fire killed the half toward the road, and we did n't dare stay here. From the next house we could n't see this one through the smoke. When the fire got to the swamp—wo-o-o-o! it made a great racket.

"In one way the forest fires are a great help. The year after a tract is burned over you find the blackberries and huckleberries growing there to beat the band. The children all go out in the woods to pick 'em. That's a way they have of earnin' pin money.

"Cranberries are quite a crop here. The Eyetalians pick most of them. When they get good pickin' they sing all day long. But if the pickin' is poor they do more talkin' and less singin'. They're the happiest people on earth."

"One of 'em had an adventure with a snapping turtle last fall," Harriet remarked. "He was tellin' me about it just after it happened, but he could n't speak English very well and did n't know the name for turtle. So he imitated its motions to show what animal he meant and called it a son of a gun. He said: 'That son of a gun, he got hold of my pants right here above my shoe, and I try to pull him off, and the more I pull the more that son of a gun won't let go. I pulled till



*Reflections*



I tore my pants, and that son of a gun, he got a piece of my pants now.' His way of tellin' it was so funny that I laughed till I thought I'd bust."

"I don't know anything about snappers from my own experience and don't want to," Emma commented, "but if one once gets hold he never lets go, they tell me. You can't even pry his jaws apart, and if you kill him he'll live two or three hours afterward. They're very good to eat. Snapper soup is considered the thing, you know, among the high-toned city people."

"Shoo! shoo!"

This exclamation came simultaneously from both the women. A crow flying past had made a downward dip toward the chickens in the back yard. "The hawks and crows have lifted quite a number of my chickens this spring," said Emma.

"My place is in the woods," Harriet observed, "and I'm more troubled by the tramp dogs. They're dogs that don't belong to nobody, and they go in the swamps and run the rabbits. You can hear 'em yelpin' all night long. But no matter how much chasin' they do, nothin' is said; and yet if one of your own dogs was to get after the rabbits the game warden would arrest you, and you'd be fined twenty dollars. There's seven of them tramp dogs. I know because I've counted 'em till I've got sick of lookin' at 'em. They took twenty-two of my chickens one night, and they took my full-blooded cochin rooster. All I could find of him was a few of his tail feathers. Last night I lost six eggs right

out from under a settin' hen. Probably rats took 'em. Yes, chickens are quite a care, but when you look to it the exercise you get makes it worth while. Keeping the big ones from fighting the little ones, scaring off the hawks and other enemies brings more stiffness out of your joints than anything else.

"We all raise chickens. When they get growed, if prices are high, we sell 'em, and if prices are low we put 'em in the pot for our own eatin'. Same way with eggs. We eat 'em when the price is down, and stop eatin' 'em when the price is up. At present feed for the chickens costs enough to drive you to the poor-house. But no matter how poor we are we all manage to have washing machines and a good share of the other latest conveniences. You may not find us a beautiful people here in Jersey, but we're substantial."

"I've only heard the Bob White four times this spring," Emma said. "Looks as if there would n't be many for the hunters in the fall."

"Well," Harriet said, "just the same, every man who's got a dog and can handle a gun will be out the first day of the gunnin' season to see what he can get. Rabbits are plenty. There's no end to 'em. They eat off the bark from the young trees and ruin 'em, and if you have sweet potatoes or peas near the woods they'll clean 'em right off. Out there in my walk I see 'em early every mornin' and after four o'clock in the evenin' playing tag."

"Tonight there'll be lots of mosquitoes," Emma

remarked. "The wind is in the south, and they'll blow up from the salt marshes where they breed. They're hateful things, but people who live here get used to 'em and ain't affected by the poison so as to get all blotched up as strangers do."

"The first crop of mosquitoes are big ones this year," Harriet observed, "and their instruments are long and sharp. Emma, ain't you goin' to have this porch closed in with mosquito netting? Most every one is doing it now."

"What troubles me most is the pine flies," Emma said. "They're no larger than a house fly, but when they get onto you they're enough to make you say your prayers the other way; and they're awfully tormentin' to the animals. Another pest is what we call the green-head fly. It's much larger than the pine fly, and its bite is like the cut of a knife. They don't bother much on cloudy days."

"There's lots of treetoads around my house," Harriet said, "and they sing lovely when it's goin' to rain. Some claim they're as poison as a rattlesnake if they bite you."

"I wish our place was within sight of the ocean," Emma remarked. "The hill back of us hides it, but we can hear the roar of the waves when there's a north-east storm. In some respects, though, we've got advantages that can't be beat. We're so placed that we get three different kinds of air—sea air, inland air, and air from the pines. It's a good region for invalids.

Those who're afflicted and ain't benefited in one spot can move a little way and get another sort of air that'll help them. The balsam from the pines is just what some of 'em need, and often a person who can't sleep has a pillow made of pine needles to put under his head. Our climate is goin' to build up this section wonderful in the next few years. There's that big brushy tract across the road—it was all sold off for building lots once. The promoters drew a map, like they all do when they're boomin' such property, and they put avenues on it, and had pictures of a hotel on the land with trolleys runnin' in front, and their advertising told what splendid railroad felicities we have here. The people up in New York bought the lots like hotcakes, but they lost all they invested, for the fellows who did the selling did n't own the property; and the chief man in this hoax business was sent to jail."

While we were talking a young man who was board-ing at the house joined us. He was introduced to me as a person who was staying there a spell to recover from an attack of malaria. "But he ain't got it the way they used to have it," Emma affirmed. "They had it so they'd shake when I was a girl."

"I been consultin' a doctor," the boarder said, "but he's like all the rest of 'em now—prescribes the fresh air cure for everything. There's nothin' worse in the world, I believe. It stands to reason that when you're sick you ought to keep out of a draught, not get into one."

"Old-fashioned people used to doctor themselves a good deal," Emma observed. "To break up a cold they'd get you into a perspiration with hot poultices. But of course you ought to take doctor's medicine, too, even if it don't seem to make a great sight of difference."

"I'm a draughtsman for a real estate concern," the boarder said, "and I was interested in hearin' what you said about the sellin' of this property across the road. You was talkin' about it when I come out of the house. The head of my firm is one of the pillars of the church he attends, and he claims a man can be a good church member and sell real estate, but I don't believe it. I've seen too much of their doin's, and the fancy literature they send out. Even the best of 'em do some things that are a little off color. My firm has photographs made of their properties and then tell the photographer what trees, pavements, and other improvements they want put in before the final prints are made to sell from.

"At one time the firm advertised a property near Elizabeth in this state, and said it was within sight of New York. Well, it was, if you went high enough in the air. They sold to customers in Canada and all around. The lots looked like good investments if you believed the promoters' statements. Some of the lots were right in the middle of a swamp where the water stood a foot deep after a rain."

"I read in the paper," Harriet said, "that a rich philanthropist had bought thousands and thousands

of acres in Davenport just east of here and proposes to start a prosperous farm settlement there of poor people from the cities. It tells how attractive the region is, and says the land is first-class. That's a big lie. It's the most deserted, God-forsaken sand-place you ever saw."

"If they want to get crops," Emma said, "they'll need to put other soil over that there land. It won't hardly grow sandburs, and they say that even the mosquitoes starve to death there."

When I rose to go Harriet asked me to notice a large, old-fashioned house I would pass on my way to town. "It ain't built straight with the road," she said, "but is placed so the sun at noontime shines straight in the front door. There's lots of houses through the woods here that have real Dutch doors in 'em—doors that are divided across the middle, and you can open the upper half and look out."

By the time I was back in the town it was dusky evening. A full moon in the east was gradually growing golden as the twilight deepened. Swallows were twittering and darting above the village roofs and trees. Here and there were people strolling on the walks or loitering in front of the stores. On the piazza of my hotel the landlord and some friends were talking politics. The landlord's manner was impressively assured, and he offered to bet on the rightness of his opinions a generous portion of a roll of bills he had taken from his pocket and was waving about.

A little later I called on a retired sea captain of whom I had heard. I found him in his parlor—a man of more than fourscore years, but erect and vigorous—playing cards with his wife in the waning light. It was a pleasing sight to see their companionableness as they sat there by the window in the serene twilight of the day, and the no less serene twilight of their lives.

In response to my questions he recalled conditions in the vicinity as they used to be in his youth. "This is naturally a wooded country," he said, "and used to be covered with heavy pine timber, as pretty as ever was seen. The tree-trunks were as big as beer kegs; and there was fine cedar in the swamps. Some good cedar is still left over near Double Trouble. That's a name was given to the place because the dam they first put in there went out right after it was finished and they had to rebuild.

"Perhaps you wonder about the name of this place. Some say it comes from an Indian named Tom who lived here, but that's not certain. This used to be a great resort of the Indians. They came long distances to get fish and oysters. I've ploughed up a many of their spear heads and pieces of pottery, and dug up skulls. Now and then I'd find axe-heads, but I did n't think anything at all of 'em then and would throw 'em up side of the fence. They'd be quite a curiosity now.

"Before coal became the common fuel they loaded vessels with cordwood at our wharves to go to New York.

I was a good-sized boy before I ever saw coal. We shipped away timber and cordwood, and we made charcoal, and the fires run over the old forest lands and left nothing but desert. The topsoil has been burned off so that such timber as grew here in the past won't be possible again under the most favorable conditions for hundreds of years.

"My father had about fifteen cows. In the early morning they fed on the salt meadows; but by ten o'clock the mosquitoes was usually bad and the cows went to the swamps. Animals get fat on that salt grass. It's clean, with no garlic into it, and makes the nicest kind of butter. Plenty of cattle have never e't any hay but that from the salt meadows. People mow what they don't pasture, but it takes three acres to produce now what one formerly did. They cut it too late. They'll go right onto the meadows with their mowing-machines in October, and that leaves the ground bare to freeze in winter.

"Our cows were always milked by she-males. The generality of men did n't milk then, but they have to now. A girl would feel insulted if she was asked to milk a cow in these days. That's what she would, and I don't believe a cow would let a girl come near her.

"All the women and girls were workers when I was young, and in planting time and haying and harvest they'd turn right in and help a few days outdoors. A girl of twelve could drop corn as well as a man fifty years old. The housekeeping was simpler then than



*The Scarecrow*



at present, or the women could n't have managed it. Houses averaged smaller, and contained less furniture, and there was n't so much ceremony about serving the food. Anyone coming to the table after others had got through would eat off the first one's plates. That would n't do now, but if in some way we could make our modern homes less of a care I don't doubt that the women's health would be better. They'd feel more comfortable in mind and body, too, if they could work a part of the time in the open air. But the human animal is naturally lazy, and as a rule we all avoid tasks that we're not forced to do by necessity or fashion.

"When I began voyaging, about 1850, the New Yorkers who wanted to come to the shore in this direction would rarely go farther than Long Branch, and none of the other resorts were much developed. I'll be darned if there was a single hotel at Atlantic City, and it was a lonely coast all along. Men who came gunning got any quantity of game—snipe and ducks and geese. I've seen the ducks fly up so thick they almost hid the sun. That would n't be just one time, but day after day for three or four months. Now you would n't see more than one or two game waterfowl in a week. The trouble is they get no chance to breed in a region so thickly populated. There's seldom a mile of coast without its residence, and if you sail along of an evening you find it lighted the entire distance from Cape May to New York."

NOTES.—The most conspicuous feature of the northern Jersey coast is Sandy Hook, which forms one of the portals of New York Bay. It is occupied by an old stone fort, 3 lighthouses, and a United States Army Ordnance Station where guns are tested.

An automobile route from New York follows the coast, as closely as the inlets and marshes will permit, even to Cape May. The roads are generally excellent. Near Highlands, at the southernmost nook of New York Harbor, is Water Witch Park, which takes its name from Cooper's "Water Witch," a novel that has its scene laid in the vicinity.

A seaside resort with an individuality of its own is Ocean Grove. It was established in 1870 by a Methodist association, and is now frequented yearly by over 20,000 people, both young and old, who elect to spend their summer vacations under a religious autocracy. The grounds have the sea on the east, lakes north and south, and a high fence on the west. At 10 in the evening, daily, the gates are closed, and they are not opened at all on Sunday. No Sabbath bathing, riding, or driving is permitted, and no theatrical performances are allowed at any time. Drinking of alcoholic beverages and the sale of tobacco are strictly prohibited. Innumerable religious meetings are held daily. The chief place of assemblage is a huge auditorium that can accommodate 10,000 people. The annual camp meeting is the great event of the season.

Those who prefer a more free and easy enjoyment of their vacations can find plenty of opportunity at the other coast resorts. There is Long Branch, for instance, with a permanent population of 12,000, and a summer population of 5 times that number. It occupies a seaward facing bluff which rises to a height of about 30 feet above the beautiful sandy beach. At Elberon, the fashionable cottage part of the resort, can be seen the dwelling in which President Garfield died.

Atlantic City, the most frequented of all American seaside resorts, is on a sandstrip separated from the coast by 5 miles of sea and salt meadows. In August the visitors who flock there from all

over the country swell the number of inhabitants to about 200,000, and more than 50,000 have bathed in the sea there in a single day. It attracts visitors through the entire year, for the climate is comparatively mild and sunny even in winter, and the air is exceedingly tonic. The beach is surpassingly fine, and is bordered by the famous "Board Walk." This walk is 40 feet wide and over 5 miles long, and is flanked on the landward side by hotels, shops, and places of amusement.

Cape May is a rival of Atlantic City in its natural attractions, but is not quite as easily reached.

A favorite inland resort is Lakewood, 63 miles south of New York. It is in the heart of the pine woods, and on account of its sheltered situation and mild climate it is much frequented in winter.

# X

## A GLIMPSE OF DELAWARE

THE landscape had been freshened by showers the previous day and now was smiling in the caresses of the bright sunshine. A brisk breeze wafted the grain in the big wheatfields into long green waves, and brought in at the open car windows the odor of strawberries and clover blossoms. The level farmlands looked fertile and well-tilled, and the farm homes had a pleasing aspect of prosperity and comfort.

“Delaware farmers are more industrious than when I was a boy,” a train acquaintance remarked. “These are nice places we’re seein’, and kep’ up in good style. Corn and wheat used to be about all the farmer raised, but now they put their dependence more on berries and early produce. It’s a good place for a poor man to raise everything he wants to eat with very little exertion and have some to spare.

“See those pine logs lyin’ there by that freight station. We would n’t use to ship such like stuff—we would n’t touch it. It’s bull pine, and that’s nothin’ more than a tree weed, and is tough and warps around so you can’t hardly manage it. But if you want to put up a barn or a shed it does for a makeshift.

"They're gettin' to have very good roads. I can remember when travellin' on 'em was a hardship. They were all standin' water in the winter time. Farm work used to be done by cattle power, and if a man wanted to go to a place that was farther away than he could walk he stayed at home. Many a man had no horse at all and lived and died without ever owning one. Log houses were common till after the war, and the people were land poor. The principal part of the young men went to sea, but by and by they came home tired of that and bought land. That air cut the farms up, and they've learned to make the land profitable so that I bet you now two-thirds of the farmers have bank accounts. You ask 'em how they're gettin' on and they'll say, 'Oh, we're a-livin', but we ain't a makin' much.'

"Then you ask if they've got a bank account, and they'll acknowledge they have. All the towns have banks these days, and they take in money hand over fist. New York and Philadelphia always used to be afraid to trust any man livin' in the state of Delaware for a five cent piece, but I guess they're changin' their minds now. It looks that way to me."

I went as far as Lewes at the mouth of Delaware Bay. It was here that the first settlers of the state from across the Atlantic established themselves. The place has never grown rapidly and is still half rustic, and abounds in delightful old mansions that are humanized by their association with past generations,

and that nestle amid a charming luxuriance of greenery and blossoms.

The dwellings on the seaward borders of the town stand on ground that drops abruptly away to a wide level of salt marshes, and the homes on "the bank" are commonly spoken of collectively as "Pilot-town," because so many pilots live there. The situation is peculiarly satisfactory to them, for they like to live where they can "spy out on the water." At the far edge of the marshes are sand dunes, one of which rises in a vast yellow ridge that is slowly enveloping a pine wood.

"Sand is always in motion," a local man observed to me. "It's as unstable as water. You sit down to eat a lunch off there on the shore, and you may think there's not any wind at all, but you'll find that sand gets into your bread and butter just the same. I've known of a long row of bath-houses that in a single winter were nearly all buried out of sight by the drifting sand."

One day I followed a roadway across the marshes to the shore of the bay. Vessels were coming and going on the misty gray waters and, northward, twelve miles away, was Cape May, a low blue streak in the dim distance. I went along the beach toward the ocean. At one spot were a few fishermen's shacks on the dunes, and farther on was a factory that made a business of extracting fish oil from "porgies." During the season a fleet is kept on the sea catching the fish, and thousands of barrels are filled with oil each week. I thought

the vicinity was odorous to the limit of endurance, though it was affirmed that the season's work had not yet begun, and that I only smelled the ghosts of last year's oil-extracting. "Besides," this informant said, "they say the smell is healthy, and you get used to it and don't notice it after a while. But it went pretty hard with the town folks when the factory was first built. The smell blows right over there when the wind is to the east'ard. One lady said she had to get up in the night to perfume herself."

At length I crossed a sandy point where the bones of many a staunch ship lay imbedded, and had before me the restless billows of the open ocean, and could hear a bell buoy tolling its somber, warning notes. Where sand and water met was a recent wreck with most of its masts still standing. But the hull was badly broken, and the waves were roaring and dashing about it like ravenous beasts. For a considerable distance I continued to stroll along the shore, just out of reach of the slither of foam that each breaking wave sent far up the incline of the beach. When I presently turned my footsteps toward the town I decided to make a short cut across the marshes. But as soon as I left the dunes and was down on the low ground I stirred up a horde of mosquitoes in the coarse, thin grass. They settled on my clothing and clung there, and made such savage assaults on my face and hands with their poisoned lances that I shifted my course to the sandhills where these pests were comparatively few.

It was supper-time when I reached my hotel, and most of the guests, and the proprietor and his family, had sat down to eat. As I took my place the landlord remarked to a lady at a table adjacent to his, "It's blustering this evening."

"Oh, yes," she responded, "the wind comes up every evening and blows like the dickens. You know that, don't you?"

"Well," he said, "I don't know much of anything, and half I do know ain't so."

"Did you go to that dance last night?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, "and my girl was the best lookin' girl there. The only fault I had to find was that she would n't stand straight. We all have our troubles. I hearn one feller complain that his girl could n't dance without steppin' on his feet. Then there was a girl from Wilmington that I tried to be pleasant to; but she was mad because she'd sat on a strawberry and spotted her dress. So she would n't talk."

In the lingering twilight that evening I visited a negro cemetery. The graves clustered about a plain little church. A few of them had headstones or wooden markers, but evidently there was nothing to show the location of most of them when the mounds disappeared. The two most conspicuous headstones were flat slabs of cement, each with a heart incised near the top. The lettering had been roughly cut into the cement before it hardened. Here are the inscriptions:





*The wreck*

ELIZABATH	CELE BURTON
W. MAULL	BORN IN 1891
DIED IN	AUG. 8 DIED 1903
1896 DEC.	MAY 19
9 AGE 44	SOON TOO MY
SAFTE IN	SLUMBERING
THE	DUST SHALL HEAR
ARMS OF	THE TRUMPHETS
JESUS	UECKING SOUND

That peculiar word in the final line of the Burton stone is probably meant for "quicken."

While I was looking at these cement works of art a negro laborer on his way home from the fields came through the cemetery, stopped, and said: "A colored boy described those out and made them himself. He was only about fifteen, but he did a right good job."

Along the path that led from the street to the church were many seemingly new-made graves. I fancied an epidemic had been sweeping off the negro dwellers of the town, but the colored worker said: "Oh, no, sir, the graves have been renewed and freshened up for Decoration Day. They look neater to keep the grass off, but we only trouble to do these along the walk. That's the oldest part of the cemetery over there next to the dividation line. Often when we are digging a grave there we find skull bones and leg bones and arm

bones. Of co'se we naturally did n't know any one was buried at the spot we'd picked out. Ginerally we put the bones back right where they were and dig in another place.

"A good many have died this past year. For one thing we've had a fearful winter—the worst in thirty-five years. It's the coldest we ever experienced—I don't except none. You just bet you had to keep as near the stove as you could without gettin' burnt. I hearn sev'ral talkin' of a man who suffered with cold feet. It seemed he could n't get 'em warm nohow, and finally he pulled off his shoes and slapped his feet up on the stove. That way he got 'em a little warmer than he wanted to, and they held so much heat that afterward he could n't get 'em cool.

"You mought think that lots o' the houses you see was so poorly built or in such bad repair they would n't be much protection, but it's my idea that most houses are too tight to be healthy. I know a white gen'leman who lives in an old house that's never been fixed up in years. If he goes to bed at night and there comes a snow, he feels the flakes droppin' down on his face from the leaky roof; and in the mornin' he jumps right out of bed into a snowbank. He has six or eight children, and he says to me, 'They never have had a day's sickness. But I confess,' says he, 'that many a time I would n't have cared if the house had been a little tighter.'

"The crops are lookin' very prosperous this season,

ain't they? Last year we had n't broke up any ground at this time it was so dry. You could n't get a plough point into the clay land. But at last, some way or 'nother, most men managed to get a little seed planted. The wheat was n't putt in early enough though for it to git a holt, and the dry weather just killed it dead. Our corn was so parched up we did n't have none noway, and the strawberries dried and cooked right on the vines, and wa'n't anything. We did n't have no luck with our potatoes either. Gosh! the for'ard potatoes was nothin', and the late crop was a failery, too. We was cut short on everything. Oh, the farmers was torn all to pieces last year."

Another negro who furnished me enlightenment of a picturesque sort was a gray, elderly man whom I accosted the next day as he was hoeing a little patch of potatoes beside his house.

"Potatoes are not up where I live," I said.

"Where do you come from?" he inquired.

"From Massachusetts," I replied.

"Good land!" he exclaimed, "you're a long way from home, I reckon. Is Massachusetts in the north part of the climate or the south part?"

"The north," I said.

"How long does it take to come from there to here?" was his next question.

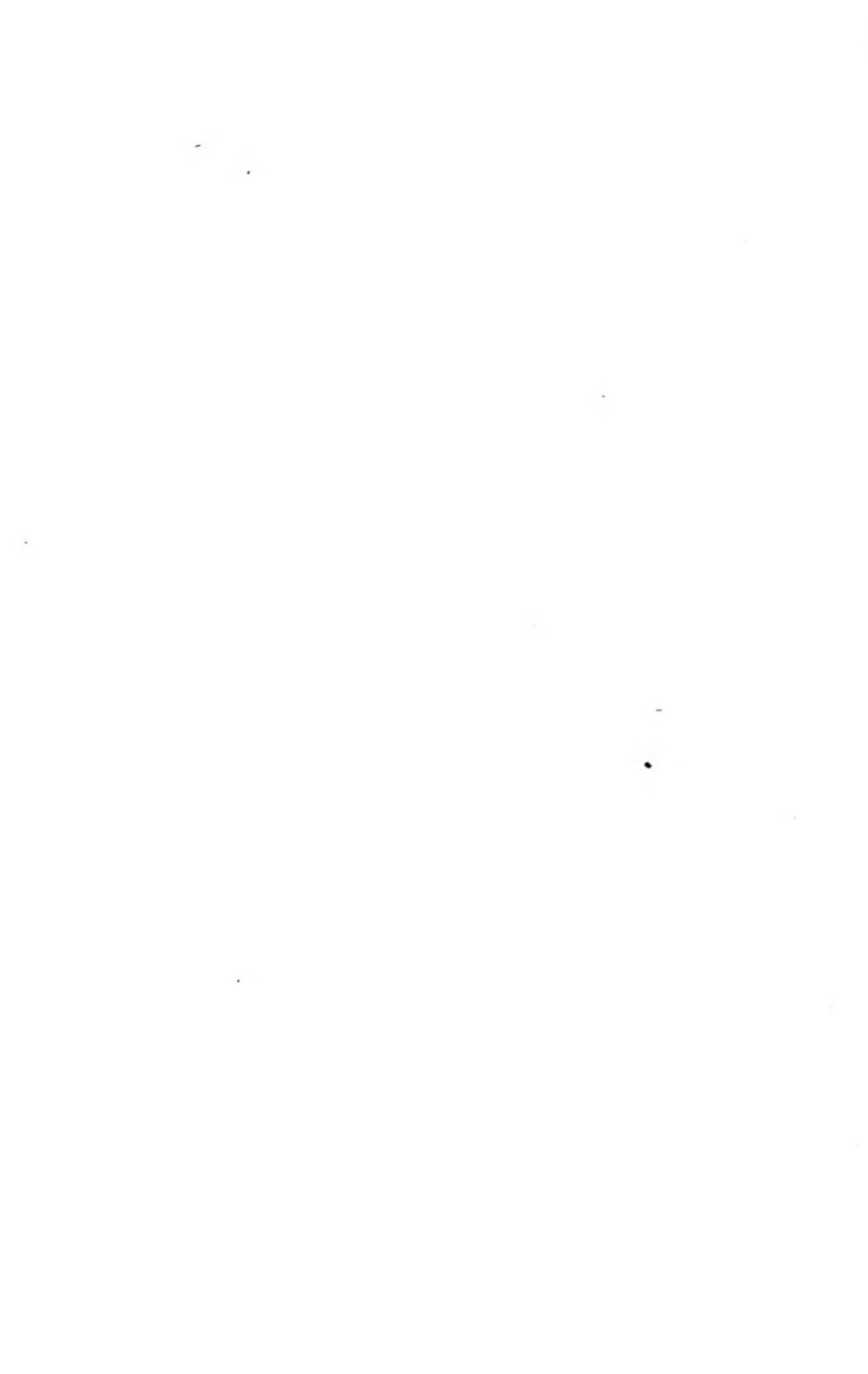
When I had satisfied him on that point he remarked that he did not usually hoe his garden except in the evening. "I'm hired out to work durin' the day," he

said, "but this mornin' I been helpin' my wife to wash some. She's kind o' been paralyzed.

"See, there's some potato-bug eggs on that leaf. About a thousand bugs would hatch out of them eggs, so I'll just pinch 'em with my fingers. Along about the last o' March the bugs are flyin' all over this country. If there's easterly weather at that time vessels meet great rafts of 'em on the water, and you find 'em heaped up on the beach. That shows they come from some foreign place where it don't freeze. But a good many of 'em stay in the ground here all winter. I've dug 'em out in February, and they were as much alive as ever they are. You plant your potatoes, and the bugs come right up with 'em ready to begin eatin'. Most people fight 'em with poison, but I don't keer to do that. I think some of the poison might get in the potatoes. So I go to work and ketch the bugs and pull their heads off. Then I know they're done. If I pick 'em in a bucket and undertake to mash 'em with my foot I'm satisfied that some of 'em live. They're pretty tough. I wonder that they don't try to get away by flyin'. They've got wings. But they act like a possum—soon as you touch 'em they drop and act as if they was dead—ha-ha-ha-ha! They're jus' tryin' to fool you. Everything has to have its little smart ways. I keep pickin' 'em off, and 'bout the time I think I'm cle'r of 'em the eggs are comin' on to hatch. I don't know what them bugs ever originated from, but I've always kind o' thought in my own mind



*Setting the net*



it was from guano. We never had no such thing before the guano and stuff began to be brought across the ocean here.

"There was a different kind o' bugs on the potatoes when I was a boy a-comin' up, and I'm somewhere about sixty-five years old now. Those bugs were slim most like a big ant, and they had shell wings that were black with a little white streak. There were lots of 'em, but you could drive 'em off with a switch. You can't drive these bugs. There's no drive in 'em.

"Things change, don't they? Even the weather ain't what it used to be. Every year the season gets a month later it 'pears. If we'd ketch a good open spell in the old times we'd get all our ploughin' done in March. But sometimes we'd have snows and blowin' and freezin' chuck down to the last of the month. Many a time I've been ploughin' and had to knock off on account of a storm. I'd leave the plough, and the snow would kiver it up. But we used to be through thinnin' our corn by the last of May, and we'd commence to lay by the crop right after the Fourth of July—quit work into it, you understand. Before the end of September the harvest would be all in, and winter begun and we'd have little scuds of snow. Now winter don't start so soon, but you got to look out for hard weather later in the spring, and you can sleep with all the covers on till June. Take it weather, bugs, and all, the farmin' man ain't got but a very little left when he's paid his help and his fertilize bill. He has to sell

off all he's raised, and that leaves him down with nothin'."

This colored man could hardly be vouched for as a competent authority on agriculture, and I quote with more confidence a town farmer with whom I later became acquainted. "Land sells higher and higher all the time," he said. "Well, sir, the farmers are wakin' up, and we get more out of an acre raisin' vegetables and small fruits than we used to get out of a half dozen acres of corn; and I'll tell you another thing, Mister, that is drivin' the price of land way up—people with capital are not foolin' with coal and oil stocks as they did once, but if a man has a few thousand dollars, he says, 'I'll loan it out here on farm property where I know what I've got.' Farmin' has become profitable because the cities have grown so enormously. They look to us to supply 'em with food. We could n't do it by the old methods. In my early days we cut all our wheat with a cradle, and it was pretty near a day's work to cut an acre. Now we go in with a reaper and cut twenty acres in a day. Then we cut all the hay with scythes, and raked it up by hand. Riding-machines are common on the farms now, and the work is far less laborious. Fifty years ago oxen were the farmers' usual draught animals, but now they're too slow and have nearly disappeared.

"Most of us are descendants of the old-time inhabitants and have been around these diggings all our lives. There's very few furriners, but we have a good many

negroes, and they're a very prosperous people. They've got schools, and they've got churches, and where a colored man ten years ago could n't pick up a dollar he can now pick up five.

"When I was a boy this town had about a thousand inhabitants, and there was only two free schools in the place, and those two did n't amount to a great deal. We had 'Select Schools' that were better, but if you went to them you had to pay tuition every quarter. I'd venture to say that the little clapboarded free school buildings did n't cost over three hundred dollars apiece. The seats had no backs, and they were too high for the small children. So the little ones would sit with their feet dangling and kicking. Oh, mercy! we did n't have much comfort in them times. We were expected to be on hand to start the school day at eight in the morning and were n't turned loose till five in the evening.

"School commenced in the fall in September and went on about six months. Out in the country they'd have only a three months' winter school with possibly another month in the summer if they could raise the money to pay the teacher. People had to have their children to work. Wood for the schoolhouse stove was furnished by the families that sent children. It's pretty skearce around here now, but 't was plenty then, and each family give a load. We had men teachers who were paid twenty-five to thirty dollars a month. They were men who followed teaching for a business,

and often were well advanced in years. They did n't teach much but 'rethmetic and history and grammar and writing, and the books was few and poor; and yet if I only knew all there was in them books I'd be satisfied.

"Most of the teachers were pretty severe. Generally they taught for what there was in it, and as a natural consequence they were cross. If a boy did n't behave the teacher would take him by the hand and rule him. I used to be punished that way or switched pretty often, and I needed more punishing than I got, but I did n't think so then. Some boys were always in trouble and they'd get terrible whippings. There was no inducement to study—nothin' to interest them, and they were much inclined to play truant. They'd sneak around and go fishing, even if they knew they'd be corrected for it. 'Tain't so now. The boys want to go to school, they have so much fun there. But, as the feller says, 'You can never tell much about a boy.' One of the most ornery boys that ever lived in this town is now captain of a big ship that makes voyages out to Chiny."

On another day, in my quest for information, I spoke with a woman who was feeding some chickens that were in a coop near the street fence. She was proud of her chickens, but was still more proud of the garden back of the house, which she presently invited me to visit, so she could show me all the varied growing things that crowded its narrow limits. Her remarks ran on something in this wise:





*The pump at the back door*

"See that little cherry tree. She's loaded full and she bears every year. Next beyond is a dwarf apple tree, and that never fails to have fruit on it either, though we're too bleak here for apples to do first-rate. Most of what we raise we use in our own family, but I'm always sellin' a little somethin' or 'nother. Last spring I sold enough kale and mustard greens from the garden to buy a barrel of flour. I scatter the seed around in the fall, and it keeps coming up all the time. I'll give you some and you can sow it in your garden.

"We've got a nice soil to work in hereabouts. You can't hardly find a stone large enough to throw and scare the birds away in this part of Delaware. My husband does the heavy garden work. That's him hoeing over by that grapevine. Here 's a bunch of ribbon grass, and it's a curious thing that you can't find two blades striped alike. That's a mystery, ain't it? And yet it's the same with people. As many as there are in the world no two look exactly like each other.

"Next to the ribbon grass is an old-time lily. It used to belong to my great aunt, who died when she was in her eighties. The root is good for a salve, and people come to me from way back of Georgetown for it.

"I'm a great hand for herbs. I guess I inherit my liking for 'em from my mother. She was a regular herb doctor, and they would send for her from far and near.

"I work in the garden just about all the time in

pleasant weather, even if I neglect things that ought to be done in the house. For thirteen years I had dispepsia and was troubled with heart trembling. My stomach was always cold and I was so weak I could n't walk across the floor without holding on to a chair or table. I nearly wore out our carriage going out riding. Somebody had to help me in, and I would sit with a pillow at my back, and yet I could n't bear to have the horse trot. It would shake the wind all out of me. One night I dreamed I saw our doctor just as plain as I see you now. He stood lookin' at me, and I said, 'Why ain't you givin' me some medicine?'

“‘Go out and feed your chickens,’ he says, and went away.

“Next day I remembered my dream, and I said to myself: ‘That meant something. It meant for me to cure myself by outdoor exercise and air.’

“I begun at once, and now I’m a well woman. I’m gettin’ so stout I can’t wear hardly any of the clothes I’ve got, and I can eat most any food—except of course something like boiled cabbage late in the day. Nobody ought to eat that then.

“I was raised on a farm, and I think I’m naturally active, but I don’t work the way my mother did. She was very industrious, and though the family was large I never knew her to have a servant in her life. There was n’t an idle minute about her. We’d make as much as sixty dollars some seasons knitting in the long evenings after the farm was laid by. We grew sheep, and

mother handled the wool and spun it into yarn. While I was still very young I used to get my little straight-backed chair every evening and place myself right by her to pick wool. She learned me to knit my own stockings when I was eight years old."

The woman's husband had now joined us, and he remarked: "Things were much like that in all the farm families. Where I lived the boys as well as the girls learned to knit and darn their own stockings. Everybody had homemade clothing that the women cut out and sewed by hand. The cloth for the men's clothes was what was called fustian, and for the women's clothes it was linsey-woolsey. I would get one suit a year just before Christmas, and it did n't matter how it fitted if 'twas so I could get it on. There was no such thing as a vest for young boys—just pants and a jacket. Neither did we have an undershirt or drawers. I never wore any till I was grown up, and I did n't wear stockings except in winter. The boys in a family that lived right along side of us did n't wear either shoes or stockings the year through. Their feet would turn purple in winter and sometimes crack between the toes and bleed, but they claimed they did n't suffer from the cold any more than if they'd worn shoes.

"Every fall the shoemaker came to our house to make us a pair of boots or shoes all around. I used to have little low shoes with just four eyelets in 'em for lacing, and they were lined with red sheepskin. The soles were pegged. The shoemaker would punch holes

with his awl and drive in two rows of pegs right around the edge. We never had a box of blacking, but we'd turn the stove lid over and rub on soot from it with a brush. That made our shoes black, or at least they was n't white, you know. I would carry 'em under my arm on the way to Sunday-school to save 'em. Just before I got to the church I'd sit down in some pines that grew by the roadside and put the shoes on. I never wore 'em in the spring longer than I could help. The country then was all in timber and more protected than now, and as early as March we'd strip off our shoes and go for the woods and crawl in the hog beds in the pine shats. It was nice, in a sunny place where the wind did n't hit. We preferred to go barefoot even if we did have stone bruises and what they call cowitch."

"The way my father had me wear my shoes," the wife said, "was to change them to the other foot each day so as to keep 'em from getting' lopsided. They were rights and lefts a little bit, but you would n't hardly know it.

"Fashions did n't change much, and all of us, rich and poor, wore about the same kind of clothes. The women wore sunbunnets and aprons to church. I've did it. I used to think our linsey-woolsey dresses were beautiful, but when I was seventeen I wore mine to church in town, and they made fun of it because it was sheep's wool. So I would n't wear linsey-woolsey again.

"We used to walk to church in the morning, but it was too much to walk again in the evening, and we'd

put the oxen to the cart and ride, and perhaps take along some of the neighbors."

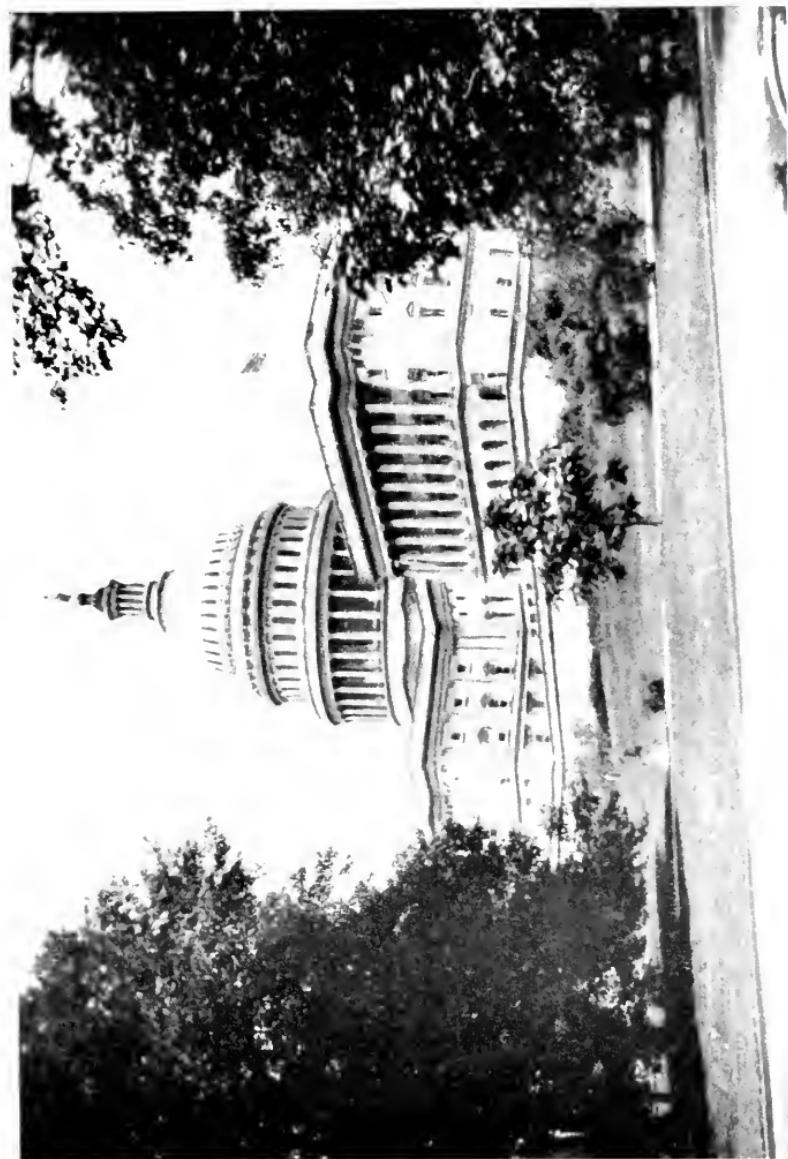
"I was a bound boy," the man resumed, "but I was treated same as the man's own children except that I did n't get much schoolin'. I stayed at home and worked when the weather was fit, and at the time I went into the army I could n't read or write. The man I worked for was kind o' rich, for he not only had a pair of oxen but he kept a horse. Oh, laws, yes! anybody that owned a horse was somebody. But most of the people around here was poor, and all they cared for was a little something to wear and to eat. Ther buildings were very common. Cattle sheds, for instance, were roofed with brush on which pine shats were thrown. The shats would shed rain if there was enough of 'em, but they'd rot in two or three years, and then we had to take the oxen and haul more. The sheep and cattle in them days stayed outdoors mostly, and after a heavy snow we'd have to dig 'em out from where they'd crowded up to the hayrack or some other slight shelter."

"At our place," the wife remarked, "we used to thresh our wheat in the cattle pound, or barnyard as some would say now. We'd rake everything off as clean as we could and then lay the wheat bundles in a circle, heads in. Oxen that the men would drive were used for treading out the grain, or perhaps two or three horsebackers went around on it. I've rode one of the horses threshing wheat a many a time. In the center stood some of the men with turning-forks keeping the

wheat bundles stirred up. After a while they'd take the stock all off and upend the bundles and turn 'em right over. Then there was more treading. It was no long job. We did n't raise much. Why, my dear man, if we had ten bushels we thought we had a big crop. There's more raised now on one farm than was grown then in the whole county. Any bread made of flour we called cake, but we had plenty of cornbread. There were no stoves then with us, and we placed the cornbread on a board and baked it on the hearth in front of the fire.

“If my father went visiting after church, or most any time, the people he visited would probably send the children a little something to eat, and often, if he come home and did n't say nothing about what he'd brought, we'd wait till he took his coat off and search his pockets. Sometimes he'd carry around a biscuit two or three days before we got hold of it. By then it was right dirty and black, and so hard we could n't break it. But that made no difference. We'd take a hatchet, and chop it up, and it tasted good to us.”

After I parted from these friends I wandered out into the farming region that lies back of the town. Its fertility was very evident, and its flourishing crops were a joy to behold. Often there were hedgerows between fields or along the roadsides. These were decidedly more pleasing to the eyes than fences, but a man whom I accosted as he sat on the edge of his piazza, and who whittled the piazza floor very industriously while we



*The Capitol*



talked, said: "They ain't puttin' in no new hedges, and they're tearin' up the old. People are kickin' against 'em on account of the snow. We have a good bit of snow here some years, and the hedges ketch the drifts. I've walked from here clean in town on snow that blew in and filled the roadway up even with the tops of the hedges that were on both sides. We had to cut a road through for the teams same as a canal."

"Another thing we got against the hedges is that they're wasteful. Take that field yander—the wheat next to the hedge is mighty slim. It's like havin' a field long side of the woods—the hedge roots take all the substance and moisture out of the ground. You lose more or less on a strip ten or twelve feet wide."

But I found one advantage in the hedges—they protected the wild strawberries, and the berries were so abundant and delicious that I lingered picking and eating them a long time, and was tempted to continue in Delaware till the strawberry season was past.

NOTES.—An automobile route goes down through Delaware from Wilmington to Cape Charles, a distance of 212 miles. The roads are macadam and dirt. Wilmington, the largest city in the state, has extensive manufactories and considerable historic interest. About 13 miles to the northwest Washington was defeated by the British in September, 1777, in the Battle of the Brandywine.

Dover, 47 miles south, the capital of the state, was founded in 1700 by William Penn. Between it and Felton, 12 miles farther on, are immense apple orchards.

Old Lewes and some of the other towns at the mouth of the Delaware have a good deal of attraction as vacation resorts.

## XI

### ROUNDABOUT THE NATION'S CAPITAL

THE District of Columbia at first included a tract on each side of the Potomac, but that on the southern side was later relinquished, and the present District has an area of sixty-nine square miles. It has been the seat of government since 1800. At the end of the first decade it had a population of eight thousand and for a long time grew very slowly. Even down to 1870 the city was in a very backward condition, but since then improvement has been rapid, till now it is one of the most comfortable and beautiful in the world. Both in itself and in its surroundings it is superlatively interesting. To be sure it is a made-to-order place that was carefully and formally planned at the very start, and this has inevitably resulted in its losing some of the piquancy that a more harum-scarum growth would have given it. Moreover, it still has a little of the aspect of a boy in clothes purposely made too large for him in order to provide for his prospective increase in stature—that is, the city as a whole does not yet match up to its splendid public buildings, and the amplitude of its parks, and the breadth of its avenues. But its rawness in this respect is now only incidentally apparent, though formerly it was a perfect scarecrow

and was called the "City of Magnificent Distances," its framework seemed so unnecessarily large for any prospective growth. The phrase continues in use but gradually has come to be applied in a praiseworthy sense as indicating the width of the city streets and the spaciousness of the parks and squares.

The prosperity of the city depends on the fact that here are the government offices and the meeting-place of Congress. There are probably forty thousand army and navy officers and civil servants in Washington, and these with their families make a large proportion of the population.

Of the government buildings the Capitol is very fittingly the most imposing in size. It is no less impressive in its grace of design and situation, and it is set amid grounds whose extent and arrangement add much to its architectural effect. With the crowning glory of its great dome it is surpassingly beautiful, no matter whence you see it. The main building with its original low-crowned dome was completed in 1827, and the wings and the present dome about forty years later. It covers three and a half acres and is on a hill ninety feet above the level of the Potomac.

On this same height is the Library of Congress, a building capable of accommodating four or five million volumes, and of special interest to the sightseer because of its sumptuous adornments of painting, sculpture, colored marbles, and gilding. These are often not all they might be in conception, execution, or

arrangement, but the effect as a whole is decidedly imposing.

The White House, a trifle over a mile distant down the straight, wide Pennsylvania Avenue, is as satisfying as the Capitol in its stately simplicity, and its generous grounds, seventy-five acres in extent. This was the first public building erected at the new seat of government. George Washington himself selected the site. He laid the cornerstone in 1792 and lived to see the building completed. During Madison's administration it was burned by marauding British soldiers, but the stone walls remained standing, and when it was restored the stone was painted white to obliterate the marks of the fire. It has commonly been known as the White House ever since.

Near by is the treasury building, as if under the special guardianship of the president, with the expectation that he would protect the garnered wealth of the people from the spendthrift inroads of Congress which meets in the Capitol.

The vast structures necessary for carrying on the nation's business abound on every hand, but, aside from the Capitol and the White House, the most widely-famed architectural feature of the city is the Washington Monument. I fancy its fame is chiefly due to its tremendous height, for it is an absolutely unornamented, tapering marble shaft, more severely plain than a factory chimney. The obelisk was begun in 1848, but work on it was presently abandoned and

was not resumed until 1877. It was finished in 1884. From the floor to the tip it soars up 555 feet, and until certain recent skyscrapers in New York were erected it was the highest work of masonry in the world. It can be ascended either by a fatiguing climb of its nine hundred steps or by elevator. The walls are fifteen feet thick at the entrance, but gradually thin to eighteen inches at the top. It cost over a million dollars. The immensity of the monument is only fully appreciated when one stands right at its base, but it is seen to best advantage from an island park that borders the adjacent Potomac.

This park is a favorite resort of fisherman. I have seen them there before five o'clock on a summer morning, and only a storm, or darkness when the day comes to an end, sends them home. Carp seemed to be the fish most commonly caught, and some of these that the anglers secured were surprisingly big fellows.

Across the river on the Virginia hills, within sight of the city, is the Arlington National Cemetery, and any one with a belligerent inclination to settle disputes between countries, or between masses of people in the same country, by resorting to war would do well to visit this spot where most of the graves are those of the silent hosts who died in the war for the Union. The headstones stretch away in seemingly endless lines, for here lie buried sixteen thousand men, and this field of the dead is only one of many that the Civil War filled with the soldiers who succumbed to either bullets or

disease. Among the various monuments probably the most impressive is that inscribed to the Unknown Dead. The letters chisled on the granite inform the onlookers that "Beneath this stone repose the bones of two thousand one hundred and eleven unknown soldiers gathered after the war from the fields of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock." In the southern part of the cemetery are buried the sailors who lost their lives at Havana in the blowing up of the *Maine*.

Within the limits of the cemetery, on the brow of the hill that slopes away to the Potomac, a half mile distant, is the fine old mansion that was the home of Robert E. Lee when the Civil War began.

But the most interesting home in the vicinity of the Capitol is that of George Washington at Mount Vernon, sixteen miles to the south. It is easily accessible by trolley. The intervening country is rather commonplace, except that half way you pass through quaint old Alexandria with its cobblestone streets and numerous ancient buildings.

Mount Vernon itself is a paradise. It suggests the home of an English country gentleman of large estate and refined tastes. The house is large, serene, dignified, and looks down from a steep, terraced hill on the lordly Potomac. Everything is on a generous scale—there is unstinted lawn about the dwelling, and many venerable trees, and there is a big garden abounding in ornamental hedgerows and flowers in their season.

The interior of the house is less delightful than the





*At the Alexandria waterside*

exterior; for it is a formal showplace in which the imagination finds it difficult to restore the animation of life. Nevertheless, as a museum of articles connected with the life of the Father of his Country, and illustrative of well-to-do household appointments of the colonial period, it is extremely valuable.

The house was built in 1743 by Washington's half-brother, Lawrence. When you observe it close at hand you become aware that its wooden sides are dominoed to imitate stone, a pretense that one can not help regretting in a building that otherwise is so admirable. Lawrence died, and Washington at length inherited the property. He came here to live and carry on the farm soon after his marriage in 1759. During the Revolution and his presidency of the new republic Mount Vernon saw little of him, but on his retirement from public office he came back to his farm, and it was in the beautiful old mansion beside the Potomac that he died in 1799, and his remains repose in a tomb in a quiet nook of the grounds.

In this desultory account of the Capitol and its vicinity I only attempt to deal with a few salient features, but I would include among these, because of its picturesqueness, a canal that comes into the city from the west, high up on the north bank of the Potomac, and descends to the river by a series of locks. Just above the locks is a place where the boats tie up to await their turn for unloading. Sometimes a boat will be there a week or ten days before it can proceed.

Usually a sail-cloth awning is put up to protect the cabin from the hot sunshine, and a plank is adjusted to serve for passing to and from the shore. The mules on the bank are tied to feed boxes built there for their accommodation. It is a sort of amphibian gypsy encampment. Coal is the ordinary cargo, and the boats commonly go back light to the mines in the Cumberland Mountains.

Another feature of the Washington vicinity that appealed strongly to me was the Great Falls of the Potomac, fifteen miles by electric line from the city. The route is in the woods much of the way, and you see little of the river, and nothing of the falls until you reach your destination. Then you pass through a pleasure resort grove, and there are the falls before you. The pavilions and other buildings of the amusement park are back out of sight among the trees, and the artificial music of the merry-go-round cannot be heard, so much more powerful is nature's music of the roaring waters. The river channel is a chaos of jagged ledges amid which the stream has worn various tortuous channels, and the water surges down through the rocks in a smother of white waves, and then makes a sudden leap to a lower level. In floods the rocks are buried from sight, and the river tears along in a wild torrent that fills the narrow chasm below and obliterates the falls entirely. Above the rapids is a dam, but it is low and unobtrusive, and one sees the falls almost as much in a state of nature as when the aborigines possessed

the country. Indeed, I met one enthusiastic onlooker who declared that because of its unspoiled scenic setting the Potomac Falls was superior to Niagara.

Besides the pleasure-seekers from Washington, who come to listen to the melody of the waters and watch their mad struggle down the rocky channel, there were quite a number of local farmers, who had resorted thither to fish for shad in the swift rush of the stream just below the falls. Here they have come ever since the region was settled, and no doubt it was a fishing-place of the Indians for untold years before that. The rocks in the steep ravines where the fishermen descend to the stream are worn smooth with the footsteps of those who have toiled up and down, and bear mute testimony to the attraction of the spot. You find the fishers busy on both sides of the river. They are armed with long-handled scoopnets, and dip and dip from the several points of vantage, making a slow sweep down stream. The rocks do not furnish many foot-holds suitable for the task, and at each dipping-place there is pretty sure to be a group of fishermen waiting their turn. A few townsmen also come to fish, but they use pole and line, and instead of shad they get occasional cat fish and sun fish.

I clambered down a gulley and joined one of the scoopnet squads. In the intervals between fishing they retired from the water's edge and sat in a shadowed spot on the rocks talking, chewing tobacco, and spitting. Rubbish and fishscales were scattered about, and it

was no more savory in its odors than are most fishing-places.

One of the fishermen was a thin, spectacled old man, very quaintly rustic, with long white hair hanging in ringlets about his shoulders. This patriarch was the acknowledged scoopnet champion. To quote one of his companions—"He knows just how to do it, and he's mo' likely to get shad than any of us. Uncle Jim was an old fisherman when I was a boy, forty odd years ago, and he's caught mo' shad in this river than all the rest of the crowd here put together. Oh, my, yes! yes indeed! He never does anything else but fish in the fishin' season, and he can make a livin' and a half at it. He'll be here every day for the next month.

"This is as far as the shad go up the river. They can't get over the falls. It's heavy exercise handling a scoopnet, but we don't keep at it continuous. Every man follers around and takes his turn. He dips a hundred dips, which takes about fifteen minutes. I believe Uncle Jim was the starter of that plan in his young days. If we get suspicious that a feller is not stopping when he ought to stop, some one sits back and counts to make sure whether he's cheating or not. I see a big fight about that one day over where them men are fishin' on the rocks opposite. But mostly those who scoop for shad are neighbors who live right around, and they are all honest.

"Once in a while we scoop up a carp here, and it's a tolerable good fish if it's cooked right. You want to





*At the fishing-place*

boil it with a little vinegar in the water. Then it tastes first-rate, but it's a very rich fish, and while it does well enough for a mess or two you soon get sick of 'em. Take shad though, and its good any old way. The only fault you can find is that it has a whole lot of bones, and them bones are stiff, too.

"Hurrah! Uncle Jim's got one."

There was a general shout of congratulation from the group, and we could hear the faint cheers of the men across the river, who had likewise observed Uncle Jim's success. A man in our group scrambled down and took the flopping, silvery captive from the meshes, and Uncle Jim, after one exultant smile, stolidly resumed his wielding of the scoopnet, and only stopped when he had finished his hundred dips. Then he gave way to the next man and came up the rocks, got out his knife, and dressed the shad.

"The scales are right loose when the fish is first taken from the water," he explained, but they get tight if you let the fish dry. Shad are a pretty fish, ain't they, they look so nice and white? When I get enough of 'em to make it worth while, I take out the backbone and salt 'em up so they'll keep till they're wanted. They're a whole lot better that way than fresh. But we don't scoop many here now. We used to get a thousand to one that we ketch late years.

"Hello, Joe! caught any?"

This greeting was to a new arrival.

"No," Joe responded, "I been down to the riffle. Two was caught there, but I did n't get either of 'em."

"The water's too muddy," Uncle Jim commented.

"It was cl'ar early in the week, but every rain muddies it."

I asked him if he could see the shad before he scooped them when the water was clear.

"No," he replied, "muddy or not, we never can see down into the water enough to have any idee whether we're goin' to get a fish till the net brings it to the surface."

The day was waning, and I at length climbed back up the rocks, marvelling that so primitive a scene as is presented at the Great Falls of the Potomac in early summer should be found within an hour's trolley journey of the big modern city of Washington, the nation's capital.

NOTES.—Climatically Washington is most delightful in May or October. If possible, be there when Congress is in session and see the Senate and the House of Representatives at work.

Some of the features of the city not mentioned in the body of this chapter, yet which have exceptional attraction, are the Botanic Gardens; National Museum; Smithsonian Institute; the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where visitors can see paper money, bonds, and stamps in the process of manufacture; the Corcoran Gallery of Art; Ford's Theatre on 10th Street, where President Lincoln was shot, and the house opposite to which he was carried to die, and which contains a collection of Lincoln relics; and the Union Railway Station, which in size and architectural charm is a fitting companion to the best of the government buildings.

Automobile routes radiate in all directions, but many of the roads are very poor. The road to Mt. Vernon, for instance, is so bad that it is well to make the trip by trolley, or, better still, by boat. One can, however, motor to Alexandria, 10 miles, without great discomfort, though the dirt road is very rough. At Alexandria, which at one time aspired to be the nation's capitol, the traveller should visit the wharves and the marketplace, see the Marshall House where Colonel Ellsworth, the first man to die in the Civil War, was killed, and go into Christ Church where Washington and General Robert E. Lee used to worship.

There is a good macadam road to Great Falls, 15 miles. Half way it crosses Cabin John Creek by a bridge that has a span of 220 feet and, with one exception, is the longest stone arch bridge in the world. It was built to carry the Washington Acqueduct. Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War at that time, and his name was cut into one of the stones. When he became president of the Confederacy his name was chiseled off, but many years afterward it was restored by order of President Roosevelt. The water supply of Washington comes from above the Falls.

## XII

### MARYLAND DAYS

I WAS in that part of Maryland which Whittier describes in his "Barbara Frietchie"—a region of "meadows rich with corn," of "green-walled hills," and of orchards "fair as the garden of the Lord." Nevertheless, when I rambled out from one of the larger places into this bounteous farm region, I felt no especial disposition to linger, but went on and on until I came to where the billowing fields of wheat and corn began to merge into woodland, with a sturdy mountain ridge rising in the near distance. Here was a quaint, scattered, old-fashioned village, Smoketown by name, and I fell in love with it at first sight. Many of the houses were of logs, and certain of the rickety sheds and barns were thatched with rye straw. The public buildings included two plain, spireless churches, a schoolhouse, and a store.

I had loitered along through the village to its farther borders when a dash of rain made me hasten to seek shelter in an adjacent log house. A sunbonnetted woman welcomed me into the kitchen and gave me a chair which I took care to place near the open door, for the odors of the apartment were rather dubious. There was one other room on the ground floor, and some sort

of a low, cramped sleeping-place over head. Out in the yard were two small children. The increasing rain had put a stop to their play and made them want to come in, but they regarded me as an ogre in their path and stood looking from a safe distance. Nor would they come in when their mother ordered them to do so, and she had to go out and fetch them one at a time.

The storm soon became quite fierce, rain fell in torrents, and there was an ominous gloom brightened momentarily by flashes of lightening, and the thunder boomed and muttered, while through it all the numerous flies in the kitchen buzzed monotonously. The furnishings of the room were meagre and the walls unpapered. A board partition separated it from the next room. There were three carpet-rag rugs on the floor. "I hooked them when I was at home before I was married," said the woman, by which she did not mean that she had stolen them, but referred to the process of making.

On the walls hung a lantern, a broken mirror, an advertising calendar, and two patent medicine almanacs. The older child climbed on the table and got the almanacs, whereat the younger protested vehemently that one was his.

"Now you get down there," the mother ordered, and she restored quiet by seating herself in a rocking-chair, taking in her lap the baby, as she called the smaller urchin, and giving him his almanac.

"Solly can't have your book," she said.

I could look out of the door and see a long line of crocks turned bottom upward on the garden palings, and I made some comment on them that elicited the information that the family kept their "spreadin's and such things in 'em."

"And what are spreadin's?" I inquired.

She glanced toward me, surprised at my ignorance, and said: "Why! them are apple butter and peach butter and jellies and preserves. Yes, sir, we spread 'em on our bread, but we use cow's butter, too, usually. Some of 'em we put in glasses, but if you want to make right smart, glasses cost too much. The crocks hold a gallon. Do you make apple-butter where you live? No? What do you do with your specked apples then?"

"We raise lots of peaches. My! we had an awful crop last year and cleared eleven hundred dollars, but we had to give half of that to the man who owns the land. Fruit and berries are the main crops here on the mountain. You'll find very little wheat, and we only grow enough corn to fatten our hogs in the fall. Our peach trees got quite a setback last winter. It was so everlastingly cold the bark was bursted off of 'em, and a good many was killed dead.

"Land is sellin' terrible dear around here. The man who lives jus' down the road from us asks three thousand dollars for that place of hisn, and he'll get what he asks one of these times, too. Somebody will come along and buy it. There's forty acres, but it's growed up bad to briars and bushes, and the buyer'll have to clear off

a mess of rocks and blast out stumps or plough around 'em. The house is a little old log house like this one, and the stable is ready to fall down any time—'tain't no good.

"Mrs. Cromer sold her place the other day. She's a widow woman. Her man died long ago. There was only a small house, and not more than an acre of land, and you could n't farm all of that it was so wet, and yet she got nine hundred dollars. A man who cuts tombstones bought it. He said rents were so high in the town he could live cheaper out here, and, besides, his children would have a chance to earn something pickin' berries.

"When the black raspberries are ripenin' fastest we pick fifteen or twenty crates every other day, and they raise lots of 'em on the mountain farms all along. We have to board our hired pickers, and some keep 'em over night yet. Often we get men from the railroad. They could earn two and a half and three dollars a day harvesting wheat, but they'd sooner pick berries. We have to pay the pickers a cent and a half a basket and furnish their dinner. It's kind o' hard farmin' when help is so dear. You can't get hands any more at less'n a dollar a day. Most men would sooner work in a shop. I have to get three breakfasts when we have hired help. The regular time for breakfast is five o'clock, but we are all done with oun and ready to go to the field before the hands come for theirn. After they finish I have to get breakfast for the children. We have dinner at

half-past eleven, and supper at half-past four. It's very seldom that the big ones eat again until the next morning, but the children gen'rally have something just before they go to bed.

"The men you hire are always ready to quit at sundown, but a man that's workin' for himself has to put in a good deal longer day than that, specially if he's going to market. There's three market days each week, and we start at midnight, or by one or two o'clock. You see we got eight miles to pull. The load has to be made ready, and a man don't get much sleep the night before a market day—only an hour or hour and a half. It's a lonesome road, though of course lots of wagons travel it on the way to market, and may be five or six will string along together. At one place on the pike a good many people have been robbed. It's in between two hills where there are no houses. One time a cousin of mine—Charlie, his name is—was going to market, and he was asleep on his wagon. It was Monday night, and on the night before he'd been to see a girl; so he had n't had much sleep for quite a while. His horse stopped, and he woke up, and there was a man standin' right at the horse's head. Charlie said it looked like the man had gray hair and a gray beard. The horse Charlie drove was blind, and if she was hit with the lines she'd jump, and away she'd go. It did scare Charlie like sixty, and he hit the horse with the lines, and off she went like a streak, and you betcher he got to town pretty quick.



*In the garden*



"The earlier you hit the market the better it is for you. Seems like the rich people and all try to get down on the market as early as they can to have first choice from the produce before it's been picked over, and lots of farmers are sold out by seven o'clock. The buyers are there as soon as it gets good daylight. Everything is fixed so the market is the best place to buy the nicest produce. Wholesale men dassen't come to buy there. It's against the law; and the farmers are not allowed to go and peddle the town from house to house until after ten.

"An inspector is there every market day, and your butter can't be under weight—not a wee bit—or he takes it.

"I never was on the market but seven or eight times. I don't like it. I don't like the way people does you. Often sales are slow, and you have to stand a long time, and you feel sleepy and cranky from losin' so much of your rest the night before. It may be that one day you'll get a good price and people will buy straight along, and the next day the price is perhaps most awful low. I've sold berries for five cents a quart, a'ready. The customers want to make out they're poor and ain't got money to pay what you ask. They tell you some other person has got the same stuff cheaper or nicer. Very few will pay your price until they go up and down the market a couple of times. They'll stand there five minutes and jew you and root all through your produce, and even then won't

take anything, but will turn up their snoot and go along.

“Sometimes they want you to trust ‘em, but by Jiminy! if you do they tell one another, and they all want to be trusted. The trouble is you don’t get your money for so long. We trusted a couple last year—a storekeeper and a woman—and we’ve run after ‘em and run after ‘em. We did get a dollar out of the woman, but she still owes another dollar. The storekeeper died in the spring and his business broke up. We tried to collect from his widow, but she said she did n’t pay his debts.

“You can sell most anything at the market—don’t matter what it is. We make potato chips and these hyar what you call crullers to sell, and we bake bread to take, and we sell buttermilk. Saturday is a great day for selling flowers. We carry garden flowers, and we pick wild-flowers and make bouquets. When the arbutus is in blossom we can sell it at five cents a bunch as fast as we can hand it out.

“One man here makes a business of getting things out of the woods, and he’s at the market with ‘em every Saturday. He don’t raise none of the stuff, but gathers it all up wild. His name is Bud Lester. He lives in what used to be a schoolhouse, but he has divided it off so there’s three rooms in it now. People along the mountain don’t care much what sort of a house they live in just so they keep dry and warm. Bud has got ten children and they’re pretty near all small, but he

dresses 'em real nice for that many. Oh, he makes a good living. He'll dig the horse radish that grows wild in the little meadows and grates it and puts it up in baking powder tumblers. Sassafras is another thing he gets. He digs that there in the woods. Even freezing weather and snow on the ground don't stop him. He digs it anyhow. Late in the year he makes laurel wreaths, and cuts small cedars for Christmas. I've seen him sellin' mistletoe, but I don't know just edzactly where he gets it at. I saw him come down with a bagful of fern last week. It don't take a very large bunch for five cents. He digs 'em up root and all so people can plant 'em in their yards, and for the biggest and nicest bunches he gets forty or fifty cents. He sells bouquets of black-eyed Susan, and wild carrot, and dogwood, and such flowers. All winter he picks watercress that grows on the spring branches. There's plenty of it now, but it's gone to seed and has too many snails and bugs on it. He can't get much from the woods right in the dead summer time, and he has to hire out some then. You'll find him doing odd jobs around till after corn-cutting and husking are done. But he's a man that wants to make money without workin', and often he's goin' through the mountains huntin' gold when he might be earnin' good wages."

By this time the storm had passed on, and the sun began to glimmer through the breaking clouds. I called the woman's attention to the jubilant singing of the birds.

“Them birds are in our cherry trees,” was her comment. “That’s the reason they are singin’ so. Up the hill we’ve got some of these hyar white cherries, and they’re nice. There’s a whole lot of meat, and only a little bit of a seed. But the birds take nearly all of ‘em. Are you thinkin’ of startin’ now?” she asked, as I rose to go. “Well, the shower is over, but they say if you get a storm in the morning you’ll get one in the afternoon. That pretty near always comes true, too.”

The outdoor world was thoroughly watersoaked. However, a breeze soon shook the lingering drops from the tree foliage, and a hot, bright sun dried off the grass and the ground, and only in the ruts and hollows of the road did there continue to be pools and mud.

I presently left Smoketown and betook myself to a byway that skirted the mountain. It was a narrow, unfenced road through a park-like forest of stately oak, hickory, and chestnut trees. After tramping several miles I suddenly emerged in a forlorn little hamlet, which, with its small log houses huddling close along the stony main highways and half-wild lanes, seemed a remnant of some former rude civilization. Back of the village loomed the highest part of the mountain, crowned by a gloomy ledge known as Black Rock. The hamlet itself was called Bagtown. One of the men I met told me how it got its name. “This has been an old settled place for years,” he said, “and every fellow who lived here in the early days, when he went to Beaver Crick, where the nearest store was, brought

home some provisions in a bag. There was n't nobody hardly kept horses, and they went back and forth on foot. A stranger happened to be here one time, and he see that all the men comin' from Beaver Crick carried bags, and he said, 'Well, this is certainly Bagtown;' and it has gone by that name ever since. The next village north on this mountain road is Jugtown. There they used to come home carrying jugs instead of bags."

The afternoon was drawing to a close, and I returned to the lowlands and began to seek lodging for the night. My appeals at the farmhouses met with a cold response. The people were wholly unsympathetic and took not the slightest interest in my plight. They would go right on with their work and scarcely bestow a glance on me or offer any help in the way of suggestion. The truth of the matter was that, though their environment was seemingly secluded, and their homes primitively rustic, the people were rich. They had no fellow-feeling for a roving stranger.

I was plodding on discouraged by continued rebuffs when I observed a young fellow, a little aside from the highway, watering a horse in a stream that flowed through an outlying portion of a barnyard. Once more I ventured a request for lodging, and this time the response held a ray of hope. They sometimes kept travellers, and perhaps they would keep me, but I would have to go up to the barn and ask "Pop." I went through the straw-strewn yard to the barn and

interviewed "Pop," who in turn referred me to the women at the house, and they, after warning me that "everything was all torn up" in house-cleaning operations, agreed that I might stay.

The house was a massive structure of stone backed up against a steep hill, and its surroundings were quite idyllic. Several enormous, thick-foliaged willows shadowed it, and it had a very inviting aspect of cool comfort and repose. In front was a narrow, grassy yard, across which a roughly flagged path led through a gate to the same stream that a few rods farther on invaded a corner of the barnyard. At the edge of the stream, beyond the gate, was a platform, and a dam just below made a pool which served as a washing-place. Along the pool's muddy borders were some lively colonies of polliwogs, or "mulligrubs" as they were called locally. Close by was a bench with soap and a basin on it, but the men and children preferred to resort to the platform and stoop and wash their hands and faces with a copious splashing of the water. The women used the bench, as a rule, though they often did minor washing of garments right in the pool.

For drinking water they depended on a wonderful spring that came forth from the earth at the foot of the hill, between the house and the barn, and flowed away a full-fledged crystal brook. The spring's broad expanse was stoutly walled about, and two or three steps led down to it. On the verge of the brook was the springhouse in which the milk, cream, and butter were

kept in stone or metal receptacles standing right in the cool water. In this vicinity, too, was the washhouse with its ponderous chimney at one end and an open fireplace inside. After the heat and stress of the day it was delightful to sit on the porch of this pleasant old mansion and hear the murmur of the stream, and the clear call of a Bob White off across a neighboring pasture field, and the domestic sounds indoors and out, and to watch the bevies of twittering swallows darting hither and thither above the trees and roofs, and the fowls and dogs and cats with which the place was populous, and the workers coming and going about their tasks.

The family consisted of a man and his wife, their son and daughter-in-law, and two small boys and a baby. By and by the farmer came to the house and brought out a United Brethren religious weekly for me to read, but its pages looked so glum and serious that I did little more than glance it through. Now and then I had a chance to chat with the women as they were getting supper.

"It's nothing but cook and eat, cook and eat," the older woman said with a sigh. "There's lots of work on a big place like this, and it keeps a body hustling around. We've got a good bit over two hundred acres, and we harvest nice big crops of corn and hay and wheat. Oh my! we're goin' to have a fine crop of wheat this year if nothin' happens to it. This farm dates back an awful ways. The house was built when there

was only woods here. It's very well situated to be comfortable no matter what the weather is. Last winter was won'erful cold—colder than was ever known by any of our old people; but we were protected by this hill on the north side of the house. In summer the water and the willow trees help to keep us cool. I have a heap of company then. Saturday week we're goin' to have a little setout here for our Sunday-school. Well, supper's ready."

After considerable effort she got the members of the family together, and we ate. Then the women took their pails and went to the barnyard to milk, and I soon followed them and looked on from outside of the high rail fence. The two small boys lingered at the gate. The lesser one was a little toad of a fellow who was always tumbling down, and he was tired and sleepy so that he often had a spell of squalling, and his mother had to give him her attention to comfort him. The youngsters wore shoes, but no stockings. Overalls, shirt, and a straw hat turned up behind made up the rest of their costume. Presently the larger boy took off his shoes and amused himself by throwing them around till one of them went down the hill into the stream, whence I rescued it.

The sun had set, and the dusk was thickening into night. Two turkeys flew up with a great flutter to roost in one of the trees. Several of the neighbor's boys were wandering about in the pasture meadow opposite the house. "They're lookin' for their gos-



*Coming from the spring*



lings," the shoeless boy said, "but I reckon the goslings have gone up the crick."

There were five cows chewing their cud in a corner of the barnyard near a dilapidated but still sizable straw heap. The older woman stood and leaned against the cow she was milking. The younger sat on her heels. They put their pails on the ground.

"Very few men around here does any milking," the former said. "Lots of 'em don't know how. Just after we were married we spent a year in Illinois and hired out on a farm. The men there thought it was a terrible thing for a woman to milk, but I said to 'em, 'I don't want any milk that you fellers milk.' I did n't like the way they slopped and sloshed around; and they'd curry the horses and go to milking without ever washing their hands. There were no boys in my father's family, and we girls did the housework and helped Paw, too. I could drive a six horse team. I wa'n't the sort to lay around not doin' anythin', but, my goodness! them Illinois women looked lazy to me. The farmer we worked for was an old bach, and he said to my man, when we left him, 'I'll give you a horse and buggy and ten dollars if you'll git me a wife like yours.'"

This evening her man had driven away on some errand. Harry, the son, busied himself feeding the horses and the "shoats." Alice, his wife, called to him that she had cut her finger and wanted him to take her place, but he did not. She only milked one cow, and that an "easy" one. Her energetic mother-in-law

milked the other four and then hurried down to the springhouse, where six cats were awaiting her coming. They purred ingratiatingly, and she “slopped off” some of the warm frothy milk from the top of one of the brimming pails into a dish for them. The pails were soon emptied into the proper receptacles, and she swashed them in the brook and hung them on some pegs to dry. That done, she went to the house and tidied herself up. “I’m goin’ over to our church at Smoketown practisin’ tonight,” she said. “We’re gettin’ ready for a special service next Sunday.”

Three young people had come in from the neighbors, and one of them, a young woman with a music book under her arm, went with the farmer’s wife to the practisin’. The others were a neat young girl and a barefooted boy in overalls. Alice showed them the baby. “He’s got Harry’s frown and my complexion,” she said; “and just look at how big his feet are—ten cent shoes won’t do for him a great while. I’ve just got the two boys off to bed. I tell you what, I’m kept busy now. Clarence ain’t much more than a baby, and it’s about all one person wants to do to look after him. Perhaps you think he can’t travel fast, but he’s out of sight in no time. Yesterday he and David were at the spring suckin’ water through straws, and he fell in head over heels. The water was just up to his neck.”

“Who does the milking at your house now, Grace?” Harry inquired.

“I milk three cows,” Grace replied, “and Maw milks

three and Tommy here milks one. Wes' used to help, but he's got above milkin' since he put on long pants and joined the church. You know he got religion lately at the big meetin' at the Beaver Crick Disciples Church. We all went every evenin' and I'd go to bed so tired they'd have to call me 'bout a dozen times before I'd get up in the mornin'."

"What is a big meeting?" I asked.

In response Alice said: "It's a revival meeting—that's the right pronounciation of it. 'Twas only last Sunday night that it broke up. They'd been havin' it for two weeks."

"There was fifteen converts, I think," observed Tommy.

"Naw, sir, more than fifteen," Harry declared, and he named them one by one and counted them up on his fingers.

"I'm goin' up home to stay a while soon," Alice remarked. "They want me to help pick berries."

"Her father's a trucker and lives on the mountain," Harry explained to me.

"He says he don't know where he's goin' to get pickers at," Alice continued, "but there's a good many just in our family, and it's our way to all take hold and help. Even my brother Ned's little girl helps. She was only three last year, but she would pick right along with her mother, two boxes in the forenoon and two in the afternoon. That was her idea of what she ought to do, and as soon as the two boxes were full she'd quit.

I picked one hundred and forty-three quarts of black raspberries one day. Ned picked the other side of my row, and he carried out all my berries with his'n, or I would n't have picked so many. I commenced that morning 'bout five o'clock and kept at it on into the evening till I could n't see to pick a bush clean. It threw Ned back carryin' out the boxes or he'd have picked more than I did. He can beat me all to pieces. He's got a sleight of hand at it, but, as papa says, his berries don't look as nice as mine. In his hurry he grabs off red ones, and he don't fill up his boxes like mine.

"Papa ain't one who makes you work too hard. You don't have to get back to pickin' tireckly after dinner, but can rest half or three-quarters of an hour while the men are takin' the berries into the smoke-house. But of course we don't stop if it looks like a gust was comin' on. After supper some of us have to wash the dishes and take care of the peepies and milk the cows, and only a few go out picking.

"Last year papa's raspberries were like good big marbles. I'd rather pick 'em than strawberries. You don't have to stoop so much and don't get so wet in the dew. We don't have many strawberries on this place, and today we bought some. I'm kind o' sorry we did. We got 'em of a Bagtown man, and every time he says a word he spits. I'm afraid the berries are not clean."

Harry had taken up a local paper and was reading it.

Alice asked him for the middle sheet. "They always tell about the weddings and parties on the inside," she said, "and that's what I like to read about."

But Harry was loth to part with that interesting portion of the paper, and his wife induced him to surrender it by snapping him playfully with a toy whip of the children's.

Soon afterward I retired, and then the young people gathered about the family organ and enjoyed themselves singing hymns.

At half-past five the next morning I was aroused by a rap on my door and the announcement that breakfast was ready. The work day of the older members of the household had begun some time before, and, when I descended to the kitchen the women were carrying the food for the morning meal to the dining room. In the latter apartment I could hear the farmer reading in a mumbling monotone. Once he came out to the kitchen bringing a Sunday-school lesson paper in his hand and pointed out to Alice some religious statement that seemed to settle to his satisfaction a point on which they had differed. Then he went back and resumed his mumbling.

I washed my hands and face at the pool in the crick, and wiped on a towel in the kitchen. When I finished, Harry said to me, "We're goin' to have pra'rs;" and the several members of the family who were scattered about the two rooms kneeled while the head of the house prayed long and fervently.

As soon as breakfast had been eaten the men went off to the barn, and Mrs. Farmer remarked to me that she did n't get home from the practicin' till after eleven. "They was all talkin' about you there," she said. "The way you looked around and talked with 'em made some of 'em think you was takin' a census of the world, and others thought you was workin' for agriculture."

I expressed surprise that she was able to start the day's tasks at the usual early hour after being out so late. "Well," she said, "if you've got a big lot to do like I have you must go at it whether you want to or not. I've sat up many a time sewing till twelve and one to have clothes for the children. We need an extra helper in the house, but hired girls are pretty dear. You have to pay 'em two dollars a week, and you can't hire a woman by the day for less'n fifty cents."

She took up a pail and went out to fill it at the spring. I was looking in that direction from an open window when she observed a cat prowling in the chicken yard. "Scat cat!" she cried. "If I ketch you ketchin' the peepies 'twill be the worse for you;" and she heaved several stones at the creature, which scampered off in a panic.

A few moments later she came in with the pail of water. "Daddy's goin' to plough the preacher's truck patch this mornin'," she said. "That truck patch is where the preacher of our United Brethren church grows his potatoes, and Lima beans, and the like o' that. He takes good care of it, but don't work in it every day.

Some days he works out at carpentering. The United Brethren have two churches at Smoketown. One is radicals and one is liberals. All the difference in 'em is that the liberals allow their members to belong to lodges, and the radicals don't. The radicals contend that to belong to these here lodges and secret societies draws away a person's attention from religious things, and their support from the church. I was only a girl when they had their split on that subject. The church pretty near went under. Oh, they had bitter feeling at first, but now they're about ready to make up."

When I left the old stone house where I had been so hospitably entertained I continued for some time my wanderings in the vicinity, for the region seemed to me particularly delightful. The highways were very narrow and were flanked by gray fences of post and rails or quarterboards, with sudden transitions to whitewashed palings in front of home premises. Life here was evidently quaint and quiet, like a leaf out of the past. It was a nook uninvaded by modern conditions—an eddy in the current of national progress undisturbed by the hurrying tides of business. Year after year the land produced great crops to feed mankind, and the money returns were generous. The people worked persistently, and their days of labor were long, yet they did not lack incidental breathing spells, and had the pleasures of prosperity, of interest in the neighbors, and of religious recreation and contemplation.

At one of the old wayside homes the farmer showed

me about the place. Among other things he called my attention to a great ash tree and said: "Ain't he a bird?—ain't he a dandy? How fur do you guess those branches spread? I think seventy feet anyhow. Yah, you bet! You see this grindstone? I fixed those cog wheels myself to make it go fast. But the stone is most worn away. I'm goin' to get a new stone and then I'll cut the buck (do rapid work). There's a lot of goslings yust goin' into the crick. Them's ourn. That hen hatched 'em out. Hear her cackle. Now she flies over the stream. She has a big time with 'em all right. They don't give her any peace, and she's runnin' around a-cluckin' all day long. She's afraid now they're goin' to drown, I reckon.

"Look into this holler tree, and you'll see an old goose settin' in there. She found the place herself and drove out some tame rabbits that had been living in there with their young ones.

"My wife's been makin' butter this mornin'—her 'n' our oldest girl. Hyar's the churn in front of the springhouse. Yust step through the springhouse door. The water comes in at that little hole no bigger than your thumb, in the corner. Yah, and you may think I'm lyin' to you, but it always flows yust the same, no matter how dry or how wet the weather is. Last year eighteen pounds of butter that we had in hyar was stolen. A huckster had engaged to take it, but he was beat out. When he came there wa'n't none for him. I keep everything locked now. Ha, ha! There's a





*The wash-house*

clique of fellers up along the mountain who would help themselves a little too often, if I did n't. A short time ago one of the neighbors was goin' to have company for Sunday, and he shut up some chickens intendin' to eat a chicken dinner with his visitors. But Saturday night the chickens were stolen. We think we know the thief. He's got a wife and children, and they live good and dress good, and yet they don't work none at all. This feller goes in town every market day and he comes out with a whole big basket full of stuff. I been talkin' to the sheriff about this hyar feller. 'You folks in town,' says I, 'have got loads and loads of police. Yust watch the roads on market days and see what that feller brings to market.'

"But the sheriff would n't do anything, and I'm goin' to see what I can do myself. If I ketch him stealin' on this place I'll fix him all right. I've got the guns, and I've got the ammunition. Come in the house, and I'll show 'em to you. I've spoken about my intentions to the preacher, and he wants me to use a shotgun and only yust burn the feller a little. But that would make him mad, and like enough he'd come and burn my buildings. No, I ain't goin' to shoot to scare. I'm goin' to shoot to kill, and he'll never trouble us any more. A man that steals is too ornery to live."

"There's no need of stealing in these days. Every industrious man around hyar does well, and this is an awful rich settlement. The man I rented this place from seven years ago was worth nearly a hundred

thousand dollars. I'd been living in another town, but I came to see him when I heard that the place was for rent.

“‘Ach!’ he says, for he always grunted every time he started to speak, ‘I don’t know nuttin’ about you. What sort of a reputation have you got?’

“‘People talk about me yust like they do about you,’ I said. ‘Some’ll tell you I’m a blame rascal, and others that I’m all right.’

“‘Ach!’ he says, ‘how many children have you got?’

“‘Six,’ I says.

“‘Ach! that’s too many,’ he says.

“‘How many have you got?’ I asked him.

“‘Ach! two,’ he says.

“‘You’re luckier’n I am,’ I says. ‘But what’ll I do with mine—kill ’em?’

“‘Ach! well,’ he says, ‘I think you’re a pretty good feller,’ and he rented me the farm.

“But for all he was so rich he was greatly worried for fear he was goin’ to get poor and have to work for somebody, and at last he committed suicide. He was one of the nicest men I ever knowed. The landlord I had before I came here was rich, too, but he was grabbin’ and scrapin’ after every cent, I tell yer, and he was always gettin’ into a splutter, with his mouth runnin’ like a bell clapper. He thought it was yust throwin’ away money when some of his relatives made a trip to California.

“But what’s the use of bein’ so chinchy? Men come

along asking for food or lodging—and they may be tramps or beggars, but whatever they are, we never turn 'em away. If a man is too dirty to sleep in the house we let him take a blanket or something like that and sleep in the barn. It's curious, but some of those fellers with no place to lay their heads except what the Lord gives 'em seem perfectly contented; and after all, what does it amount to, if you have this whole world and ain't happy?"

This man's attitude toward the stranger and the unfortunate was akin to that of the family with which I had lodged. I suppose it was a matter of religion with them. They belonged to the sect of United Brethren or Dunkards. The latter word is derived from a German word meaning to "dip," and the Dunkards were originally German Baptists. They are particularly numerous in Maryland and the several states adjacent. They accept the Bible with extreme literalness and try to follow the example of Christ with technical faithfulness. Their garments are very plain, yet are not so peculiar as to attract marked notice except in the case of the women, who, when they don their best clothes, wear a queer little bonnet without any trimmings.

One day I had a chance to observe a considerable number of Dunkards on a train. They were returning from an annual conference in a Pennsylvania town. I sat in the same seat with an elderly Dunkard who told me something of their beliefs. He acknowledged that

the trend away from simplicity was irresistible, and said: "I don't think the men need to have clothes just alike. If your heart is all right, you can put on a good suit, and it ain't goin' to hurt you. But you can't go too far. You see the women's bonnets—they can have 'em any color and different in shape, if only the bonnets are modest and small. About the next thing they'll be after will be flowers and ribbons on the bonnets. We'd feel obliged to take a woman to task if she was to put on one of the big hats that are fashionable now. As a preacher said at the conference, 'A woman with her heart full of Jesus Christ would n't run around with a dishpan on her head.'

"I don't believe a man who chews tobacco ought to be a delegate to the conference. The church don't approve of tobacco, or whiskey, or neckties, and we think dancing and all such stuff is wrong. I used to drink whiskey, but I knowed it was n't right, and I just made up my mind to give it up. How can you jump on a man for wearing a necktie if he can pick on you for chewing tobacco or drinking whiskey?

"Parents are supposed to instruct their young ones, and train 'em, and keep 'em under if they can, but what the older one are used to don't always content the young ones. Some want an organ in the church, and we're fightin' that. Our churches are plain and substantial, with no spire, and I never see one that had a bell on it.

"Every three months we have a council at which we're supposed to tell on one another if we know any

have done things that ain't proper. A person who's shown not to have done right has to promise to do better, or out he goes.

"If one of the brethren lends money to another he don't charge interest, but he expects to be paid back at the time agreed on. Perhaps the debtor don't do that. Then the other can tell some of the deacons, and they talk with the man, and if he still won't pay they throw him out. After than he can be sued.

"We have a love feast every fall, and you've got to be pure, or you don't feel like steppin' up there and takin' the loaf. If I'm mad at you, and you're mad at me we have to make up. But in other denominations people can be so mad they won't speak to each other and yet will go through all the church ceremonies just the same."

Some other details that I gathered from an outsider may be of interest in this connection. "I like to go to their fall meeting," he said. "It's worth while just for the singing. When all those Dunkards cut loose singing I'd as soon hear 'em as a crack band.

"They go through the Lord's Supper just as it's described in the Bible. A mutton has been killed and a big kettle of soup made, or perhaps a piece of beef has been boiled because some don't like mutton. They sit down on benches along either side of tables in the church, and each person has a bowl of the broth. You ought to see those old fellows go down into it. You can hear their lips sippin' all over the church, and they

take bites of bread big as my fist. After they finish eating they wash each other's feet. The men have their tub, and the women have theirs. A man will sit down and put his feet in the water, and another man with a towel fastened around his waist washes and wipes the brother's feet. Afterwards they kiss—yes, kiss right square in the mug and distribute their germs. It makes a sound about like slapping two shingles together. They kiss and smollok too on Sunday when they meet at church. Seems kind o' queer, don't it? That reminds me of old man Broll. He always took the contrary side in an argument. He'd argue with the preacher till he had him wound up so tight it was like havin' him down with Broll's thumb on his mouth. Well, Broll said it would be a pity to have everybody believe alike. 'Why,' said he, 'if they did that, all the other men would want my wife and there'd be a dickens of a time.'"

**MARYLAND NOTES.**—A number of good pikes radiate from Hagarstown and make sightseeing easy for the motorist, and railroads and trolley lines are available to visit many interesting places in the region. The rude mountain settlements are only a few miles away. Twenty-six miles from Hagarstown, on the route to Washington, is Frederick, the scene of Barbara Frietchie's exploit with the flag and Stonewall Jackson. Frederick, too, is of interest as the burial place of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner."

The great battle of Antietam was fought 12 miles south of Hagarstown, and the battlefield of Gettysburg is 28 miles north.

Two places in the eastern part of the state that are particularly

worthy of a visit are Baltimore, the "City of Monuments," and Annapolis, the capital. The former is one of the chief Atlantic seaports. Before the days of railroad transportation it was the principal center for the trade with the West. Goods and produce were carried across the mountains in huge broad-wheeled wagons, usually covered, and especially adapted for travelling in soft soil.

On the road to Washington, 10 miles from Baltimore, is the town of Relay, so named because here horses were changed that drew the coaches on the first railroad built in America. The cars were shanty-like structures, 12 feet long, with 3 windows on each side, and a table in the middle.

The first American telegraph line was built from Baltimore to Washington, 42 miles, in 1844.

In 1904 a conflagration swept over an area of 150 acres and destroyed property to the value of \$70,000,000.

On Monument Street are the buildings of Johns Hopkins University, founded in 1876 by a bequest of \$3,500,000 from a Baltimore merchant, whose name the institution bears.

Among the former residents of the city was Francis Scott Key who wrote "The Star Spangled Banner" while a prisoner on board one of the British men-of-war which were bombarding Fort McHenry at the entrance to Baltimore harbor in 1814.

Edgar Allen Poe, another poet associated with Baltimore, wrote "The Raven," one of his most notable poems, while living here, and his tomb is in the graveyard of the Westminster Presbyterian Church.

Quaint old Annapolis is 27 miles south of Baltimore. Its chief industry is oyster packing. In the grounds of St. John's College here is the famous "Tree of Liberty," with a girth of 30 feet and an estimated age of 700 years. Under it a treaty is said to have been made with the Indians by the early settlers. The town is best known as the seat of the United States Naval Academy, founded in 1845, the buildings of which are picturesquely located on the Severn River.

## XIII

### BESIDE THE RAPPAHANNOCK

I WENT into northern Virginia with the especial purpose of visiting the Wilderness of Civil War fame, but on the way thither spent considerable time at the old town of Fredericksburg where another of the great battles of the war was fought. One of the first things to which my attention was called was a scar on a building near the railroad station "made by a Southern bumbshell," and the town looked as if it had never wholly recovered from that battering of a half century before. It is high on the west bank of the muddy Rappahannock, and is a trading center for the farm country around. The long Main Street is lined by two and three story brick buildings with roofs that pitch toward the street and massive chimneys. In the residence districts are beautiful homes environed by a wealth of trees and vines, and many quaint or shabbily picturesque dwellings of both white and colored folk of the humbler classes. On the June day that my acquaintance with the place began a light breeze fluttered the leafage, and now and then a puff of wind stirred the dust in the streets, but the heat was nevertheless oppressive, and everyone who could do so kept to the shade.



*Old homes in Fredericksburg*



In my leisurely rambling I came across an old colored woman sitting in a broken-backed chair in front of a low-eaved brick house where poverty and squalor were very evident. Some of her one-garmented little grandchildren were playing contentedly in the dirt before the door. I spoke with her and learned that she had lived in the vicinity all her life, and that at the time of the battle she had occupied a house five miles from the town "right up the plank road."

"Me 'n' my children and husband lived there," she continued. "The house was a log cabin with one room downstairs and one upstairs. We wa'n't slaves. My foreparents was Injun people, and we was jus' as free as you are. I hearn my ol' gran'mother tell where they come from, but I done forgot.

"T'other day they were blastin' up rock back of the town, and I says, 'My gracious alive! puts me in mind of war time.' That was a great old time, I tell yer. The shells was flyin' over the top of my house—zee! zee! My Lord! I had a narrer escape, yes, sir. I would n't like to see that time no mo' if I could possibly help. I disremember what season of the year it was. It's been a right smart while since then, and I've been through so many hard, rough roads and seen so much trouble some things have gone off my mind. But I think it was cold weather and that there was snow on the ground. My husband was scareder'n I was. He run, but I hid. I went down to a neighbor's house where they had a cellar all bricked up, and I stayed underneath there.

“After they got done fighting I saw the wounded soldiers layin’ up in the bushes moanin’ and groanin’, some with their legs shot off, and some with their arms gone. The next day I was out in the woods on one of the little bypaths, and I heard groans and saw a man lyin’ in a holler with his feet right in the branch. I was scared nearly to death, and I took off and run as hard as I could go and hollered and told some soldiers. Yes, war time is an awful thing.

“We had the armies here a long while, marching and camping. Some of the troops was colored, and when they got here I thought the world was comin’ to an end they were so hard and so fiery. Perhaps a rush of soldiers would come at night and surround your house and order you to give ‘em what you had or they’d take your life, and you’d give ‘em the las’ crumb to save yo’self. But gin’rally the soldiers was mighty good to me. If I was short of food they’d give mehardtacks and beef, special when they saw I had a parcel of little children. They all treated me very polite, both sides. Some low character might go off and get liquor and then be dangerous, but if a man was steady and had any principle he’d not trouble you, unless you was kind o’ for’ard and frisky and encouraged ‘em. That wa’n’t my way. I never had anything mo’ to say to ‘em than I could help.

“They hired me to wash, and I did washing for one soldier who was a big rascal. He paid me off with a ten dollar note that was the prettiest thing I ever laid

my eyes on, but 'twa n't any account. I was ve'y glad when they all went away, and I got shut of 'em. Some went on such sudden notice that they had to take their clothes wet right out of the wash. Often they could n't carry all that belonged to 'em. They'd have the greatest quantity of things—pants and shirts and such like sent from home—and they'd leave 'em behind. There was a big waste that time, but I saved right smart.

"It look like war was comin' ag'in times are so rough. A dollar's worth of groceries used to last half a week, but now won't last a day. Why, jus' the common white meat—I mean hog—what we call fat back, that you never see no lean in—costs fifteen cents a pound; and the idee of people havin' to pay a dollar a bushel for corn meal! My goodness, if they don't poke it onto you here!"

A young negro who had his chair tilted back against the housewall a few paces away made the comment that, "There's nothing cheap now but soap and coal oil; and you can't eat the soap, and you can't drink the coal oil."

"The worst of it is that they're knockin' down wages instead of raisin' 'em," the old woman resumed. "You hear the men grumblin', and sayin' they don't see how they can live. If a man with a family gets a dollar and a half a day, that'll only pay for their grub, and all the time he jus' gets right where he started at. On the farms the day wages are only sixty and seventy-

five cents, or if it's a dollar you got to do two men's work."

"They have to work from six to six," the young negro said, "and that's a long day—you bet it is!"

"I went to Washington once," the old woman said, "and I stayed three weeks. But I was raised here, and it seem I would n't like no other place. My daughter was in Washington, and she was sick. She did n't 'cease while I was there, but got better and so I came home, and the next day she died.

"The only other time I been off was one day when I went across the river 'bout ten miles. I visited relatives who live over that-a-way, and they were mighty frien'ly and kind, but it wa'n't natural to me there. I won't go out of Fredericksburg again. Let me stay here and die. It won't be long, now. I suffer with a misery in my head. Some nights I have to get up and bind my head with a cloth dipped in vinegar, or else I could n't stand it till next day. That's made me lose my hair. It used to be real long, but now there's not much left. Yes, it's the same with me as with other people—we have so bad feelin's in this world sometimes it look like we can't live, but we get along tolerable well—things could be worse."

About this time two of the younger members of the household returned from an excursion in the fields. One carried a pail of cherries, and the other a handful of daisies.

"That's the way I used to do," the old woman said.

"I'd climb the trees to pick cherries; and I'd pull the flowers and have 'em on the mantelpiece or bureau, and they looked mighty nice."

One of the youngsters made some remark to her that she thought was not properly considerate, and she said: "Old people ain't much in the children's eyes now. Things are turned around altogether late years from what they used to be. When I was comin' along up, if a grown person spoke to me I'd mind without no jawin', and I never had to be told to do a thing but once. I see little small boys goin' along these days with a pocketful of cigarettes and a box of matches. Smokin' has got common among the women, too. They use pipes. Befo' the war ve'y few women smoked, but they used snuff. They put it inside their under lip, and I thought that was the dirtiest-lookin' trick I ever saw.

"We all worked hard then that was able, and if yo' was to go to our homes durin' the day yo'd find no one there but the old ones takin' care of the little children. I worked in the corn and wheat fields, and I grubbed, and I split rails. I'd help saw trees down, and bark 'em, and split 'em to make bar'l timbers. I did n't use to turn my back to anything. But now I can only jus' sit around. It's hard scuff, certainly."

A spectacled, middle-aged colored man from across the street had joined us. He came ostensibly to ask the people of the house if "you-all were going to Sunday-school tomorrow," but he soon observed the trend of my conversation with the old woman toward events in

the past, and remarked: "I think you'd like to strike up with ol' man Grierson. The old-timey people have mostly died, but he was here when Noah built the ark; and he ain't dumb either. He'll tell you all that ever happened in these parts. I was born just before the war began, myself. My home was at Chancellorsville, and the soldiers came there and fought one day and then went away. What a change that one day did make in the look of the country! You would n't know it, everything was so torn to pieces. It was the awful-est sight I ever saw in my life. We could hardly realize what had happened. I went out into the woods with my mother, holdin' on to her dress, and we saw the limbs and trees and bushes all cut down by the chain shot that had gone slingin' around through 'em; and there were great piles of crackers, knee-high; and there were guns and harness and clothes strewed about; and there were breastworks that I'd climb up on and jump down from. I told my mother I wanted some of them guns, but she did n't know whether they were loaded or not, and when I picked up one she'd say: 'Put that down. It'll kill you.' But I took some of the bridles home and made a swing.

"I was still only a little boy when several of the neighbors come hurryin' into our house in great excitement and said that Richmon' had gone up. So I ran out and looked up hopin' to see it. I thought it was some cur'us sort of buzzard or alligator—I did n't know what it was. Well, I never saw nothin', and I

went back and spoke to 'em about it; but they told me I did n't have no sense and to go and set down.

"That was a great war. There was no jokin' or foolin' about it, and, by comparison, our war with Spain was nothin' at all—or only a sporting thing that did n't amount to the crack of your finger.

"The war made a great change in the condition of the colored people. Way back yonder, in the ol' time, when we had slavery, if a white man found a nigger had any learnin' he did n't have any use for him at all. If he caught you with a book in your hand he'd give you a thrashin'. But now you can't go and get any good job unless you have some learnin'. You take forty years ago, and we all had to dig in the ground, and work was done with only the roughest sort of tools. You did n't need any education to handle them. But that ain't so with all the sulky ploughs and machines they use now; and yet there are still men who don't know enough to be dissatisfied with their ignorance. I could show you a man in this town who works with a shovel digging sewers. He can't read or write, and shovelling is about all he's good for, but you ask him what he does for a living, and he'll tell you he's working in the sewer business, and he's as proud of it as the man that's bossing him.

"We all send our children to school, but I don't think they have much liking for it. When the school year is about to start they'll bust their brains out gettin' ready to go, but they soon get tired of attending day

after day. It's the nature of some of 'em that you can't learn 'em nothin' nohow, and they can't get to recognize A from a cornhouse top. They've just got the Old Harry in 'em and go off fishin' or something of that sort when they ought to be in school. Very likely others in the same family will be perfectly steady and grow up smart as a steel trap. I've got six children, and I understand 'em. When they make believe they're sick and want to do this, that, and the other thing instead of goin' to school I have to foller 'em up pretty close. I say to 'em, 'You've got to go to school and behave yourselves, or I'll whip you and write the teacher word to whip you again when you get there.'"

Another negro with whom I talked was a dilapidated individual who was loitering at the back door of his home in a different section of the town. His trousers were patched and ragged, his suspenders were broken and pieced out with string, and his shoes were so worn and tattered it was a wonder that he could keep them on his feet. His house was as shabby as the man himself, but it was rather pleasantly situated, facing a park where the trees stood as thick as in a wood. "This is the tightest time I ever knew," he said in a discouraged tone. "It makes a man feel bad when he can't get money to pay his debts, and people are after him all the time. I used to raise most of the meat we needed, but they've kind o' cut out hog-raisin' in the center of the town. They told me to quit on account of this





*A farm gate*

hyar little park, because people settin' down thar would n't like the smell.

"Whether I'm earnin' anything or not the man that owns this house wants the rent every month, and I have to give him half of what I raise in the garden. I been renting this house for four years now, and in all that time I don't believe the owner has spent five cents on it. I've had to do all the repairing myself. I wish you could see this back room when it rains. The water po's in hyar so you could jus' as well be out doors. The worst of it is that I've lost a child every year since I've lived hyar. They've put a sewer in this street, and I believe that creates disease. If it was forty or fifty feet underground like it is in the big cities it might be all right, but hyar it's only five feet. Still, you've got to go when your time comes. We all live as long as we was intended to live.

"Do you see those big sheds beyond the park? That's where the people from the country put their wagons and horses. They get hyar one day and go back the next. Among the sheds is one building where they eat and sleep. They take in a blanket and lie on the floor. There's a cookstove in it they can use. They bring their own eatin', but buy feed for their teams. Some come forty or fifty miles from way up in the Blue Ridge Mountains. I've seen as many as twenty-five wagons in the sheds. There's always lots of 'em Chuesday nights, but by Friday morning all the fur people have done wound up their business and started for home."

While I was in Fredericksburg I attended a Sunday morning service in a negro church, and though there were certain crudities and peculiarities it was in most ways a credit to the intelligence of the people and their preacher. In the afternoon I mentioned this service to an elderly white man with whom I chatted as he sat on the sidewalk in front of his house. When our conversation first began his wife had opened the blinds of a window and looked out to see who was talking to him, and presently a youthful daughter came out and sat down at the foot of an adjacent tree.

“The nigger meetin’s ain’t what they used to be,” the man commented. “I’ve seen ‘em jumpin’ up and knockin’ over the benches when they were gettin’ religion. You don’t find much of that now except out in the country. They’ve got a little mo’ sense. But time was when we’d pass by a white pra’r meetin’ to go to the colored church and see the darkies carry on. Yo’d kill yo’self laughin’ at ‘em. I’ve got so blamed weak laughin’ I could hardly stand up. I lived for a while down in Caroline, and one night I and a feller named Gid Ashley went to a darky meetin’. The preacher, he got preachin’, and the people begun hollerin’, and some of ‘em would drop down, and yo’d think they was dead. Gid was scared, and he said, ‘Let’s get out of here,’ but I made him stay. The friends of those that had fainted would rub ‘em and pat ‘em and shake ‘em, and as soon as they forgot their religion they’d come to.

"In a business way yo'll find that as a rule the colored people are prosperin'. A country darky who has a little farm is apt to buy more land, a small amount at a time, until he gets a good big farm; or at least he'll stir around and take care of what he's got. Here in town most of the darkies own the houses where they live. The men work, and the women work, too. Supposing a woman cooks at some white man's house—she'll get pretty good wages, and they'll give her the leavin's from the table. Bigbugs don't want food brought on a second time. So the cook gets it, if she has a family, instead of its bein' dumped out into the slop barrel for the hogs, or taken down to the river. She'll carry it home in a basket every night, and the family'll never have to buy a mouthful to eat. That's how a good many darkies get up in the world; and I'll say this for 'em—that some of their women here dress better'n the whites and are a good sight prettier. But I don't like their mixin' in with us, and wish they was somewhere by themselves.

"I was raised out in the country, and my great ambition, when I was a chunk of a boy, was to become an expert horseback rider. But our place was small, and we only kept one little mar'. Father hired the ploughing done in the spring, and kept the mar' to look at. You never saw no one so choice of a horse as he was. Wunst in a while he and mother drove up to visit her folks, or they might drive to church, but he was so careful of the mar' she never had to raise a trot—that

would be too fast—and if she was goin' down a slant he held her in as tight as yo' please. He never took her out for fun, and in cold weather, if there was ice or crusted snow that might cut her ankles, he would n't even drive her to mill, but would put the bag up on his own back and carry it. We had to have the corn ground to make our corn bread. We would n't eat wheat bread more than once a day in old times, and we'd never think of havin' any when we had b'iled victuals. We used to have ash pones common befo' the war, and if they are baked right there ain't no better bread made. Mother would get the corn pone ready, scratch a hole in the fireplace ashes, and brush that part of the h'ath clean. Then she put the pone down there on two or three big cabbage leaves, covered it with other cabbage leaves, and drew the ashes and coals out over it. The pone would bake as brown as if it had been in a stove, and if yo' ate it in milk it was first-rate. I'd like it yet if we had a fireplace to bake it in.

“But I was speakin' about father's mar'. He kep' the stable door locked. Bless your soul! he thought she was too good for me or anybody else to ride horse-back. But after a while I made up my mind I'd ride whether or no. So one day when father was away I drew out the staple and got the door open. I wa'n't big enough to reach up to the mar's head, and I had to get into the trough to put on the bridle. Then I climbed up on the side of the stall and got on her back, and, unbeknownst to mother, went out and rode up and



*Making a hoe handle*



down the pike. But father came home sooner than I expected and caught me at it and thrashed me. That did n't do no good. I kep' on takin' rides, and so finally he sold the mar'."

"He was mean to you," the man's daughter commented. "I don't believe he went to heaven."

"After I married," the man resumed, "I come to live here in Fredericksburg, and pretty soon the war begun. In the battle that was fought here there was lots o' destruction—Lord-a-massy! chimbleys knocked off, roofs broken in, and some houses so smashed up that afterward they tore 'em to pieces and used 'em for firewood. At first the troops fit across the town for a while. Then our force fell back on the heights and the Yankees foller'd us. But there we had the advantage of 'em pretty smartly and soon run 'em back into the town. They were often rather rough to the people who lived here, but perhaps that was partly because the Secesh wa'n't very polite to 'em. They'd come right into the kitchen huntin' for somethin' to eat, and they'd take the corn bread off the griddle with only one side done and eat it just as it was. My shack wa'n't bothered much by 'em. Four or five did start for to go down cellar where I had a good bit of harness and grub and tools packed away, but a feller in the Northern army who knew me come along just as they was pryin' open the cellar door to begin their ransacking. He reported to an officer and got a guard appointed to see that no harm was done on my place. A good many of

my neighbors had run off and left their houses, and they lost most all they had, but I reckon the citizens got as much as the soldiers did."

On the opposite side of the street was a small, low building a few paces from the rear of a house. It had a great outside chimney at one end, and its mossy shingles and weatherworn walls proclaimed its age. "That's an outdoor kitchen," said my companion in response to a question of mine, "and it's been standin' there at least a hundred years. In the old ancient days all the well-to-do families had 'em. The poor could n't afford such a luxury. Everything for the family table was cooked in it both winter and summer. Perhaps you don't think a kitchen outside of the house is convenient, but the goin' back and forth was just as handy to the older heads as takin' a drink of coffee. Yo'd find the most comfortable little room you ever see in there, with brick laid up between the studding to make it cool in summer and warm in winter. They use a stove now, but the joists and floor of the little loft above are all blackened with smoke from the old fireplace."

The man's wife had come to the door. "It looks like we was goin' to have a storm," she said. "Well, that's what we expect when the weather is as hot as it is now. Late in the summer we have a storm mighty near every evening, and if the whole heft of it don't hit us we at least get the tail-end of it. We have lots of hailstorms, too, that tear up trees and everything."

As I strolled back to my hotel the clouds gradually

covered the sky with a threatening gloom. Presently night came, and I could see the lightning blinking in the distance and hear the grumbling of thunder. Then, after a prelude of gusty wind, the rain came driving down, and the people who were walking on the streets, or sitting on porches and sidewalks to enjoy the cool air, scuttled to shelter.

The next day I went ten miles west on a narrow gauge road—"a little old one-horse affair"—to Alrich's Crossing. Here was a board shed that served as a station shelter, and some straggling piles of sawed lumber. Not far away was a poor little house with a small clearing about it, and the rest was ragged forest from which all the large timber had been removed. But I did not have far to go to strike a main highway that was bordered by occasional farms where the land had been long cultivated and chastened into productive smoothness. In one of the yards was a colored woman washing clothes in some tubs set in the shade of a tree, and I inquired of her the way to the Wilderness Battle-field.

"This hyar is whar the battle of Chancellorsville was fought," she said, "but yo' keep right on up this pike road till yo' come to a li'l' ol' log cabin. Then yo'll be up in the big woods, and thar was fightin' all aroun' thar."

I tramped on into the big woods. The day was warm, but a light breeze was stirring and served to temper the heat somewhat. Cloudships were sailing

across the blue sky, and up there where the misty fleet drifted so serenely I now and then saw a buzzard soaring on tireless wings. Birds were warbling in the trees, and grasshoppers thrilled the air with their strident notes. The road was one of those semi-barbaric thoroughfares of red clay which get deeply rutted while watersoaked in winter and spring, and later dry to adamant. Where the mud had been of the bottomless variety a rude sort of corduroy had been put in. The bordering woodland had been devastated by the lumbermen, and in places fire had nearly completed the wreck. Evidently the cattle were allowed to browse in its unfenced tangles at will, and I often saw some of them among the trees or nibbling along the shaded borders of the roadway.

Within a mile of Chancellorsville is a monument in the woodland beside the pike marking the spot where Stonewall Jackson was fatally wounded by his own men. The woods were not continuous, for every little while I would come to a scattered group of houses, mostly of logs, and these simple, unpretentious old log dwellings made the finicky new frame houses seem ugly by contrast. At one place was the little, barn-like Wilderness Church, and in an adjoining field a man and a barefooted boy were planting corn. The man said some sharp fighting had occurred in the vicinity, and that they often found bullets. "I've seen some this mornin'," he added, "but I just let 'em lie where they was."



*The Wilderness Church*



Bullets were less commonplace to the boy, and he fumbled in his pocket and showed me several that he had found within the last hour or two.

"This fight was only a small affair," the man said. "The Yankees were down along a little branch near the church. It was in the evening, and they'd butchered quite a lot of beef there and was cookin' it. Jackson come in behind and surprised 'em. I guess old Jackson was pretty slick. They did n't know he was anywhere around, and they'd stacked their arms. When the Rebs come whoopin' and yellin' the Yankees left everything and run. But the Rebs did n't pursue 'em. They were so near starved that they stopped right there and e't up the meat in a hurry. An old lady lives in the next house up the road. She can tell you all about it, for she was here at the time."

I went on, and at the next house, inquired for the old lady of a little girl who was sitting in the yard under a big cherry tree. To my surprise a voice responded from the tree, and up there among the branches I saw a sunbonneted woman picking cherries. "You're askin' for that little girl's grandmaw," she said, and directed me to the house.

The walls of the house were of logs which had been hidden from view by weatherboards. When I went in I found the floors very uneven and sagging, and there seemed to be a bed or two in nearly every room, but all the appointments of the dwelling were very clean and tidy. In one room was a fireplace, still used in cold

weather. As I saw it, however, it had been put in order for the summer. The andirons had been carried out to the shed and the stones of which it was made had been given a coat of whitewash. Apparently there had been a sort of whitewash carnival recently on the place. They had gone over the room-walls with it, and the outside walls, and the barns, the sheds, the fences, and even a row of stones beside the path that led from the house to the highway.

The old lady and I were soon discussing the war. "From the time it began," she said, "there were soldiers goin' up and down the road all the time, and by and by a Union army come here, and General Devens made this house his headquarters. Well, one afternoon, a deer ran out of the forest and jumped right over a soldier and ran on across the field. Then there was a great commotion and yellin', and the soldiers tried to kill the deer, but I don't think they got it. 'Twould n't have been much good if they had for 'twas May, and the animal would have been right lean, I reckon. Deers were plenty then, but it seemed strange this one should come runnin' out of the forest the way it did. I was always anxious for fear something would happen to my husban', who was a guide for Jackson, and when I heard the shouting and firing I did n't know but they'd caught him. It scared me most to death, and I hurried to the do' and just then a spent ball struck the facin' of the do' and fell at my feet. I've thought since that ought to entitle me to a pension.

“Some of the Yankees got up in the tall locust trees that grew in the yard spyin’ the country over in the direction the deer had come from, and General Devens said there was goin’ to be fightin’. He was very kind and had one of his men take me and the children to a neighbor’s house where there was a cellar we could go into. We stayed there over night and till near the end of the next day without anything happenin’, and I begun to think of goin’ home. ‘Bout six o’clock in the evenin’ we was havin’ supper, and everythin’ was so peaceful, when they commenced firin’ up in the woods. A little Northern boy—a drummer—was in the kitchen, and he jumped up trembling. He knew there was goin’ to be trouble, and he said, ‘What would I give to be at home!’

“I could n’t help but wish he was there with his mother, he was so small. He grabbed up his drum and ran out. But he had n’t got across the yard before I thought he was killed. A piece of shell broke his drum all to pieces and stunned him. By then thousands of bullets were flyin’, and we all went to the cellar. When the fight was over, and we come out, the drummer boy was gone. He wasn’t killed, and after the war he got home and married and had a large family, so I was told.

“It was lucky that I was at a neighbor’s where there was a cellar, for the house here was right in the midst of the fight and was hit by a good many bullets. You can see the holes in the clapboards yet. The war ended finally, but the place was stripped of nearly everythin’,

and I hope and pray there'll never be another raiding through here."

NOTES.—Fredericksburg is 54 miles, from Washington, half way to Richmond. It is interesting to the visitor as a quaint old Southern city, and still more so as the scene of a fiercely-fought battle in December, 1862. Back of the town is a huge national cemetery in which are 15,000 graves, and near by is a large Confederate cemetery.

Washington spent his boyhood near Fredericksburg, where his father was agent for some iron works. The family dwelling was a four-room house with outside chimneys, just below the town on the other side of the river. It is said that Washington distinguished himself as a boy by throwing a piece of slate across to the opposite bank. Here his mother died in 1789.

The battle of Chancellorsville was fought in May, 1863, 11 miles to the west, and a few miles farther away in that direction occurred the Battle of the Wilderness just a year later. The Wilderness battlefield can only be reached with some difficulty.

## XIV

### JUNE IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY

MOST of my time in the valley was spent at Luray, not because that particular vicinity is superlatively attractive, but because I wanted to see the world-famed Luray Caverns. The town is in a region of big, sweeping hills, and its chief street climbs an especially steep slope. At a little remove, to east and west, are long ranges of lofty mountains, some bulwark-like and level-topped, but the majority running up into rounded or sharp-pointed peaks. They are tree-clad clear to the summits, and as I saw them in the warm, hazy days of early summer they were always dreamily blue and serene. Indeed, the region had an almost Swiss-like charm in its combination of pastoral lowlands and ethereal heights.

The caverns are a mile east of the town beneath the summit of the highest hill in the neighborhood. They are remarkable for their size, but still more so for the wealth of the calcite formations they contain. In the latter respect they are unexcelled. The circuitous course over which visitors are taken is a mile and a half long. As soon as you go down the entrance stairway into the depths, no matter whether there is summer heat outside or the frosty keenness of winter, you are

in a cool, pure atmosphere that remains always at about fifty-four degrees. Stalactite and stalagmite ornamentalations abound everywhere in the labyrinthine passages and chambers, and a system of electric lighting makes it possible to see this to admirable advantage. It is a weird place—so silent and so fantastically decorative—full of impenetrable shadows, chasms here, gloomy rifts there, and now and then a pool of water that seems like liquid air it is so clear. You go on with resonant footsteps, your guide's voice and your own echoing in the stillness. You gaze on the pendants from the roof and their reverses rising from the floor, the fluted columns and draperies, and the stony cascades with their marvellous variations in color, and you feel that you are in the royal chambers of the monarchs of the underworld. The formations often strikingly resemble animals, vegetables, and other objects of the realm above ground, and the guide calls them all faithfully to your attention until you get the impression that you are in a petrified museum.

Somewhere in the journey the guide allows you to learn what absolute darkness is like by turning off the lights. The gloom was not simply black—it was blank, and I stood in an illimitable void so far as the sense of sight was concerned.

“There was one time,” the guide said, “that I took a visitor through here, who was a great large Dutchman—about the type of man you see driving around on

a brewery wagon, and when we had made the rounds he asked, 'Was it made, or did it come so?'

"Another visitor would n't go in the cave at night because he said he'd rather see it by daylight."

Just then the guide halted and threw the light of the oil torch that he carried down into a depression beside the path. "Look," he said, "and you'll see the bones of an Indian boy almost imbedded from sight in the lime. They must have been there for at least one hundred and fifty years. Thirty-five feet above us another passage opens into the one we are following. No doubt the boy was groping along that passage, and when he stepped off the edge of this wall up there he fell to his death."

One of the chambers to which a sentimental interest attaches is the ballroom. "This is where we have weddings," the guide explained. "There've been seventeen of 'em. It's just a freak idea, and started with the wedding of a girl who wanted the ceremony in the cave because she'd promised her mother she would n't marry any man on the face of the earth."

The discovery of the caverns dates back only to 1878, and the story of it as commonly related in the town runs about like this:

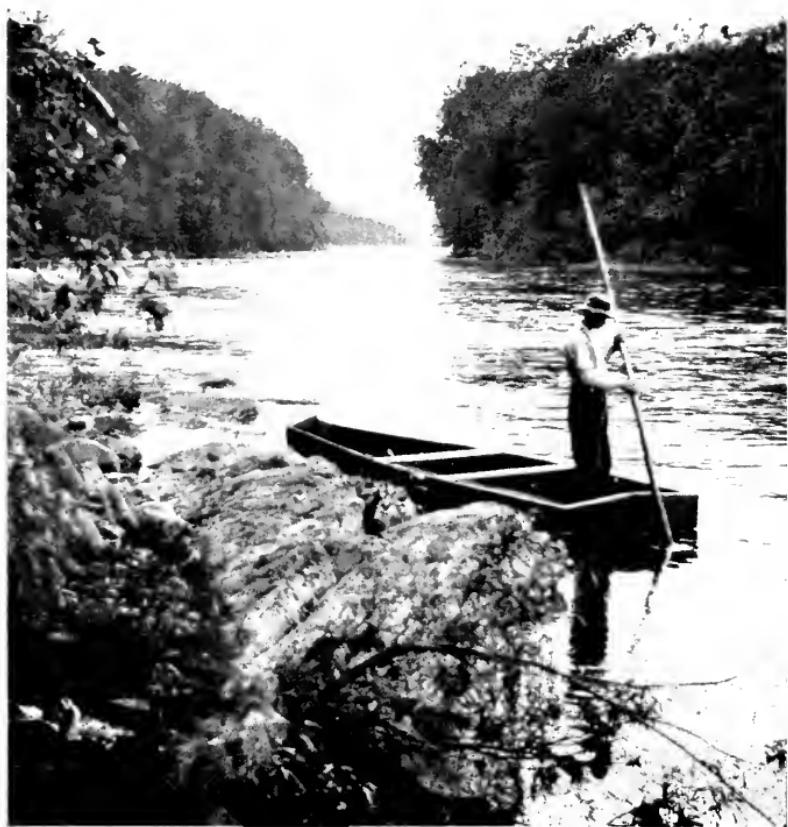
"On the far side of the hill east of the village was a cave the existence of which was known from pioneer times. The Ruffner family were the first settlers of the valley, and one day a member of this family went out hunting and failed to return. Searchers scoured

the region for nearly a week and then found the missing man's gun and powderhorn at the mouth of this cave, and rescued from the cave itself the almost famished hunter.

"The years passed, and there at length drifted to Luray a wandering school-teacher and photographer named Stebbins. His photograph outfit was in a wagon to which a pair of horses could be hitched and draw it from town to town. He would maybe stay two or three months in a place—as long as he could do well—established on some vacant lot. Stebbins knew something of geology, and he thought there was likely to be caverns of considerable extent in the vicinity of the old Ruffner Cave. This impression he confided to Andrew Campbell, a native of the town who had been all over the country hunting and fishing, and was a keen and capable woodsman, but who got along from day to day with very little provision for the future. He accumulated an interesting fund of information, but while he was out roaming around perhaps his wife was at home wondering what the family would have for dinner.

"The upshot of the consultation with Stebbins was that Campbell and his brother Williams and the school-master started out cave-hunting. Sink holes draining into underground cavities were common in the region, and the three men ranged about examining them for possible openings. At last, one August day, they turned their attention to a sink hole in a wheat field





*The Shenandoah River*

on the north slope of Cave Hill. It was some fifteen or twenty feet across and twelve deep, and was overgrown with briars and bushes. When a man had a sink hole like that in cultivated land he would use it to get shut of a lot of stumps and stones. It served as a kind of dump, and a good deal of refuse had been thrown into this one in the wheatfield. Formerly it had been much deeper. The men were poking around in it when one of them exclaimed, 'Why, here's cold air!'

"The air was coming out of a hole about four inches in diameter, and the men worked with a will to clear out the rubbish. As they went deeper they used a bucket attached to a rope to pull up the dirt and stones. In five hours' time they had made an aperture large enough for a man to crawl through. This gave access to a black abyss below, and Andrew Campbell, clinging to the rope, descended till he found a firm foothold. Then he let go of the rope, lit a candle, and looked about him on the unexpected splendors of the chamber to which he had gained entrance. He left his companions so long to their conjectures that they became uneasy at his absence, and his brother presently descended in search of him. Together the two went on for several rods to where they were stopped by water—water so cle'r you'd hardly realize it was there. This has since been called Chaplin's Lake, because a fellow of that name stepped into it up to his knees. The Campbell brothers agreed to keep quiet about their discovery and when they came up to the surface they

told Stebbins and some loafers who'd gathered around to see what was doing, 'Oh, there's nothing in it!'

"But when the three partners in the exploring enterprise were by themselves the facts were revealed to Stebbins, and later they returned to make a more extended exploration of the caverns. The land under which the caverns lay was a bankrupt property soon to be disposed of at a sheriff's sale, but the three ne'er-do-wells who knew the secret of the cave had no money. Probably not a man among 'em could raise twenty-five dollars. So they divulged their discovery to another man who had means, and persuaded him to back them. Such land was then worth eight or ten dollars an acre, and they bid it in for about twice that to the great surprise of the townsfolk. Their friends naturally guyed them a good deal over their bargain, and they could not stand the ridicule and prematurely revealed their reason for buying. That roused the heirs of the bankrupt property to start a lawsuit, and two years later the property was restored to them. It was then disposed of a second time, but instead of bringing about three hundred dollars, as it did before, the seventeen acres this time sold for forty thousand.

"Meanwhile the three discoverers had opened up the caverns and exploited them with some success, and enjoyed the only period of prosperity in their lives. A spirit of adventure had led to the finding of the caverns, and the management of them afterward by Stebbins and his comrades was simply childish. If a man came

to see the caverns, as like as not Bill Campbell, who was supposed to act as guide, would be lying on a bench feeling too lazy to make the trip, and he'd put the man off. It seems a pity that the discoverers should not have had larger returns, but doubtless the public fared better for the shift to another management."

The geologist of the trio "drifted around from pillar to post," and died in a neighboring town a public charge. Andrew Campbell is still a resident of Luray, and I met him. He was evidently confident that he knew the caverns much more thoroughly than those now in charge. "They'll tell you there's practically no life in the cavern," he said, "but I've seen tracks of coons, 'possums and bears in there—thousands of 'em; and I've seen places where animals have stayed, most likely to get away from the cold above ground in winter. Rats and mice live in there. I've set traps for 'em, but they were too slick for me. A very little fly, and a spider, both almost microscopic, are found in the caverns, and I've come across bats hangin' upside down. Where the animals come in, or where the air comes in, no one can tell, but it's plain that the entrance we found ain't the only one."

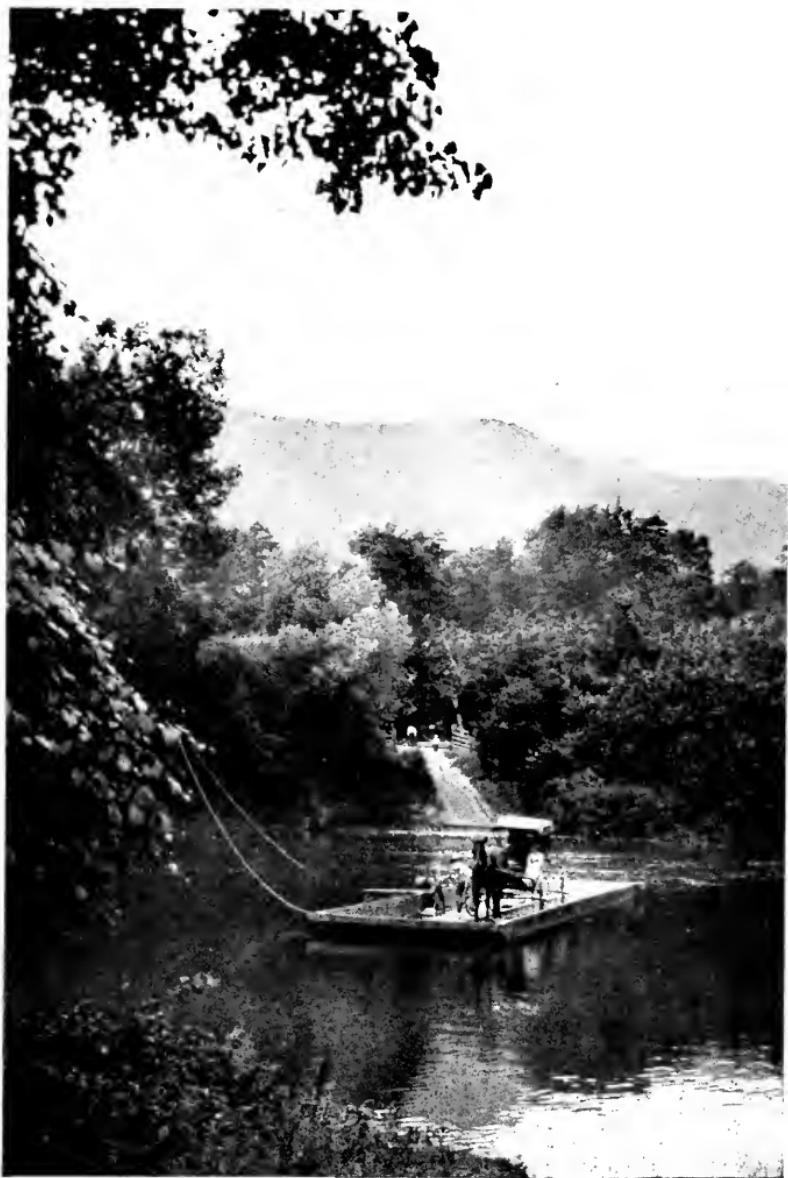
Another subject which loomed large in Mr. Campbell's experience was the Civil War. "I was a Union man who fought on the Southern side," he said. "Just before Lincoln was elected I raised a flag in this town to show my sentiments. On the cloth was painted an American eagle as big as a turkey, and he had a scroll

in his mouth that bore the motto, 'The Union must be preserved.' I hoisted the flag on a spliced hickory pole that was one hundred and fifteen feet high; but after the state seceded the pole had to be cut down.

"Then they conscripted me, and I volunteered to go as a musician. They kept me three years. At first I played the fife, and later a tenor drum. I was with Stonewall Jackson. Yes, old Jackson heard me beat the drum many a time. We made some great marches. He did n't let much grass grow under his feet while he was on the move; but I did n't like him. He was a regular tyrant, and he did n't care how many of his men were killed if he only carried his point. That's the kind of a hairpin he was. Generally the discipline in the Southern army was not very strict, and if a man thought he ought to go home for a while he went. But he wa'n't a deserter, because by and by he'd come back. That way of doing things did n't suit Jackson, though, and if a man from his command was caught goin' off home he'd order him shot. I've beat more'n one man's dead march on the way to the spot where they was goin' to seat him on his coffin and shoot him.

"People don't realize what war is. Some of 'em ask me about my drummin' along in front of the troops and leadin' 'em into battle. But that would be a ridiculous thing would n't it? Each side wants to get in the first lick, and they try to steal up and take the other by surprise. When there's likely to be fighting, the troops make a little noise as possible, and if it's a





*A ferry*

dusty time they march in the hollow at the side of the road, as they approach the enemy, lest the dust should be seen and betray them. No I did n't furnish music durin' the fightin'. I helped in the field hospital."

The region that environs Luray is decidedly attractive to a rambler, and I made several interesting excursions into the outlying districts. One day I came to a grist mill, which I was informed was "tolerable old," but it had been built since the war to replace one that had been burned by Yankee raiders. It was primitive in itself and in its surroundings. A big outside overshot wheel furnished power, and near by was a ford where the creek in the hollow encountered the highway. Vehicles and equestrians went right through the stream at the ford, but foot-travellers crossed on a slender bridge high up above the water with steps giving access to it from either side. In the shade of some trees at the door of the mill several teams were hitched, and there I came across a burly farmer lounging on his wagon seat, waiting for his grist. We were soon discussing the characteristics of the countryside, and he said: "I reckon harvesting will be in full blast in about two weeks. Thar's a heap of wheat raised in this country hyar. Some of these fellers will raise thirty-five acres or more, but others raise as low down as half an acre. A man with just a little patch will cut it with a cradle, but most use a binder.

"Round hyar now the crops are just as fine as a man would want to look at, but last summer we had an

awful drought. Usually we raise a little bit of corn to sell, but not any was shipped away last year. It was the poorest corn year I ever remember—indeed, it was. Some of our best farmers had to buy corn.

—“The people through this section are right smartly mixed up, but they used to be all German and Dutch. You’ll find those who can talk Dutch even yet. There’s a good many poor people with only an acre or two of land. They have to work out for a living. But thar ain’t any great difference between the comforts enjoyed by the man who hires and the man who is hired. They eat ’bout the same food and wear ’bout the same sort of clothes. In some cases the hired man don’t work so hard as the feller he’s workin’ for does gettin’ him to do things. Some hands takes interest in their work and do as much alone as when the farmer is with ’em. Others try to beat all they can. They fool around and want the sun to go down as soon as possible. On the farms near town they work on the ten hour system, but out in the country it’s from sunup to sundown, and in busy times they work as long as they can see. The farmer boards his hands, and pays ’em fifty cents a day as a general thing, but during haymaking, harvest, and thrashing you have to pay a dollar a day.

“I’ve got two men a-workin’ for me. They live half a mile away and come for breakfast about sunup. I get up at daylight. That’s half after four now. If I want to make an early start I get up at four; and even in winter I’m hardly ever up later than five. But every

farmer works accordin' to his own notion, to suit himself, and some are mo' rushing than others. They can keep body and soul together if they work hard. Yes, thar's opportunity to make dollars now whar thar was to make cents when I was a boy. It's a man's own fault if he suffers. Mostly the farmers are a pretty industrious people, always a-goin'. But thar's exceptions. Some are almost too lazy to move.

"The first thing in the morning the men go to the field and bring the horses in, give 'em a little grain, curry 'em, and gear 'em up, and we give the hogs some corn and slop, and perhaps we grease a wagon. We do that while the women folks get breakfast. When we've eaten, we put the bridles on the horses and go to work, but we don't work hard and steady all the day. The horses get tired, and we stop every couple of hours or so to blow 'em—that is, we let 'em stand and rest; or perhaps we'll stop on our own account and go and get some water to drink. But under the ten hour system the workers keep movin' along and ain't supposed to sit down to rest at all.

"I unhook at half after eleven, and if thar's a right smart distance to go it may be half after one when I get back. 'Bout the time the sun is goin' behind the mountain I quit, take the horses home, and turn 'em into the field, but in winter they stay in the barn and I give 'em hay and bed 'em.

"After supper a man will go to the sto' if thar's a sto' anywhere near. I loaf at the one near my place a

good bit. We talk about the weather and about our wheat and grass and corn, and if thar's any gossip in the country we talk about that. Sometimes we talk a little politics. I advocate the men I think the most of, and others advocate the men they think the most of, but politics ain't run right high for ten or twelve years.

“Sometimes we take a day off and go on an excursion, or a circus may come through hyar, and we go to that. A good many of the boys shoots marbles or plays ball, and on Sunday, these late years, the majority of the youngsters goes courtin’. They start in courtin’ at an earlier age than they used to. Nearly every young feller has a buggy that he’ll be sportin’ around in every pleasant Sunday. He’ll drive to church if thar’s preaching somewhar not too far away, and after the service he’ll take a little ride with his girl. In the evening the youngsters will gather in one of the homes to talk and laugh and carry on. When the gathering breaks up a feller that has a girl is likely to sit up with her till midnight, and if the case is very serious he’ll be mighty apt to stay longer.

“We have plenty of different churches. Thar’s New School Baptist, and Old School, and Methodists, and Dunkards, and the Campbellites who call themselves Christians or Disciples, and the Seventh Day Adventists, and the Faith Healers who are right strong in places. A man ought to be able to choose something to suit him among them all. Thar’s very few infidels but now and then you’ll strike a man who talks that-a-





*The great chimney*

way. He's as likely to go to church as the rest of us, though I s'pose it's out of curiosity and to get something to argue about. In our country churches we generally have preaching once a month. Each preacher has several churches in his charge and takes 'em in turn. Most of us goes quite regular, and on Monday when a couple of fellers get together you'll hear one of 'em say, 'Well, what'd you think of the sermon yesterday?' and perhaps the other'll say he don't believe that way, and they'll have considerable of a discussion."

Just then the miller came to the door and announced that the grist of my farm friend was ready. So the farmer loaded his wagon and drove away, and I returned to the town. As I was loitering through one of its outlying streets I stopped to speak with a young man who was sitting on the shady side of his house in the narrow front yard. I commented on the pleasant farming country I had been seeing. "Yes," he responded, "the farmers are prosperous and they live good. They raise their own fowls, and if they feel like havin' one they know where to get it. They grow their own fruit, and they're sure to have a good bunch of cows, so they always can have nice milk and butter and cottage cheese, and the like of that. I was raised on a farm, and it kind o' goes tough to live in town. But we're not so badly off as we might be. D'you see those big earthenware jars hangin' in the sun on the fence pickets? Those are preserve jars, and we're gettin' ready to fill 'em, and they're hangin' out there so if

there's any germ about 'em the hot sun'll kill it. You take the people in this country, they don't buy preserves. No, they get the stuff out and put it up themselves. They don't think they live if they don't put up their own fruit. In our family there's just me and my wife and two children, but we put down twenty-five jars like those. We generally make eight or ten gallons of apple butter; and we mus' have at least a couple of each of all kinds of berries. The season is just on now, and we'll soon be putting down our strawberries and cherries and currants.

"When we make apple butter all the neighbors come in to help us peel the apples. They make a frolic of it, and are here through the afternoon and on into the night till ten o'clock. We do the peeling and coring with a machine, and finish by hand. It takes quite a number of bushels; and we plan to make enough of the apple butter so we can send messes around to the folks who came in and helped. That's like when people butcher in the country—they do it at different times, and send meat to each other. In that way they have fresh meat all the fall."

The next day I made an excursion that took me through the negro quarter of the town, and among its various phases of picturesqueness I recall a sign extending across the sidewalk which read

GEN. ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT FRY  
RESTAURANT

Another local sign which I found quite fascinating was this:

CONCREATE  
BLOCKS FOR  
SALE ALKIND

I went on over the hills and down to where the limpid Shenandoah flows through the depths of the vale. The region had become increasingly wild, and the houses few and far between. The final dwelling on the road to the river was a big, neglected old mansion that was little more than a gaunt timber skeleton. Most of the roof was gone, and the building was plainly a rotten wreck not worth repairing. Yet a colored family that included numerous children lived in it. A man I met on the highway said in explanation: "Last spring we had a right hard wind hyar that taken off part of the house, and dog-goned if I don't believe that the darky who's rentin' the place would rather get wet than work a little mendin' the roof."

The meandering road at last brought me to a ferry, and on the opposite side of the river was a rude, flat-bottomed scow, but there was no sign of a ferryman. While I was considering the possibility of getting across a buggy arrived from the direction I had come, and a man got out and remarked: "When the boat is on that side a skift is generally left on this side so a man who wants to cross with a team can go over and get it. The

ferry is free, but you have to manage gettin' back and forth yourself. Sometimes the water floods the bottoms and we can't cross at all. One feller, who wa'n't as keerful as he ought to 'a' been, tried it when the water was a little too high, and the rope broke—the rope that goes from the boat to the cable that you see up thar in the air swung across the stream. He drifted down mighty near half a mile befo' he got to shore. It skeered him some. I live right over thar not far from the landing. I'll see if I can make any of the folks hear me."

He called again and again with a clear, high-voiced whoop, and by and by there was an answering call, and a boy came down to the boat and poled it over to us. On the other side were a few farms scattered along the base of a mountain range that rose in a steep and lofty wooded height close behind, and there were log houses, and the conflict with the wilderness seemed still not ended. There is something peculiarly delightful about a region where the over-refinements of civilization have not penetrated. Closeness to nature and simplicity and the necessity of rough living appeal to one's own primitive humanity. I found the people very generously sociable, and on the most slender acquaintance they would show me freely about their premises and urge me to partake of such fruits as were ripe.

On my way back a friendly farm family who were just sitting down to supper invited me to share the meal with them. The man ushered me into the dusky rag-carpeted sitting-room where we waited while the

women got ready a few extras for their guest. Fried eggs and pork were the mainstay of the meal, but they set forth a most impressive array of jellies and preserves, and cut an extraordinary cake, six stories high, in alternate layers of pink and white. The heartiness and warmth of their hospitality won my affection, and my visit with them will always remain one of my pleasantest memories of the charming Shenandoah Valley.

NOTES.—The Shenandoah Valley is a part of the so called Valley of Virginia which stretches between the Blue Ridge and the Allegheny Mountains southward from the Potomac for about 300 miles. It has much natural beauty, and the added interest of the campaigns of Jackson, Sheridan, and other leaders here in the Civil War.

The Caverns of Luray furnish the greatest attraction in the valley to tourists, and are justly ranked among the most wonderful natural phenomena of America. They are unequalled for their profuse decorations of stalactites and stalagmites. Five miles to the east is Strong Man, one of the highest summits of the Blue Ridge. A trip to its top makes a pleasant one-day horseback excursion, and the fine view from its top is an ample reward.

The scenery of the valley as one travels south is increasingly picturesque, and 100 miles from Luray in this direction is the famous Natural Bridge.

From Hagarstown, Maryland, to Staunton, Virginia, at the head of the Shenandoah Valley, 134 miles, there is a stone road all the way. But 19 tollgates occur in this distance, and a toll of 15 cents is collected at each. Winchester, 42 miles from Hagarstown, changed hands 70 times during the Civil War. Four of the changes took place in a single day. Sheridan's ride was from Winchester south along the Valley Pike to Cedar Creek. Luray is 14 miles east of the main route. Go to it from Newmarket. The road passes over Massanutten Mountain, and is difficult in wet weather.

## XV

### WEST VIRGINIA RAMBLES

I HAD followed up the south branch of the Potomac to a region where the narrow valley was hemmed in by mountain ranges. Woodland predominated on the steeps, and the green forest billows often heaved skyward in uninterrupted succession. But many of the milder, nearer heights had been shorn of their natural tree growth, and formal peach orchards had been started. These orchards occupied the topmost slopes and summits and made such mountains look as if they had been scalped. As seen from the valley the peach trees appeared very diminutive, even when full-grown, and you might fancy you were looking at a potato patch. The slopes on which the trees grew were often surprisingly precipitous. Any grade that would hold soil was practical, and it seemed quite possible in places to stand on the uphill side of the trees and pick fruit from their highest branches.

Here and there the valley was invaded by a big hill that the road was obliged to climb directly over, and on the crests of these hills the highway in some instances crept along the verge of a bluff with the river directly below. Then I could overlook the irregular valley in either direction and see the patchwork of farmlands

where the corn and wheat and grass crops were growing, and where the sleek cattle were grazing in the generous pastures.

It was early in June, and the farmers were harvesting their first crop of alfalfa. "That air alfalfa is fine stuff," one man said to me. "We get three and four crops a year."

He was in his barnyard, which adjoined the road with the barn and a medley of sheds. That was a usual arrangement of the farm premises. They presented their most unsavory aspect to the passer on the highway, and the house was in the background pleasantly environed in foliage. Several of the farm household were giving a horse an antidote for the distemper. They had a little bellows smoke-making apparatus, and used portions of a big hornet's nest for fuel. The smoke was blown up the nostrils of the horse, who submitted more amiably than one would expect, though with evident disgust. She was a very pretty, light-footed creature, and the farmer said: "She's a saddler from way back—never was hooked up, never has had a harness on. If you'll look over that-a-way you'll see a horse in the pasture. He's a driving horse and ain't any good to ride. He trots so solid you can't hardly sit on him. It's seldom a horse is good for harness and saddle both."

Horseback riding was a common mode of locomotion throughout the region. So it is in all parts of the rural South, probably because of the scattered population

and poor roads. The road I was travelling dipped into a hollow just beyond the barnyard where I had stopped, and the strewing of stones in this hollow showed that a torrent of considerable size coursed down it after heavy rains. My farm acquaintance said that occasionally the stream swelled to such proportions that it could not be forded, and he called my attention to the “watering-gates” in the fence on either side. These gates were sections of fencing made fast at the top so that the rising water would swing them upward, and they would not dam back the water, catch rubbish, or be carried away. When the water receded they would fall back to their original position.

As I was about to start to go on, the farmer said, “What is your name, if I may ask?”

I told him, and he remarked: “I’m a Pancake. Funny name, ain’t it? We’re all Pancakes along this valley for ten miles or more. Over the mountain to the west they’re all Parkers for about the same distance.”

“How can I get over there?” I inquired.

“The best way from where you are at now,” he said, “is to keep on along the road to the next big pasture. You go across that and the cornfield beyond, and in the farthest corner of the cornfield you’ll find a path that will take you through the trees on the river bank to a footbridge. Right on the other side of the river is a road that goes over the mountain.”

I decided to visit the land of the Parkers and was



*A log house on the mountain*



presently crossing the pasture and cornfield, avoiding as well as I could the muddy spots and the tangles along the fences where poison ivy lurked. When I reached the river the bridge proved to be a suspension affair made of wires with a slatted footway. It served chiefly to give the farmer owner access to such of his fields as were on the opposite side of the stream from his residence. Beneath my footsteps the bridge teetered and wobbled and creaked rather alarmingly, and I was thankful when the passage had been safely made. On the bank was a lonely farmhouse and a small store. A man was just coming out of the door of the latter with a plug of tobacco he had bought, and I asked him for directions. After he had got a quid in his mouth and spit once or twice he pointed to a gate and told me to go through that.

Appearances suggested that the road did not lead anywhere except to some woodlot, but I went through the heavy gate past a group of mildly curious cows and on up the steep hill and through another gate into the woods. The road, with many a twist and turn, followed up a ravine that partially cleft the mountain barrier. At one place another road parted from it, and there, just aside from the wheel tracks, stood a little white schoolhouse. Roundabout rose the green-walled forest, and the woodland birds sang, and a light breeze whispered in the upper foliage of the trees, but I could hear no human sound nor see the least indication that any habitations were near. The door was locked, and

the building vacant, for it was vacation time. I looked in at a window and observed the rude, unpainted box desks. Conspicuous on the walls hung two mottoes—“Never be Idle” and “God Sees Me.”

I resumed my upward climb and at last reached the summit of the mountain where I found fencing and another ponderous gate. Soon there began to be clearings and farmhouses at intervals along the slender descending highway. I stopped at one of these dwellings. It was of logs and was typically Southern, with whitewashed walls, a porch extending across the front, and a great chimney built up against one end. The adjacent road was hemmed in by zigzag rail fences, but there was no gate or barway to give entrance to the yard, and every one came and went over a low place where two or three of the top rails had been taken off. A request for a drink of water served as an introduction, and then I sat down on the porch, and the family gathered there to visit with me. Through the open house-door I could see a fireplace filled with laurel, and a ceiling of whitewashed floor boards and supporting crosspieces that was so low the farmer had to stoop as he walked through the room. He had to stoop still more to come out of the door.

“The best time to see this country,” he said, “is when the peaches are ripe. They raise some of the nicest peaches here you ever laid your eyes on. We’ve got a small orchard on this place—about a thousand trees. That’s only a garden patch compared with the

hundreds of acres some have. It'll give you a notion of the scale they work on here when I tell you that this spring I saw seven four-horse wagon loads of trees goin' to a single orchard to be planted. There's a lot of work in the business, but most of the year five men can take care of a hundred-acre orchard, but thirty or forty men are needed to pick and pack the fruit. Peaches run four months or more here. I've seen lots of 'em ripe by the Fourth of July, and we can keep the last ones up to Christmas by wrapping 'em. One thing I don't like is that we have to pick 'em before they're good and ripe in order to get 'em to market. You could n't handle 'em to ship 'em on the railroad if you let 'em get ripe. It looks curious to see the orchards all up on the mountains. The land in the valleys is just as good for 'em, but the tree would run too much risk of freezing. The cold settles in the hollows. You go through a low place on a cool, still night, and the frost will pinch your nose, but you'll feel the air grow warmer as soon as you strike a rising grade."

"If you'd come along this morning," the housewife said, "I could have shown you a wild turkey. It was a young one that Will caught right in the middle of the field where he was ploughing potatoes. He heard the old bird call tereckly in the woods close by, and it must have had a nest there. Will brought the small one home, but the poor little thing was so scarey it could n't eat. If you took it up in your hands it would blow like a snake, and jus' as soon as you let it go it would creep

around wild-like and get into some hole. Toward noon it died, and the boys buried it. Turkeys are pretty delicate things, I tell you—even the tame ones. If a little wild turkey grows up with our tame flock it gets very wild in the fall, and when it eats it'll never give mo' than three or four picks without putting up its head and lookin' in every direction."

"I killed a wild turkey last Thanksgiving Day," Will said, "and I got another the day before Christmas. They're darker than tame turkeys and their feathers don't have quite the same markings. They can make a good strong flight, but it ain't easy for 'em to rise out of the hollers. They need to start on an elevation. The large males weigh anywhere from twelve to twenty-five pounds. We used to could ship them to the cities and get a fancy price, but that's against the law now.

"I take my gun along when I'm goin' out to chop in the woods or when I go of a morning to shuck corn in a field surrounded by heavy timber. The turkeys come into the cornfield to eat. I go quiet, and they're hungry and so don't notice me as quick as usual. Sometimes I scatter a trail of corn and hide in the brush by a rail fence. That gives a feller a chance to get mo' than one. I've seen as high as forty in a single drove. Since the game laws have been made strict they're gettin' mo' plenty. They stay in the mountain all winter, and feed in the grainfields, and at the cornstacks, and they eat sumac seeds and dogwood berries and wild grapes. We often hear them gobbling in the spring. Once in a while

a man will take one of the wing bones and go out in the woods near some high place, and put the bone in his mouth and imitate the gobbling. That'll bring the turkeys near enough for him to get a shot."

"I had an adventure the other day," the housewife said. "Will had borrowed a lantern of a neighbor when he was out one dark evening, and I was going along a woodroad taking the lantern home. I was thinkin' of snakes. The children's grandmother has always warned 'em to carry a knife to defend themselves with if a snake tried to wrap around 'em, and she'd tell 'em an awful story about a woman that was crushed to death by a snake. I decided that if a snake coiled round me I'd take a rock and use it to cut off the snake's head.

"Jus' then something dashed up into my sunbonnet with a great flutter and tried to pick my face. Until I could get my eyes clear I thought it was a snake, and I struck at it with the lantern. It did n't fight me very long, and as soon as it quit I saw it was a pheasant, or what you people up North call a partridge. Right beside the road were as many as fifteen of its young ones, but they all scattered and hid under leaves, and in a few moments I could n't see a one of 'em. The old bird ran away with its feathers all standing out as if it was some furry animal, and it was cryin' so pitiful I was sorry for it. 'You need n't be afraid, little bird,' I said. 'I won't hurt you;' and I went on about my business."

"Grandma and Aunt Jane won't either of 'em travel

up this holler alone," the man said. "They're afraid of snakes, bears, mountain lions, and I don't know what. So they always go in pairs."

"Well, they do say there are wildcats around here," his wife remarked.

"Yes," Will agreed, "there's some few, but not many. Our next neighbor up above told me that the first day this season when he took his cattle through the gap to the mountain pasture they were frightened and ran up into the woods, and he heard a wildcat scream. It's a shrill, unpleasant sound that makes a feller feel bad when he's out in a lonely place."

On a shed in the yard was a coonskin stretched drying. "The boys and I got that coon one night last week," Will said. "We'd been to the creek giggin', and was comin' home along a run—that's the name we give to a small stream what you can step or jump over—when the dog got after a coon. They hadn't run far before the coon went up a sycamore tree, and I climbed up after it. The tree was full of seed fuzz, and when I got to shaking it back and forth I could only cough and sneeze. But I dislodged the coon, and by the time I climbed down, the dog had killed it. I'm goin' to take the hide to the tannery and have it made into gloves."

The company on the piazza included a young woman relative of the family whose home was in town. "I went giggin' with 'em that night," she said. "Will had on these here gum shoes to keep from slippin', but the boys was barefoot. The water was cold, and yet

Will went out cle'r up to his middle. The gig was a pole with a four-barbed prong on the end. We had a lantern, and we had a great big wire basket full of blazing pieces of fat pine. The basket was fastened to a pole that Will held out in front of him in his left hand with the help of a strap from his shoulder, and he would gig with his right hand. The fire made such a bright light he could see the fish a-layin' restin' right at the bottom of the crick. I took the fish off the gig, and I was jus' crazy to gig a snake I found, but they would n't let me run the gig into it, for fear it was poison and the gig might afterward poison the fish so we would n't dare eat 'em. We got sunfish and bass and suckers—thirty-four in all—and the largest ones weighed as much as two pounds. Besides, we gigged three eels and ten frogs. You know frog legs are quite a delicacy. They certainly were fine. Yes, and we ate our coon, too. You betcher we did. I'm a great lover of wild meat. Why, I like ground hog. You first boil 'em till they're tender, then roll 'em in flour and fry 'em in butter, and they're as nice meat as you could ask."

"Not for the one that cooks 'em," the housewife said. "They're the fattest things I've ever seen, and when you get the smell of 'em while they're cooking that's all you want. One whiff is enough for me."

"You must have cooked an old one," the other woman retorted, "and naturally that was strong and didn't eat very good."

"We have cold winters here in the mountains," the

farmer observed. "But I knowed a man whose home was within two miles of here who told me he never wore shoes till he was ten years old. He'd run out barefoot in the snow, and yet he was always hearty and lived to a ripe old age. He was a regular old-time man. It was his way to be very stingy and close, and he got to be worth right smart of money, for he never spent any foolishly. He was in a constant worry about the affairs of other people, and when a young couple married and their families thought they was makin' a fine match he'd shake his head and say, 'Time'll tell.' If the marriage was among the poor mountain people he'd say, 'I wonder where they'll squat at.'

"He was fretting as to how this one and that one would get along, and was always foreseeing difficulties. Really, those he pitied got more out of life than he did, and so it is generally. The poor are the happiest people we have. There's lots of 'em up in the mountains who don't know what they'll have to eat from one day to another, and at the same time they are enjoyin' themselves.

"The old man I was speakin' of used tobacker. He'd take some and chew it a while and then put it in a box to keep it for further use. He'd chew it again and again, adding a little nip of unchewed to freshen it up now and then, and he would n't throw it away till it was white."

"He sure got all the good out of it," the housewife commented, "or all the bad."





*Worm fences*

"As long as he lived he economized in just such ways as that," the man continued; "and he left a fortune to his nephew who's spending it jus' as fast as the old gentleman saved it, and maybe faster. The nephew don't chew *his* tobacker more'n once. His uncle was a bright old feller to talk with and a fine man to work for; and though he was close in a deal he was straight up and down in business and perfectly honest.

"He never married, but there was a lady that he courted, and three different times they set the day for the wedding, and each time he made some excuse for delaying the ceremony. All his life he was attentive to her, and he was doubly so if any one else came around with an appearance of wanting her. Well, you can't see the heart, and I don't know whether she suffered or not. She always thought he would remember her in his will, but he did n't."

"Those two boys have got to pick some strawberries," the housewife said, indicating a couple of youngsters who were playing with the dog in the yard. "I sent them a while ago to pick four baskets that I've promised to a neighbor, but they did n't fill the baskets good and full."

I said I would go with them, and the man went along, too. We went through a gate into a pasture, and on the far side of the pasture passed through a second gate into a field, and a little farther on we climbed a high fence and were in the strawberry patch. This was on such a marvellously steep slope that the grip of the

plants' hold on the earth seemed decidedly precarious, and you could fancy that a picker in an unguarded moment might lose his balance and roll down and get a new pattern on his clothing. The man said he had to work the land with a mule, and I could readily understand that a horse would not be sure-footed enough for so steep a slant.

"I've got much better soil than this for berries," the man remarked, "but on rich ground the weeds whip you out."

He called my attention to a heap of brush just over the fence. "I killed a rattlesnake in there last year," said he. "I was digging sprouts and disturbed him, and the first thing I knew I heard the old feller rattle, and I smelt his poison. Then I tore the brush heap to pieces, and suddenly he made a dive for me. But luckily he did n't get me, and I killed him with my hoe. He had nine rattles and was fully six feet long. I saved the hide. Ladies like to have belts made out of a snake-hide. The skin is very thin and has to be stretched on to leather, and after that buckles can be sewed on."

It did not take us long to gather the few berries that were needed, and then we returned as we had come. But when we got to the highway I went on down the mountain until I had left the woodland behind and was in a fertile, well-tilled valley. Toward night I stopped at a farmhouse and engaged lodging. Behind the dwelling was a broad level of luscious fields. In

front was a little strip of steep pasturage and an abrupt wooded ridge. I sat down on the piazza where a ponderous elderly man was perusing a newspaper. He nodded to me and said: "The weather's quite cool for this time of year. We had a frost last night, but it's in the dark of the moon, and so our crops wa'n't hurt."

Just then a small boy came running around the corner of the house. Another boy, uttering cries of wrath, followed in hot pursuit. It seemed that the former was running away with the latter's hat; but my companion brought the chase to a close by crying out in a voice that had a thunderous rumble in it: "Give your brother his hat. I'm goin' to git a holt of you, sir, unless you do."

Presently a younger man joined us. His hobby appeared to be automobiles. The highway was much frequented by them, and he commented on every one that passed—told what make it was and its faults and virtues. "The fact is, I don't like farmin'," he explained, "and I've got a little repair shop and do considerable work tinkerin' mobubbles in it. They're always gettin' out of whack, you know, and their owners often only have gumption enough to start and stop 'em and keep 'em in the road. There's another one passing. What a racket it makes!—reminds me of a manure-spreader. I'll show you my shop if you care to see it."

So I visited the shop and saw its varied tools and mechanical devices. In an adjacent shed the young

man was making an automobile out of an old gasoline engine combined with parts of a sewing machine and mowing machine and other worn-out farm machines. There were ingenious contrivances also whereby the engine could be made to run a churn, a band saw, a corn sheller, and a grindstone.

“I’ve monkeyed with a little bit of everything,” the young man remarked when we returned to the piazza. “Lately I’ve been thinkin’ I’d try raising ginseng. It grows wild in the mountains. I found quite a patch of it once up in a hollow on our land, and I was intending to dig it after a while. But we had a couple of men cutting pulp wood, and they run into it and dug it up on our time. They got eighteen pounds of dry roots that they sold for something like six or seven dollars a pound. We did n’t know what they’d done till several months later. I could have shipped it myself and got twenty dollars a pound. It’s a rich lookin’ plant, as you see it in the woods, with dark green leaves. There’s nothin’ else like it. I can tell a bunch of that amongst a thousand other plants. The mountaineers trail these mountains all through and hunt wild animals and dig out ginseng. They begin digging along about May or June, and keep on up to the time that the frost bites it. What they get is all shipped to China, where the people have a superstitious idea that it is a good medicine. There’s lots of herbs growing in our mountains that are of some use, such as lady slipper and coon root and May apple—I’ve e’t a many of them apples—rattleweed,

elecampane, peppermint, calamus—they make a tea out of calamus which they claim is good for the colic—sassafras, wild hyssop, and sarsaparilla—that there is a blood-cleanser.

“You’d be surprised how ignorant the mountaineers are. They say ‘fernen’ for opposite, and ‘outen’ for out, and all that sort of brogue. The children grow up just as ignorant as their parents. They have enough natural ability and are good workers, and have reasonable horse sense, but they get no schooling and are heedless and dull. I knew an old feller who had eighteen children, and he said he did n’t want none of ‘em to learn to read or write. ‘I did n’t have any education,’ he said, ‘and there ain’t a blame bit of use in it. There’s too much readin’ goin’ on, and that’s what makes so many rascals and thieves.’

“He entertained himself chiefly by chewin’ tobacker and cursin’. He’s dead now, and the devil’s keepin’ him company maybe.

“There’s an old woman of that class of people who’s livin’ on a side road not a mile away. She talks like a lion a-roarin’ and looks vicious. It would n’t take her long to tell you that you were an infernal fool, and yet she don’t know A from a haystack. Her parents were first cousins, and there was something the matter with all their five children. Every one of ‘em had a room to rent in the upper story. But this woman has a son who’s all right. He’s sharp as a tack. That fellow has always got an answer for you.”

In the pasture across the road milking had begun, and I went to watch the process from near at hand. The milkers included the household grandmother, a recently adopted orphan girl, and the hired man. Grandma spent much of her time giving directions to the orphan, who was making her first attempt. "When I was ten years old," Grandma said to her, "I could milk as well as I can now, and you're thirteen."

"But this cow won't give down her milk," the orphan complained.

"Talk about not givin' down her milk!" Grandma scoffed, "why, her bag is just full of it."

Then, after some detailed advice, she said: "There, you make it rattle in the bucket now. Oh, you're milkin' a heap better than when you started."

After they finished their task Grandma looked into the orphan's small tin pail, and said: "Well, you've filled your bucket, anyway, and you've got about as much more on your clothes. They're wringin' wet."

By and by we had supper, and later the young farmer and I stood and chatted in the yard, while the hired man sat on the woodpile. This hired man was deaf and dumb. "He's got some education at an institution," said the farmer, "and I've learned the sign language so I can talk with him. He's a pretty good worker, but he wants things to go his way, and his way is a mighty poor one. I'm 'bout the only person who can manage him. If I send him off by himself to work he's very apt to stand and talk—that is, go through the sign motions

with his hands. But I suppose he has rather a lonesome time of it. I had him go along with me to a cattle-show last week, where, among other things, they exhibited a six-legged calf. That calf interested him very much. It tuck his mind off his self. You would n't think it, but he's got a right smart of money saved up. He never spends a cent if he can help it, and if it was left to him, his clothes would hang in shreds before he'd buy new ones. Well, let's go in."

He led the way to the parlor where he lit a lamp and handed me a piece of sheet music to look at. "It's something I composed," he said. "There was a small charge for getting it published, but it's priced at fifty cents, and the publishers sent me two hundred copies. Perhaps you'd like to hear a little music."

He produced a guitar and tuned it, put around his neck a wire so bent as to hold a "mouth-harp" before his face, and then played me various tunes grave and gay, meanwhile thumping the time with his foot. He wore his grimy working clothes, and retained on his head a misshapen old straw hat. The music brought the children into the room, and the gentle, sedate little orphan girl seated herself bolt upright in a chair and listened with fascinated attention. But now and then she cast anxious glances at the boys and cautioned them with mild ineffectiveness to be quiet. They had lain down on the sofa and snugged up together giggling and squirming.

At length their father turned on them and exclaimed:



He gave me a few sample melodies on the cornet, and then took up a whistle that belonged to the boys and showed how it could be made to sound like a fife or like a flute. As a final climax to his musical exhibition he played the mouth-harp with his nose.

“Here’s a newspaper, if you’d care to read it,” he said at length, handing me a copy that he picked up from the table. “The papers are full of politics now, and most of the men around spend a lot of time gabbin’ and gassin’ over the rights and wrongs of things. They don’t know what they’re talkin’ about, and I’m tired of the whole dog-gone business. My daddy’s a democrat, but I vote for any man I please. Did you ever see this book?”

He brought one from a meagre collection of pretentious subscription books and cheap novels that occupied two or three shelves of a cabinet. It was an anti-negro volume that proved by various Bible texts that the colored people are by nature allied to the beasts and therefore should be the white man’s servants. He was telling me how invincible the argument of the book was when we heard wheels in the yard. His wife had arrived, and he went to take care of the horse. Afterward he piloted me to my room, a small apartment in which there were two beds. One of the beds was occupied by the hired man, who snored with stentorian vigor, and it was quite a while before I could accustom myself to that sort of a lullaby and fall asleep.

The hired man got up at daylight and went forth to

start work. When I rose an hour or two later and went outdoors the western side of the valley was illumined by the clear summer sunshine, but the eastern side, where the house stood, was still in the chill shadow of the wooded ridge. The chickens were peeping hungrily, the turkeys were picking about the yard looking for stray morsels, and the dogs were curled up near the back door.

We presently had breakfast, and after that work began in earnest, and I once more betook myself to the highway.

NOTES.—The state is notable for its very great resources in coal, oil, and gas. Wheeling, the largest city, is an important trading and manufacturing center. On the borders of the city, at the crest of Fulton Hill, is what is known as McCulloch's Leap. McCulloch was a celebrated Indian fighter, who here escaped pursuing savages by going over the precipice, a hundred and fifty feet high. Pittsburg, sixty-two miles distant, is connected with Wheeling by a hilly, winding dirt road that is fairly good most of the way.

The most important motor route in the southern part of the state passes through Charleston, the capital. To the east it passes over the mountains to Virginia Hot Springs and to the west it goes to Ohio.

For more about West Virginia see "Highways and Byways of the South."

THE following pages contain advertisements of  
Macmillan books by the same author and on  
kindred subjects.



THE TOURING EDITION OF  
**CLIFTON JOHNSON'S**  
BEAUTIFUL BOOKS

**From the Highways and Byways Series**

*Decorated Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50 net; postpaid \$1.64*

*Illustrated with Photographs by the Author*

**HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE GREAT LAKES**

“Vacation travelers, whose thoughts turn to our inland seas, will find information and inspiration in this volume.”—*New York World*.

“A real picture of the country covered and its people.”—*Boston Globe*.

**HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE ROCKY  
MOUNTAINS**

“It is a book that is as interesting as it is valuable, as picturesque as it is typical and as pleasurable as it is sincere.”—*Boston Times*.

“It is a book for those planning pleasure tours and contains many valuable suggestions for travelers.”—*New York Herald*.

---

**THE MACMILLAN COMPANY**

Publishers

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York

# HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

With Sixty-three Full-Page Illustrations

“Mr. Johnson has written no book of more interest to Americans than this one.”—*New York Times*.

“From cover to cover the book is both entertaining and instructive.”  
—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

---

## OTHER VOLUMES IN THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS SERIES

Decorated Cloth, 8vo, \$2.00 net; postpaid, \$2.20

The Touring Edition Preparing  
Illustrations by the Author

## HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

With Sixty-three Full-Page Illustrations

“For the benefit of persons contemplating pleasure tours through the region, each chapter is helpful, with suggestions for practical travel.”

—*Chicago Evening Post*.

## HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE SOUTH

With One Hundred and Thirty-two Illustrations

“Mr. Johnson gives more illuminative descriptions of homely details in life than any other modern writer.”—*Town and Country*.

---

# THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

## THE PICTURESQUE RIVER SERIES

*Each Decorated Cloth, 12mo, \$1.25 net; Postpaid, \$1.34*

*Illustrated by the Author*

### THE PICTURESQUE HUDSON

“A guide book *de luxe*.”—*Boston Globe*.

“The volume should prove a pleasant and profitable companion to anyone contemplating a trip on the Hudson.”—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

### THE PICTURESQUE ST. LAWRENCE

“A valuable guide-book for prospective travelers along this beautiful river.”—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

“The book is full of interesting information, besides being so well written that it will be enjoyed by many who are not contemplating a Canadian trip, while those who are will find it invaluable.”—*New York Herald*.

---

## THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York

# MacMillan's New Travel Series

"The best in the field of illustrated books of travel and description."

*Decorated cloth, 12mo, boxed, \$1.50 net; postpaid, \$1.65*

## ALASKA: THE GREAT COUNTRY

By Ella Higginson.

"A great book on a great subject."—*Boston Transcript*

## CUBA: By Irene A. Wright

"One of the most informing of all books on the subject"

—*Pittsburg Gazette*

## MEXICO: THE WONDERLAND OF THE SOUTH

By W. E. Carson

"The best popular book on Mexico that we have seen"—*America*.

## PANAMA: THE CANAL, THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE

By Albert Edwards

"One of the very best of travel books."—*New York Herald*

## BOSTON: THE PLACE AND THE PEOPLE

By M. A. De Wolfe Howe

"One of the best all-round books about Boston yet published"

—*Argonaut*

## NEW ORLEANS: THE PLACE AND THE PEOPLE

By Grace King

"A useful and attractive book."—*Daily Telegraph*.

## CHARLESTON: THE PLACE AND THE PEOPLE

By Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel

"Every page is pregnant with interesting fact and suggestion"

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*

## PHILADELPHIA: THE PLACE AND THE PEOPLE

By Agnes Repplier

# THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York

## THE BOOK OF THE GREAT NORTH

### Labrador: The Country and the People

BY WILFRED T. GRENFELL, C. M. G., M. R. C. S., M. D., (OXON.)

The Celebrated Missionary Doctor of the Arctic and others

New and enlarged edition, beautifully and profusely illustrated.

*Decorated cloth, Gilt tops, \$2.50 net; postpaid, \$2.72*

Labrador is, relatively speaking, an unknown land. Its great natural resources, the wonderful awe-inspiring grandeur of its rugged scenery with mountains of fantastic architecture and the delicate and fascinating colors of Arctic auroras playing over all,—these are things of which the vast majority of readers know nothing. Dr. Grenfell, who has lived long in this region, writes of the natural beauties of the country as well as the future of Labrador and the relation of its rapid development to the North American Continent.

### The Heart of Gaspé

#### SKETCHES IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE

BY JOHN MASON CLARKE

*Illustrated cloth, 8vo, \$2.00 net; postpaid, \$2.18*

Gaspé, one of the most romantic spots left in America, is the latest discovery of the tourist in search of the picturesque. This bit of seacoast in the Peninsula of Eastern Quebec is remarkable for its scenery, its history and its people. Its story is told and its beauties described in this book by one who knows Gaspé from years of acquaintance and exploration.

---

## THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York

## My Life with the Eskimos

By VILHJÁLMUR STEFÁNSSON

*Illustrated with half-tone reproductions of photographs taken by the author and others. Decorated cloth, 8vo. Preparing.*

A fascinating book of description and adventure has been written by the famous traveler and explorer, who has passed years of his life within the Artic Circle. Mr. Stefáansson has had a vast amount of material upon which to draw, and he has made his selection wisely. He has lived with the Eskimos for long periods; he knows their language; he has subsisted on their food; he has heard their legends; he has seen them in their daily lives as have few explorers. Consequently his remarks about this primitive and matter-of-fact people are shrewd, true, and frequently amusing. The experiences and tales which he recounts, mirroring the hardships and the inspirations of life in a fearful but wonderful country, compose a work quite the most absorbing on it that has ever been published.

## The Barbary Coast

By ALBERT EDWARDS

Author of "Panama," "Comrade Yetta," etc.

*With many illustrations. Decorated cloth, 12mo. Preparing.*

Albert Edward's "Panama: The Canal, the Country, and the People" has gone into many editions and received wide and favorable comment. Much may, therefore, be expected of this new descriptive volume, in which Mr. Edwards relates some of his remarkable and always interesting experiences in the states of northern Africa. Mr. Edwards does not write with a history or a book at his elbow; what he says does not come to the reader from a second-hand knowledge. He has been in Africa himself and he writes out of his own life.

**THE MACMILLAN COMPANY**

Publishers

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York







SEP 25 1913



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 112 286 1